No.3 NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1988

A NEWSFIELD PUBLICATION

FEAR

THE WORLD OF FANTASY AND HORROR

£2.50

HELLRAISER II: HELLBOUND

Surgery is open . . .

JOHN CARPENTER'S PRINCE OF DARKNESS II

Your chance to write the sequel! Massive £2,000 of videos to win!

ROBERT R MCCAMMON

A Stinger in the tale

ALAN MOORE

British comicbook king

DAVID GEMMELL

Darkly renowned

PLUS

Robocop II, Aliens III, Nightmare on Elm Street IV, Star Trek V, Books, Video, Film Reviews, and MORE!

World Fantasy Convention Edition

A NEWSFIELD PUBLICATION

THE WORLD OF FANTASY AND HORROR

FEAR No.3

TACTICAL EVALUATION

GAMES WORKSHOP™

Innocence proves nothing

++Personal Report of Brother LOU WONG +++Coded transmission - Priority Channel +++

Since accidentally entering the Timescape I have come across a number of varied and interesting places, but none more so than my present location, a GAMES WORKSHOP store on Ancient Earth. These shops are filled with incredible amounts of astounding gaming material, including ALL the brand new Games Workshop products. More than that, each shop has, on average, over 30,000 Citadel Miniatures, from Snotlings to Marine Dreadnought Armour!

Even better, the managers and staff of these shops are all friendly and eager to help (without me having to shoot any of them too), so I strongly recommend a return visit at a later date. GAMES WORKSHOP stores are without doubt the answer to any Imperial Marine's gaming needs... Message ends...STOP++

GAMES WORKSHOP stores can provide you with all your gaming needs, from board, roleplaying and family games to **CITADEL MINIATURES** and **WHITE DWARF** Magazine. We now have a total of eleven shops in the UK as well as one in the US, all of which provide an excellent service with friendly staff and managers. Please also note that some of our shops are now closed one day a week. You can find our shops in the following places:

★ **SOUTHAMPTON:** 23 East Street, Tel: 0703 331962 ★ **LONDON:** Plaza Centre, Oxford Street, London NW1. Tel: 01 436 0839 (Manager: Phil Brough) ★ **LONDON:** 1 Dalling Road, Hammersmith W6. Tel: 01 741 3445 (Manager: Pete Armstrong) ★ **BIRMINGHAM:** 37, West Terrace, The Pallasades. Tel: 021 632 4804 (Manager: Dave Howard) ★ **LEEDS:** 12/16 Central Road. Tel: 0532 420834 (Manager: Val Eyles-Owen) Closed: Tuesdays. ★ **MANCHESTER:** Unit 162, Marsden Way, Arndale Centre. Tel: 061 832 6863 (Manager: Karl Hulme) ★ **NEWCASTLE:** 63 Clayton Street. Tel: 0912 322418 (Manager: Ian Henzell) Closed: Wednesdays. ★ **NOTTINGHAM:** 41A Broadwalk, Broadmarsh Centre. Tel: 0602 585744 (Manager: Colin Morris) ★ **SHEFFIELD:** 95 The Moor. Tel: 0742 750114. Closed Wednesdays (Manager: Paul Castleton) ★ **YORK:** 26 Goodramgate. Tel: 0904 653575 (Manager: Evan Moss) Closed: Wednesdays ★ **DERBY:** 42 Sadler Gate. Tel: 0332 371657 (Manager: Colin Morris) Closed: Wednesdays ★ **LIVERPOOL:** 23 Bold Street. Tel: 051 708 6087. Closed Wednesdays. (Manager: Karl Hulme)

And in the USA: ★ **BALTIMORE/WASHINGTON AREA:** Unit F3, Laurel Centre Mall, Laurel, Maryland 20707. (Manager: Tim Olsen)

FEAR

FEAR ISSUE No. 3 CONTENTS Nov/Dec 1988

FEAR FICTION

21 HERE COMES A CANDLE
By Pete Atkins – Nursery rhymes were always sinister . . .

53 IN HER SHOES
By Ian Watson – feet of clay lead to an incestuous possession

76 THE DIVORCE
By Don Webb – it's so hard to let go . . .

PRO-FILES

13 DAVID GEMMELL
Explains why 'Nobody gets out of this life alive . . .'

26 A STING IN THE TALE
From Alabama, USA Robert McCammon, the man tipped for Stephen King's writing crown, reveals his motives

50 SUCCESS ON A MAGAR-BUDGET
'I wanted to make a stylish movie like Omen or Exorcist', says Retribution director, Guy Magar

57 WE'RE ONLY MEAT
The worst horrors are born in the real world, claims Necroscopist Brian Lumley

64 CHAINS OF LOVE
In the second part of our interview with Clive Barker, he talks about the future – Hellbeyond

74 FIEND FARMING
Guy N Smith is the hugely successful writing equivalent of video nasties – but he loves farming . . .

LOCATION SHOTS

45 SECRET PLACES
Stephen Laws takes us behind the scenes of Spectre in his hometown of Newcastle

SET REPORT

17 HELLBOUND
Raising hell ain't easy, but Clive 'n' the lads have been there and back, as they tell us in this FEAR exclusive

PHENOMENON

29 HOW TO MAKE A MANIC DEPRESSIVE
John Gilbert continues movie-making with a look at what directors do – and how they remain sane

REVENANTS

4 DARK PLAYGROUND
FEAR Editor John Gilbert plays with a dangerous chinese puzzle box . . .

6 NEWS
People, Books, Movies, Videos and Plays – all the latest information from Britain and the States

11 RAISING THE DEAD
Your letters shake the tombstones

31 MOVIE MAINLINE
British and American film releases come under expert examination

36 VIDEO VIBES
Latest video releases reviewed

39 AWAKENINGS
Reams of literary reviews uncover hardcover, softcover and limpcover

78 THE SPOOK
The bitch with the make-up job Mark Shostrom can only envy is back with another load of garbage

81 FEAR FACTOR
Linnea Quigley, beautiful star of Return of the Living Dead, bares her all to reveal her innermost fears

COMPETITIONS

37 NIGHTFLYERS
Win a copy of the exciting CBS-Fox space thriller!

40 KOKO
A new Peter Straub book is an event – and it could be yours!

68 PRINCE OF DARKNESS II
You write the synopsis, we get John Carpenter to read it, and Guild Home Video will give the best three over £500 worth of videos!

THE BRITS *Managing Editor* **John Gilbert** *Art Director* **David Western** *Illustrator* **Oliver Frey** *Editorial Associates* **Ramsey Campbell, Di Wathen, Mike Wathen, Stan Nicholls** *Peter Atkins, Clive Barker, Martin Brice, Allan Bryce, David Cox, Stephen Jones, David Keep, Frances Lynn, Kim Newman, Stan Nicholls, Philip Nutman, Brian Pulido, Mark Salisbury, Marc Shapiro, Mike and Di Wathen, Ian Watson, Don Webb, David Whitehead, Stanley Wiater* **THE STATES** *Editorial Consultant* **Philip Nutman** *Literary Associate* **Stanley Wiater** ☐ *Editorial Director* **Roger Kean** *Group Publisher* **Geoff Grimes** *Production Manager* **Jonathan Rignall** *Production* **Matthew Uffindell, Ian Chubb, Robert Millichamp, Robert Hamilton, Tim Morris** *Production Offices:* **1/2 King Street, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1AQ ☎ 0584 5851 WITH THANKS TO Peter Atkins, Clive Barker for just being there, Castle Video, CBS-Fox Video, Jonathan Rutter at DDA, John at Forbidden Planet for the ear-bendings I give him, Gollancz SF, Grafton Books, Nick Pendrell at Guild Home Video, Headline, Stephen Jones, Stephen Laws for the loan of his flat, Brian Lumley for a great time in Devon, Medusa Video, PSA, Sphere Paperbacks, Titan Books, Transworld Publishers, Viking Books, Nicholas Vince and Barbie Wild the last Cenobites to the left, Ian Watson, WH Allen for help during the postal strike** ☐ *Advertisement Director* **Roger Bennett** *Sales Executives* **Andrew Smales, Sarah Chapman** *Assistant* **Jackie Morris ☎ (0584) 4603** *OR* **(0584) 5852** *MAIL ORDER* **Carol Kinsey** *SUBSCRIPTIONS* **Denise Roberts** *PO Box 20, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB* ☐ *Typesetting* **Tortoise Shell Press**, Ludlow. *Colour origination* **Scan Studios**, Wallace Road, London N1. *Printed in England by* **Carlisle Web Offset**, Newtown Trading Estate, Carlisle, Cumbria CA2 7NR – a member of the BPCC Group. *Distribution* **COMAG**, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex.

COMPETITION RULES The Editor's decision is final in all matters relating to adjudication and while we offer prizes in good faith, believing them to be available, if something untoward happens we reserve the right to substitute prizes of comparable value. We'll do our very best to despatch prizes as soon as possible after the published closing date. Winners names will appear in a later issue of FEAR. No correspondence can be entered into regarding the competitions (unless we've written to you stating that you have won a prize and it doesn't turn up, in which case drop us a line at the PO Box 10 address). No person who is related, no matter how remote, to anyone who works for either Newsfield or any of the companies offering prizes, may enter one of our competitions.

No material may be reproduced in part or in whole without the written consent of the copyright-holders. We cannot undertake to return anything sent to FEAR – including written and photographic material, hardware or software – unless it is accompanied by a suitably stamped, addressed envelope. Unsolicited written or photographic material is welcome, and if used in the magazine is paid for at our current rates.

© Newsfield Ltd and John Gilbert 1988

This issue is dedicated to Clive Barker. My respect and thanks.

COVER DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION BY **OLIVER FREY**

Fortunately we managed to salvage this issue's Dark Playground from the Post Office but, shortly after its arrival Mr Gilbert vanished. He has not been seen since and it's my hope, John, that if you're reading this somewhere that you'll turn up at the World Fantasy Convention.
Roger Kean, Editorial Director
PS Maybe, from what I read, that's not such a good idea . . .

Last year my present occupation, sitting on rough yellow carpet and playing with a box little bigger than Rubik's Cube, would have seemed innocent enough. Then **Clive Barker** came along, and puzzles weren't so innocent any more.

The box I've got is Clive's original, a film prop maybe but one I've just seen in action – on the screen, I hasten to add – and it gives you an odd feeling just to trace your fingers around its strange metal patterns and hardwood base.

No doubt there are thousands of *Hellraiser* fans who would love to possess a Lament Configuration box – even for a moment. Fandom is a creative compulsion which, if you're lucky, is satisfied when you get the books and videos you need, or meet the people you admire in the worlds of fantasy and horror.

I admit to being a fan (a confession few fantasy mag editors would ever like to see in print) and two of what I regard as the biggest happenings – no I'm not a Bros fan – of the year take place during the on sale period of this issue.

The first is the premier of *Hellbound: Hellraiser II* in the States – and hopefully in the UK before the end of the year. The second is the World Fantasy Convention. We've covered *Hellbound* in some depth this issue because it marks a further development of creative impetus within the horror/fantasy genres rather than the stagnation which I discussed in this column last issue.

It's also gratifying to know that we've come full circle and Americans are beginning to realise that contemporary horror was originated in Britain. The literature's masters included Arthur Machen and MR James, but we continue to have some very fine advocates of fantasy and horror who are beginning to mirror the success of the American writers – and beating them at their own game and on their own turf.

For horror Ramsey Campbell, who needs no introduction, is a bestseller in the US, Brian Lumley and Stephen Laws, who you'll meet in this issue of **FEAR** are establishing similar successes, and authors, such as Nicholas Royle are showing that we, too, have a new horror generation.

Fantasy is an even more difficult area for a British writer to crack in the United States. The market is so big and yet there are so many American fantasy/science fiction authors. Fortunately we're also seeing a rebirth of British fantasy. Writers such as Christopher Fowler and David Gemmell have made an impression on a market dominated by Sheri Tepper and Marion Zimmer Bradley. The UK is at last back as a major fantasy factory and it looks as if we could soon be exporting more of our home-grown talent rather than simply relying on US stock – no matter how good it is.

WELCOME TO WORLDCON

The expansion of the British fantasy industry during the past two years is one of the reasons why the World Fantasy Convention is moving from its home in Providence, USA, to London – for one year only folks!

At press time there were still tickets available and if you can in make it I would advise you to attend. It's likely to be your only chance for several years – unless you fancy a trip to Providence next year.

The Convention is like the Olympics. It gives us Brits a chance to show off our wares. Most publishers will have parties there, some will have free copies of new books on offer, the authors will be around to tell you about their latest

DARK PLAYGROUND

works, and **FEAR** will be there – probably in a specially erected beer tent – to provide introductions and directions. There will, of course, also be the opportunity to drop those short stories on me or drop me from the 13th floor if you haven't received a reply yet regarding your submission.

If you can't make the Convention, our Christmas issue will give you all gossip we've gleaned from the shebang and feature interviews with the winners of the World/British Fantasy Awards. If you can make it let this issue of **FEAR** act as your guide . . . and welcome aboard . . .

John Gilbert

Wanted: Wandering editor plus Lament Configuration box. Probably disguised. Pale blue skin with fancy stitchwork and wire appliances. Dressed in blood-drenched leather gear. **Reward:** A year's supply of Uncle Freddy's Slice and Dice Soul Food.

THE WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

A Fan-File special report

MASS SIGNING AT FORBIDDEN PLANET

HALLOWE'EN will be welcomed in style at London's Ramada Inn West (near Earls Court) when The 1988 World Fantasy Convention gets into gear.

The festivities start at 5pm on Thursday October 27 with a mass author signing at Forbidden Planet's London Superstore, 71 New Oxford Street. Some of the world's leading horror and fantasy writers will be there. The list includes **Clive Barker**, who also acts as the convention's Master of Ceremonies, **Ramsey Campbell**, **Charles L Grant**, and **Brian Lumley**, to mention but a few.

The authors will be there to welcome *Fantasy Tales*, the award-winning fiction magazine, in its new paperback format (price 99p) and launch *The Best Horror From Fantasy Tales* (hardback, price £11.95). The first issue of *Fantasy Tales* includes stories by **Lin Carter**, **Charles L Grant**, **Guy N Smith** and **JN Williamson**.

The hardback contains short stories from just about every well known writer under fantasy sun. **Clive Barker** unleashes *The Forbidden*, **Dennis Etchison** reveals *The Dark Country*, **Robert Bloch** has his eye on *The Sorcerer's Jewel*, **Brian Lumley** surveys *The Strange Years* and **Fritz Leiber** spends some time *In The X-Ray*. Both titles are edited by **Stephen Jones** and **David Sutton**.

The prelude to the convention continues with the first UK appearance of **Lucius Shepherd** from 5-6pm. He will sign copies of his new novel *Life During Wartime* (Grafton, £10.95) and his Hugo award winning collection of short stories *the Jaguar Hunters* (Grafton, £3.50).

GASLIGHT AND GHOSTS

ACTIVITIES at the Ramada Inn get underway at 3pm October 27 when the convention's registration desk opens where delegates receive a bag of goodies including the special hardback convention book, called *Gaslight and Ghosts*, plus a host of free books from publishers including Gollancz, Fontana and Bantam (US). There will also be posters, flyers and badges.

A limited number of copies of *Gaslight and Ghosts* – which includes fiction and articles by such fantasy luminaries as **Ramsey Campbell**, **Clive Barker** (with an extract from his new novel, *Cabal*), **Neil Gaiman** and **Kim Newman** – will be on sale after the convention. For details send an SAE marked 'Gaslight and Ghosts' to **Stephen Jones** (address below with ticket details).

Registration should take you a matter of minutes. Afterward you can either go across to the Forbidden Planet signing or relax in one of the three main bars – yes a lot of drinking does go on at these conventions – until the first party, thrown by Fontana for **Clive Barker** and **Stephen R Donaldson**.

10pm to midnight, you can attend a series of author readings from Bantam's new hardback *Prime Evil*. If you were lucky enough to win a copy in our convention competition is Issue One you could even follow the stories from your lap!

On to Friday and we start at 10am with a series of video showings and author/artist/agent discussion panels. Then there's a mass autograph signing session at 7.30pm encompassing all professionals at the convention. During the signing session's first hour Hodder and Stoughton are holding a party for guest of honour **James Herbert**, while later Robinson hold theirs for *Fantasy Tales*. At 9.30pm delegates are invited for a Tarot reading.

Saturday starts off with the usual panels, video showings, and an art show followed by an artists' reception from 1-2pm, where illustrators including **Chris Achilleos** and **Tom Kent** get to formally meet delegates. At 5.30pm the Legend imprint celebrates its first birthday, and from 7.30-8.30pm you can witness **Brian Aldiss**, **Ken Campbell**, and **Patronia Whitfield** in a revue of poetry, acting, and readings called Science Fiction Blues.

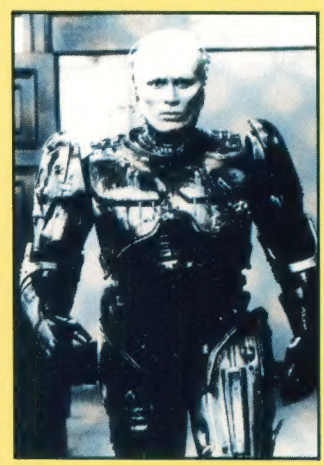
That's followed by a charity presentation for Great Ormond Street Hospital and, at 8.30-10pm, the Fantasy Raffle for proof copies and limited edition books. From 10-12pm the day's rounded off by a New English Library party, after which the Midnight Horror panel meets.

On Sunday at 10am **Clive Barker** presides over an art auction followed by the Annual General Meeting of The British Fantasy Society (members only). The British and World Fantasy Awards Banquet is held in the afternoon (tickets £20.00), at which you may be seated alongside many a famous author suffering the 'will I win?' jitters. When it's all over and the prizes have been given away the convention concludes with a Winners' Party between 6-7.30pm.

Tickets for the convention are still available . . . if you're quick. For more information contact **Stephen Jones**, *130 Park View, Middlesex HA9 6JU.*

FIRM FAVOURITES

Here are the short lists for the top prizes at the British and World Fantasy Awards Banquet. As always, you read it first in **FEAR**.



THE BRITISH FANTASY SOCIETY AWARDS

The August Derleth Award for Best Novel:

Aegypt John Crowley
Bones of The Moon Jonathan Carroll
The Hungry Moon Ramsey Campbell
Valley of Lights Stephen Gallagher
Weaveworld Clive Barker

Best Film:
Angel Heart
The Fly
Hellraiser
Near Dark
Nightmare on Elm Street III
RoboCop

THE WORLD FANTASY AWARDS

Best Novel:

Weaveworld Clive Barker
Replay Ken Grimwood
Misery Stephen King
Swan Song Robert R McCammon
One Stranger Tides Tim Powers

Who would you choose in each category? Reckon you can get it right? Write to **FEAR**, tell us, and we'll print your replies in RAISING THE DEAD.

As the US heads for Hallowe'en, Philip Nutman reports on the aftermath of the Hollywood writers' strike and takes stock of the summer's box office successes and – most notably – failures

Dateline: New York City, September 15th, 1988

SO SUMMER IS OVER

Ahh! The pleasures of The Big Apple in summer time; 95° F every day with horrendously high humidity, polluted beaches, and horror films doing mediocre business at the box office – all except one that is – while intelligence-insulting junk like *The Dead Pool* (the latest Dirty Harry outing) does mega bucks.

But the writer's strike in Hollywood is over and the multinational corporations which own tinsel town sigh with relief.

On the East Coast, the average dark fantasy fan oozes from shit-smelling subways into the nearest cinema to catch **George Romero**'s *Monkey Shines* before it disappears, or the biggest screen in town to watch *The Blob* eat Middle America one last time before that too goes the way of all celluloid flesh – video.

What else to do but watch reruns of Sixties' gothic soap opera *Dark Shadows* on Channel 31 or crawl to the video store to catch up on Great Low-Budget Movies We've Never Seen: so *Carnival of Souls* weaves its monochrome magic and something is right for the world for a while.

Yes, it's been a bad summer for terror this year. **Don Coscarelli**'s *Phantasm II* – see last issue for preview – came, saw, and conquered a few million dollars in three weeks, then was gone. *Monkey Shines*, Romero's long-awaited psychological thriller subtitled *An Experiment in Fear*, turned out to be average at best when faced with the stiff competition in the market place.

But it is *The Blob*'s failure which could come as a major blow to the genre, signalling the death of big-budget monster movies. Its cost, reportedly £22 million, and its awful box office performance – £8 million in two weeks – indicates mainstream audiences may be growing tired of the territory. A shame, for *The Blob* is one of the year's most entertaining movies, of any sort – see preview in this issue. It should have spelled crowed pleaser, though sadly this was not the case. Even lousy fare, like *Poltergiest III* did better business.

Only *Nightmare on Elm Street IV: The Dream Master* did boffo box office, but that was to be expected as Freddy has become a cultural icon here – as recognisably American as Mickey Mouse – and the movie opened nationwide in 1,800 theatres. The result was a cool £12.8 million in its first three days.

The Elm Street flicks, not including the latest, have grossed more than £103 million worldwide, with each sequel pulling in more than the one preceeding it. And there's every indication *The Dream Master* will do better business than *Dream Warriors*. It's the most entertaining sequel so far and, though I'm not a fan of the series, I have to admit I enjoyed it.

Which is more than I can say about the so-called celebrity launch party held at New York's Palladium nightclub. 'Are you ready for Freddy and The Fat Boys?' my invitation screamed. Yes and no. The bad organisation, unimaginative layout, and obnoxious attitude of several NY party pigs pissed off my patience and I left as **Robert Englund** and overweight rappers took the stage. According to friends who stayed, I missed nothing. Still, the free Freddy Ray Ban sunglasses came in handy at the beach next day.

Originally, it looked like July and August were going to be chock-a-block with horror movies. Most distributors, however, have pushed their releases back until the fall. Still to come as I write: *Fright Night II*, *Pumpkinhead*, *Watchers* – from the **Dean R Koontz** novel – *Waxwork*, and *Hellbound*.

The latter always looked as if it was going to have censorship problems and, not surprisingly, was immediately slapped with a serious X rating by the MPAA. As I write no decision has been made concerning specific scenes, but word from a source close to the board suggests major cuts would be required to get a hard R rating. Or, as **Clive Barker** put it to me 'The MPAA are very down on gore at present; what can I say? We've made a very gory film'. I'll keep you informed of the unkindest cuts in the next **FEAR**.

HELLRAISER II: POSTPONED

CLIVE BARKER's new film, has hit some UK distribution problems and may not be launched, as planned, in November. Details are scarce but it's hoped the film will be released for Christmas or during the early part of next year. In the USA, the film classification board – the MPAA – is currently looking the film through for some cuts ready for its launch which is still set for November.

THE SERIES CONTINUES . . .

SEQUELS are the order of the day, but when we look at what's on the chopping board, even we have to shudder.

RoboCop II should be with us by next year – the original's released on video by Virgin this month – and, taking an exclusive peek at the storyline, it doesn't look as if it'll be much cop.

The original's authors have put that famous Irish policeman, Rob o' Cop back on the streets and heading for another fatal accident – aaahhh, just after his memory seemed to be getting better, too. *RoboCop* fans will be delighted with the violent action sequences but etymologists may be surprised to learn that the swearing usually associated with tough films has been cut from this story. There is, however, a plus side for those who like mushy endings; RoboCop falls in love? More as and when we get it.

And more is what to expect (and be hoped for) in *Gremlins II*, which has some startlingly good scenes. Grandfather is taking Gizmo back to his shop when he lets the little creature's cage falls onto the subway tracks. Gizmo escapes and, again, all hell is let loose. One scene bound to have you rolling in the aisles is when Stripe does a Jack Nicholson 'here comes Johnny' impression.

Back to the unsalvageable: let's take a look at *Aliens III*. The script has been written by cyberpunk **William Gibson** of *Neuromancer* fame, but the only surprises are what's been left out.

The movie's set on a orbiting space station, Ripley and Newt have little more than cameo roles this time out, while Hicks becomes the major star. Hopefully we'll see Ripley back for Part Four which, hopefully, they might decide to set on Earth and please all alien fans.

TATOO FOR TABOO

Like a character from a classic tale of gutwrenching terror, the likes of which you regularly found in EC titles *Tales from the Crypt* and *Vault of Horror*, the horror comic is back with a vengeance – and your mother wouldn't like it.

The title in question is *Taboo*, a seriously adult anthology of graphic terror, edited and published by former *Swamp Thing* illustrators **Stephen Bissette** and **John Totleben**, and available through speciality shops this month.

Originally announced nearly two years ago, the independent publication has undergone several delays due to waiting on delivery of several key stories and sorting out the best means of distribution possible. But a sneak preview indicates the wait will have been well worth it for the faithful.

Issue One features an introduction and art by **Clive Barker**, with contributions from *Dark Knight* writer/artist **Frank Miller**, **S Clay Wilson**, **Alan Moore**, **Keith Giffen** and **Charles Burns** to name but a few of the twisted talents assembled to bring this wonderfully rotten, disease-ridden, collection together.

'Many people still see horror comics as fodder for the juvenile market, but *Taboo* is definitely adult in tone,' attests Stephen Bissette. 'We're dealing with adult feelings, and are trying to live up to the title by publishing stories considered taboo by many people.'

Bissette and Totleben decided to publish their own late Eighties equivalent of the EC classics through their frustration with the lack of evolution in the field. 'It's not surprising horror comics don't sell that well at present,' Bissette continues, 'as they tend to stink. Everything is a rehash, there's been no attempt at pushing the form forward in the way Barker does within his fiction or Cronenberg does with his films.'

Contributors have been given complete freedom with their material, the only proviso being to avoid predictability. The result is quite unsettling, particularly *Contagious*, a story from *Raw* artist Charles Burns, and a selection of illustrations by underground illustrator S Clay Wilson which are guaranteed to offend almost anyone.

At 112 pages, *Taboo* is worth the higher than average price – details not available at press time – and if the first edition does well Bissette and Totleben's misshapen baby will have siblings on a quarterly basis.

SHORT NOTICES

Zombies, whether you love 'em or hate 'em, are here to stay. Coming soon to a cinema/video store – delete as applicable – near you is *Night Life*, a cheerful tale of four crazy zombie teenagers. **Scott Grimes** of *Critters* (I and II) – stars.

Don't expect to see **Frank La Loggia**'s interesting supernatural thriller *Lady in White* on the big screen in the UK; poor business in America sent the film, starring former *Soap* vamp **Katherine Helmond** and *Witness*'s **Lukas Haas**, straight onto video. A real shame.

One film you are unlikely to see in its original version is New Zealand splatter flick *Bad Taste*, directed by 26-year-old **Peter Jackson**. This rough-around-the-edges low-budgeter does for exploding heads what MacDonalds has done for styrofoam containers – put them everywhere.

Meanwhile, in darkest Belgium, home of Tintin and the proverbial waffle, comes something called *Rabid Grannies*. No, it's not a homage to **Ingmar Bergman** . . .

Looking for a good stupid movie to while away those boring autumn evenings? Try **Donald Jackson**'s *Hell Comes to Frog Town*. It's *Planet of the Apes* with frogs, and stars wrestler **Rowdy Roddy Piper**.

Speaking of Rowdy Roddy, he also stars in *They Live*, **John Carpenter**'s SF political satire. Don't know what the movie's like, but the trailer's a hoot. One scene: Roddy makes a dramatic exit with a big gun and says 'I'm here to chew gum and kick ass'. And why not?

Make-up effects wizard **Mark Shostrom** (*Evil Dead II*, *From Beyond* etc) joins fellow artists **Stan Winston** and **Chris Walas** in the director's seat, making his debut with an episode of *Monsters*, Laurel Entertainment's new anthology show.

The **Gale Anne Hurd**- (*Aliens*) produced SF action picture *Outer Heat* has been retitled *Alien Nation*. **James Caan** stars as a cop assigned an alien partner in future Los Angeles. **Terrance Stamp** plays the extraterrestrial bad guy.

Novelist and screenwriter **William Goldman** (*Marathon Man*, *Butch Cassidy* . . . etc) is currently adapting **Stephen King**'s *Misery* for the cinema. Let's hope . . .

Near Dark director **Katherine Bigelow** is close to starting principle photography on *Blue Streel*, based on the **William Gibson** short story *New Rose Hotel* from the *Burning Chrome* collection. **Edward R Pressman** (*Conan*, *Masters of the Universe*) produces. Gibson has worked on the script.

Queen of the Damned, **Anne Rice**'s sequel to *The Vampire Lestat*, is published in America during October.

The Silence of Lambs is a quasi-sequel to *Red Dragon*, **Thomas Harris**'s chilling psychological thriller of a few years back which was adapted by **Michael Mann** as the movie *Manhunter*. One of the best books of the year. Expect UK publication soon.

Also recommended is *The Drive-In*, by **Joe R Lansdale**, published in the US by Bantam. Sick, hilarious, and totally over the top, it's subtitled 'A B-movie From Texas With Blood and Popcorn' and tells what happens when a group of bug-eyed monsters take over a drive-in movie theatre in the Lone Star state and experiment on the audience. Weird is the only way to describe the result.

While there's no news concerning the proposed TV Movie of The Week adaptation of Skip and Spector's *The Light at the End*, the authors are writing the screenplay for *Dead Lines*, their next novel – due to hit the stores in early 1989 – following a stint working this summer as rewrite jockeys for Vestron Pictures in Hollywood.

DEAD RINGERS

It's two years since **David Cronenberg** brought us the decaying visions of *The Fly*; now he returns to our screen with an entirely different tale of transformation in the shape of *Dead Ringers*, starring **Jeremy Irons** and **Genevieve Bujold**.

Though the picture is his most mainstream, it's quite possibly the most disturbing due to its realism. It's the bleakest view of human relationships he's so far explored. A serious drama that touches major nerves – and produced extreme reactions from the New York audience with whom I saw it – it's a film to both delight and dismay his regular audience, who have come to expect scenes which have been described as 'venerial horror'.

Stylistically, this is not the same territory as *Videodrome* or *The Fly*; if a comparison is necessary it would have to be with *The Dead Zone*.

The credits state the film is based on the book *Twins* – the picture's original title – by **Bari Wood** and **Jack Geasland**, but the movie rights were purchased purley to diffuse a potential law suit as both entities loosely base their storylines on a mysterious true-life incident, the simultaneous deaths of identical twin gynaecologists in New York in 1975.

Irons portrays Elliot and Beverly Mantle, twin doctors at the cutting edge of their profession. Elliot is the more outgoing of the two, the public face of The Mantle Clinic. He's also a womaniser, while twin Beverly is the quiet researcher.

Almost unnaturally close, their relationship changes through their involvement with infertile actress Claire Niveau (Bujold). What starts as a professional relationship turns into a bizarre three-way affair, a liaison which leads to drug addiction, madness and death.

Dead Ringers is a subtle, complex, story which moves at a slower pace than any of Cronenberg's other films. At the same time it avoids the gut-churning images for which he is renowned. Thematically, however, it's familiar territory: mind/body revolt, metamorphosis and the question of how long a person can love someone who's transforming into something else.

The film's likely to be a difficult experience for many viewers, but I recommend it highly. Cronenberg's most assured direction to date, *Dead Ringers* deserves an Oscar nomination – maybe two – for Jeremy Irons.

FILMS IN PRODUCTION

Resulting from this summer's Hollywood writer's strike, autumn production schedules are sparse.

Numerous projects are in development, but at press time that's all they are – ideas on paper; and there's no guarantee any of the scripts under consideration will ever reach the screen.

One knock-on effect of the strike is that several projects, previously mentioned in these pages, have been delayed. **Tim Burton**'s *Batman* movie, for example, in now due to start at Pinewood studios in October, not August as originally indicated.

As far as next year's concerned, however, we'll still have a wide choice of videos and cinema releases from which to choose. The long established US/UK release patter – usually six to nine months following American distribution – means most of this summer's hits, not to mention the spring releases previously featured in **FEAR** (*Bad Dreams*, *The Unholy*, *The Hidden*) are a long way off from UK screens.

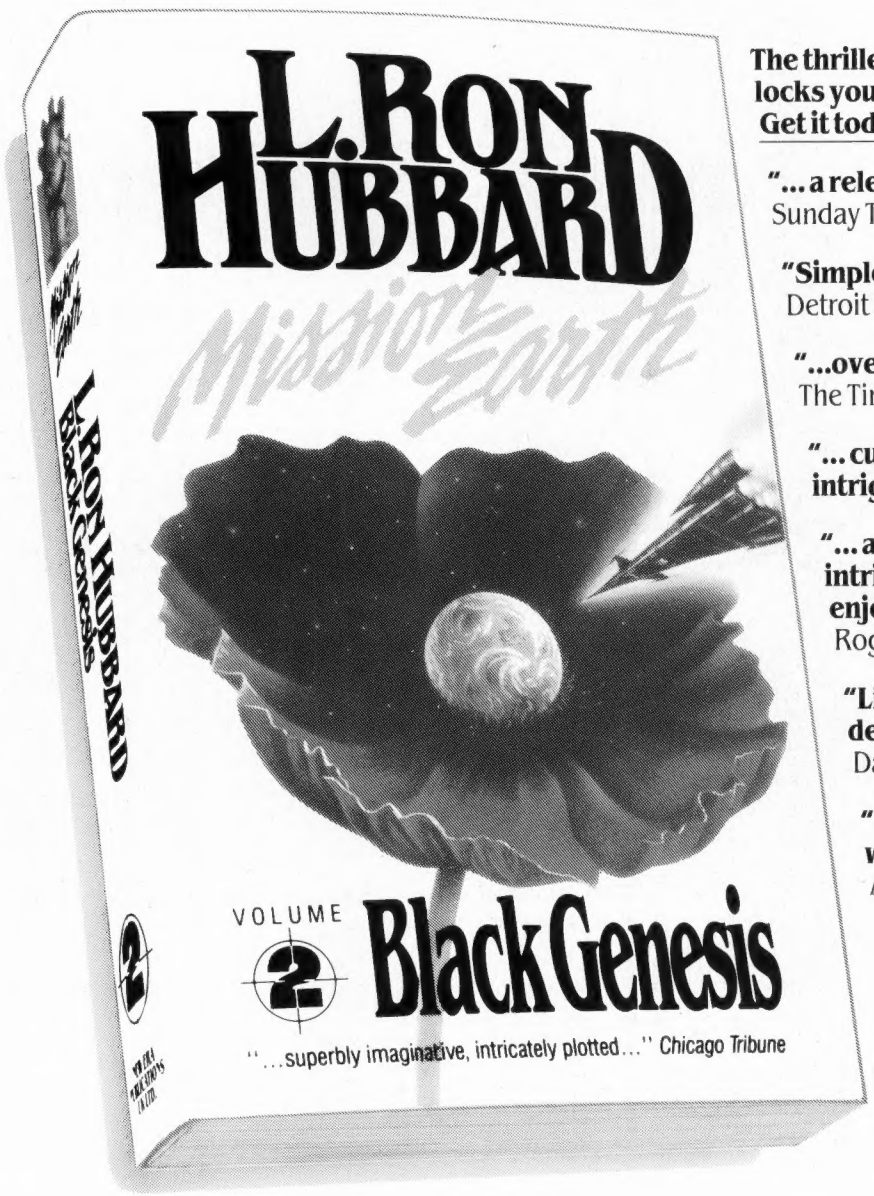
Just what effect the strike and Hollywood's changing attitude toward films of the fantastic and horrific will have in the long term remains to be seen, but I will, as always, keep you posted concerning productions and recommendations.

BATMAN
Guber-Peters/Warner Brothers. Executive Producer: Benjamin Melniker, Michael Uslan; Producers: Peter Guber, Jon Peters, Chris Kenny; Director: Tim Burton; Screenplay: Sam Hamm. Starring Michael Keaton, Jack Nicholson, Sean Young.

THE TERROR WITHIN
Concord-New Horizons. Producers: Rodman Flender, Reid Shane; Director: Thierry Notz; Screenplay: Thomas Cleaver; Starring: George Kennedy, Andrew Stevens, Starr Andreeff.

STAR TREK V
Paramount. Producer: Harve Bennett; Director: William Shatner; Screenplay: David Loughery; Starring: William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelly, James Doohan, George Takei.

RIGHT ON TARGET



The thriller with a difference. BLACK GENESIS locks you in its sights and won't let go. Get it today.

"... a relentless page turner..."
Sunday Today

"Simple and wicked and funny."
Detroit News

"...overflowingly readable."
The Times

"... cuts through layer upon layer of intrigue ... dazzling ..." Oxford Mail

"... a big, humourous tale of intersteller intrigue in the classical mold. I fully enjoyed it."
Roger Zelazny

"Lively and entertaining ... a rollicking delight!"
David Bischoff

"Transcendent science fiction, written with style and verve ..."
A. E. van Vogt

Now in paperback **£3.95**

Mission Earth

new·era®

Copyright © 1988 by New Era Publications.

FEAR IS THE KEY

Engross yourself in the exciting, inspiring and thought-provoking world of Science Fiction!

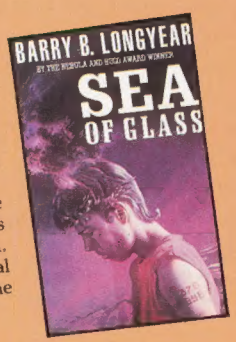
INVOLUTION OCEAN
Bruce Sterling
(normally £2.99)

THE WARRIOR'S APPRENTICE
Lois McMaster Bujold

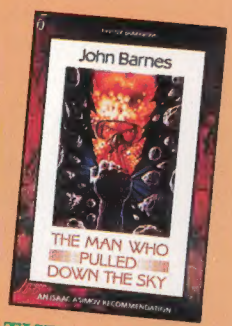
Set in the far future, the action-packed sequel to *Shards of Honour* "has everything – memorable characters, adventure, action, political intrigue, war, romance, tragedy and triumph." Patricia Wrede
(normally £2.99)

SEA OF GLASS
Barry B Longyear

In the outside world, Earth's teeming billions live with the ever-present reminder that war will begin on 9 Aug 2033. The wardate is everywhere, on television, in the street, on everyone's mind. It's just a fact of life.
Thomas Windom, a product of the forces that created the need for this war, has escaped their control. Thomas Windom will play a critical role in deciding the fate of the world . . .
(normally £3.50)



SPHERE
Michael Crichton
(normally £3.99)



THE MAN WHO PULLED DOWN THE SKY
John Barnes

'Barnes carries us away . . . the way Heinlein used to do it. This will certainly be one of the best hard-SF novels of the year, and Barnes is a writer to watch'. Orson Scott Card
(normally £2.99)

Travel through the land of imagination by subscribing now to six issues of FEAR at the price of only five and pick for free TWO paperback novels. Six issues of FEAR would normally cost you £15, but you can subscribe to six issues for ONLY £12.50 (post included) AND choose any two of the five engrossing novels listed below and receive them entirely free – a fantastic bargain! And of course, by subscribing you will ensure that you always get your copy in the middle of every month, as soon as it's printed, without the worry about it selling out at your newsagent.

I HAVE KNOWN NO FEAR AND WOULD LIKE TO TRY SOME!

Yes, I would like to subscribe to **FEAR** for six issues and receive my two free books.

Name: .....

Address: .....

.....

.....

Postcode .....

Please tick the appropriate boxes

The two free books I should like to receive are:

- ☐ **SPHERE** (Michael Crichton)
- ☐ **THE MAN WHO PULLED DOWN THE SKY** (John Barnes)
- ☐ **INVOLUTION OCEAN** (Bruce Sterling)
- ☐ **SEA OF GLASS** (Barry B Longyear)
- ☐ **THE WARRIOR'S APPRENTICE** (Lois McMaster Bujold)

Please make cheques/postal orders payable to **NEWSFIELD LIMITED**

- ☐ **£12.50** (UK, Eire, six issues + 2 free books)
- ☐ **£20** (Europe + 2 free books)
- ☐ **£30** (Outside Europe, Air Mail + 2 free books)
- ☐ **£2.50** (UK, Eire, single copy)
- ☐ **£3.00** (Europe, single copy)
- ☐ **£5.00** (Outside Europe, Air Mail, single copy)

☐ **I enclose cheque/p.o. for £** .....

☐ **I wish to pay by VISA/ACCESS (Delete as appropriate)**

Please debit my VISA/ACCESS ACCOUNT £ .....

Please charge my account No.

Expiry Date .....Signature .....

FEAR SUBSCRIPTION OFFER, PO BOX 20, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB

RAISING THE DEAD

Here's a dead letter box. It's up to you to fill it, so contact us, make your views known to the great magazine-buying public, or simply relieve a winter evening's boredom. Send letter or artwork to RAISING THE DEAD, FEAR, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB

MORE GORE

Dear **FEAR**
You cover all areas of horror/fantasy and don't just limit yourself to horror movies, which I think is good, but my friends don't and won't even look at the magazine – although they agree the cover is good – because it doesn't have gory or detailed coverage of *all* horror movies.

So, if you want to attract all areas of horror fantasy you will have to cover splatter films; an interview with HG Lewis, or one of the Italian goremeisters, or perhaps detailed coverage of their films. Perhaps you could even do a UK against USA in which you could compare the choice of horror films available in each country.

Instead of having a book checklist why not have a video checklist? Because you can order books from the local bookshop but videos are much harder to locate, especially old ones like *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Dawn of the Dead, Zombie Holocaust* etc. I think it would also be helpful if, in addition to a running time, you could include information on how badly a film has been censored, if it has been cut.
David Oliver, Whitley Bay, Northumberland

Who says we aren't going to cover splatter? It's our intention to let the splatter press do its own thing, but you'll find Clive Barker's Hellbound *in this issue,* The Blob *and a special* Nightmare On Elm Street *souvenir section within our next few issues. It's not our aim to ignore gory but important pictures. Instead we'll give some thought to their presentation when we publish – sounds fair David, doesn't it?.*

BLASPHEMY?

Dear **FEAR**
No wonder critics in the quality press look down at those who enjoy horror films, books etc, when you publish a blasphemous insult to Christ in the article A TALE OF TWO SPLATTER PUNKS (Issue One). Doesn't Nutman – well named – think he is so high using language like this?

I was enjoying your mag until I came across this. If this is the general feeling in your mag I doubt I will be buying it in the future.
John Mills, Galway, Ireland

Perhaps if you'd been reading a little closer, Mr Mills, you would have realised that the reference to Jesus was made by Skipp and Spector in their book. *It can in no way be described as blasphemous, unless you are taking it out of context and perverting its meaning. I'm sorry that you do not approve of our earnest attempts at an even-handed approach to horror.*

TOP TEN TERROR

Dear **FEAR**
Why no Graham Masterton info? Masterton is one of my favourite writers, a master in his field! So come on, guys, how about an interview . . . please!

Meanwhile I have enclosed a James Herbert Top Ten.

1. 'Shrine' on you crazy diamond – Pink Floyd
2. 'Spear' I go again – White Snake
3. I wanna hold your 'Haunted' – Beatles
4. Hammer to 'Fluke' – Queen
5. 'Jonah' B Goode – Chuck Berry *(How apt* –**Ed***)*
6. I want your 'Sepulchre' – George Michael
7. Eye of The Tiger – 'Survivor'
8. 'Rats' in me kitchen – UB40
9. Under a raging 'Moon' – Roger Daltrey
10. 'Dark' at The Moon – Ozzy Osbourne

Paul McAvoy, South Shore, Blackpool
Doesn't Mike Read do this sort of thing on his Radio One show? It doesn't work there either. As for Graham Masterton, read the review of Mirror *in this issue. The man lives in England but he doesn't get a lot of respect in the UK. Don't worry, we'll put that to rights in months to come.*

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

Dear **FEAR**
Is it possible for the magazine to include reviews and interviews with horror and science fiction artists, such as HR Giger and Syd Mead? These people are very creative and influence the genre greatly.
Grenville Hamlyn, South Norwood, London

What? Is Oliver Frey not enough for ya? Okay, you shall *go to the ball! Next issue we've got an interview with David Lloyd, comicbook genius, which will be followed at regular intervals with portfolios plus chats with your favourite horror/fantasy/science fiction artists. How's that for quick action?*

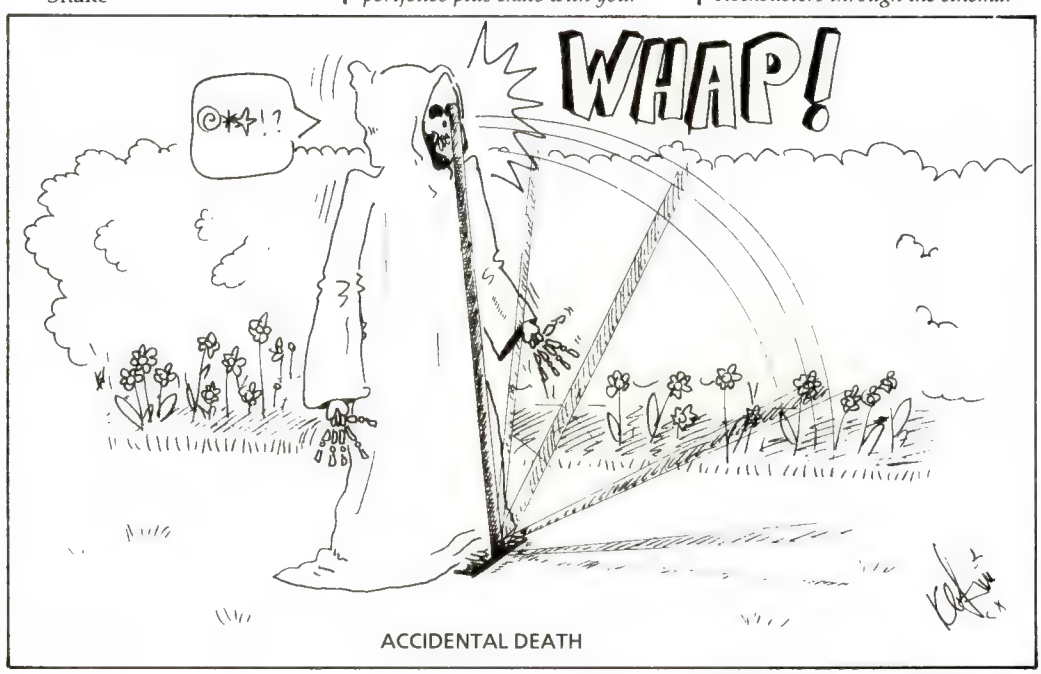
CUTS CONCERN

Dear **FEAR**
I'm concerned about the cuts made by video companies, especially as now one can walk into WH Smith or Woolworths and buy films like *Creepshow* and *Return of the Living Dead.*

For example, why should *Videodrome*'s video version have some scenes missing which were originally released uncut for cinema? I appreciate there is a larger danger as video enters the home, but surely this calls for more parental responsibility and tighter control on the buying and hiring of possibly 'disturbing' material?

No one's demanding the removal of intoxicants from alcoholic beverages or banning such drinks from sale in off licenses or pubs because some minors, through slack control, are consuming them.
John Burnside, Darlington, Co Durham

We have a quandry here. Videos are becoming more available through budget-priced sell-through in retail stores. For that reason, and because of recent legislation which affects video, film companies have to be careful about the prints they put out. Also, some video companies are worried about the current horror/violence trend and want to clean up the image on tape. Which is strange because several of these companies are putting out next year's big gory blockbusters through the cinema!



ACCIDENTAL DEATH

RAISING THE DEAD

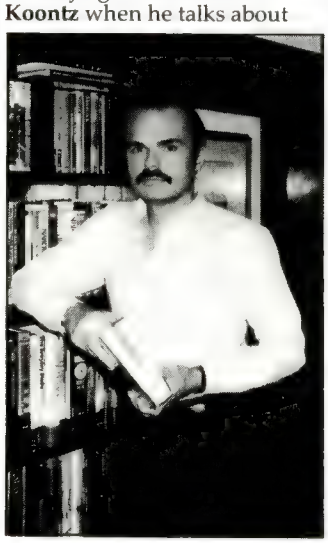
SHIP OF CENSORS

Dear **FEAR**
Censorship – I think for the most part, we tend to take arguments levelled at horror, films, and fiction, far too lightly. 'I've watched hundreds of horror movies and yet you don't see me going round bumping people off with an axe or a knife . . . ' I think arguments against horror go beyond elementary defences like this. For instance, is there a danger that exposure to horror diminishes in any way our sense of outrage at real life attrocities? After all, when we're reading, we thrive on such stuff. We're all aware of the difference between what we read and real life, but even so it's a disturbing thought. I think a mature and considered debate is needed, and hopefully the pages of FEAR, and in particular Raising The Dead, will provide a the forum.
Richard Stevens, Herstmonceux, East Sussex

The advantage with horror and fantasy is that the two genres rely almost totally on bizarre fiction – and a great deal of the audience treat it as such – and so real life tragedies still create a huge impact on those who experience it.

YUCKY JACKETS

Dear **FEAR**
I totally agree with **Dean R Koontz** when he talks about



people being turned off by some of the more repulsive book covers on the stands at the moment.

I recently discovered **Clive Barker**, purely by being attracted to the superb cover of *Weaveworld*. However, the covers for his *Books Of Blood* are fairly repulsive and it's only through reading *Weaveworld* that I've actually bought a copy and discovered some excellent stories inside the rather offputting packaging. In my opinion, the hard backs for **James Herbert** are a superb example of what the horror genre really needs to give itself a more commercial and stylish image.
Jim Shorter, Walton-On-Thames, Surrey

Book covers are designed to attract the buyers attention; it all dependswhether the publishers wants to shock people into buying the book or impress them with a 'stylish' image. Personally, I plump for the blood every time.

RESPONSIBLE CENSORS

Dear **FEAR**
The first issue's piece on censorship came over as interesting, although I must question the current 'responsible' attitude within the horror genre. As **Clive Barker** has pointed out, this area of the creative imagination is still very much in its infancy and censorship can only stifle that. Certainly we must be responsible to the extent of classifying material, but to ban it outright is a dangerous attitude and one that must not be allowed to persist. Therefore, **Shaun Hutson**'s comments in the last issue about, 'I do believe there should be censorship in some form' are very unhealthy. The genre should be more careful to eradicate the racism and (in particular) sexism which seems all too easily to slip into product.
In the particular case of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part 2* which is mentioned in the article, we are being denied the opportunity to view properly one of the most extraordinary and important horror satires for years. This cannot be good.
Gerald Houghton, Irthlingborough, Northants

You raise a relevant point, in that while a lot of people see censorship as removing the gore and violence from horror films, are we watching closely enough for the racism and sexism elements that are thrown at us?

QUICKIE

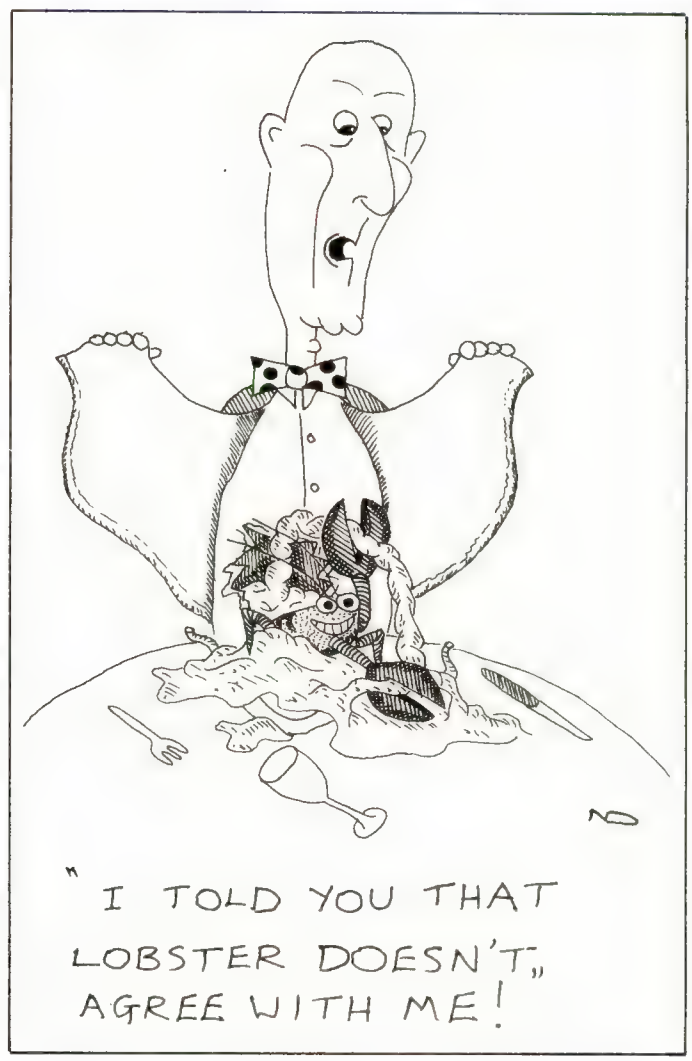
Dear **FEAR**
How can I get issue one of FEAR?
Sarah Wilmot, Cowplain, Hants

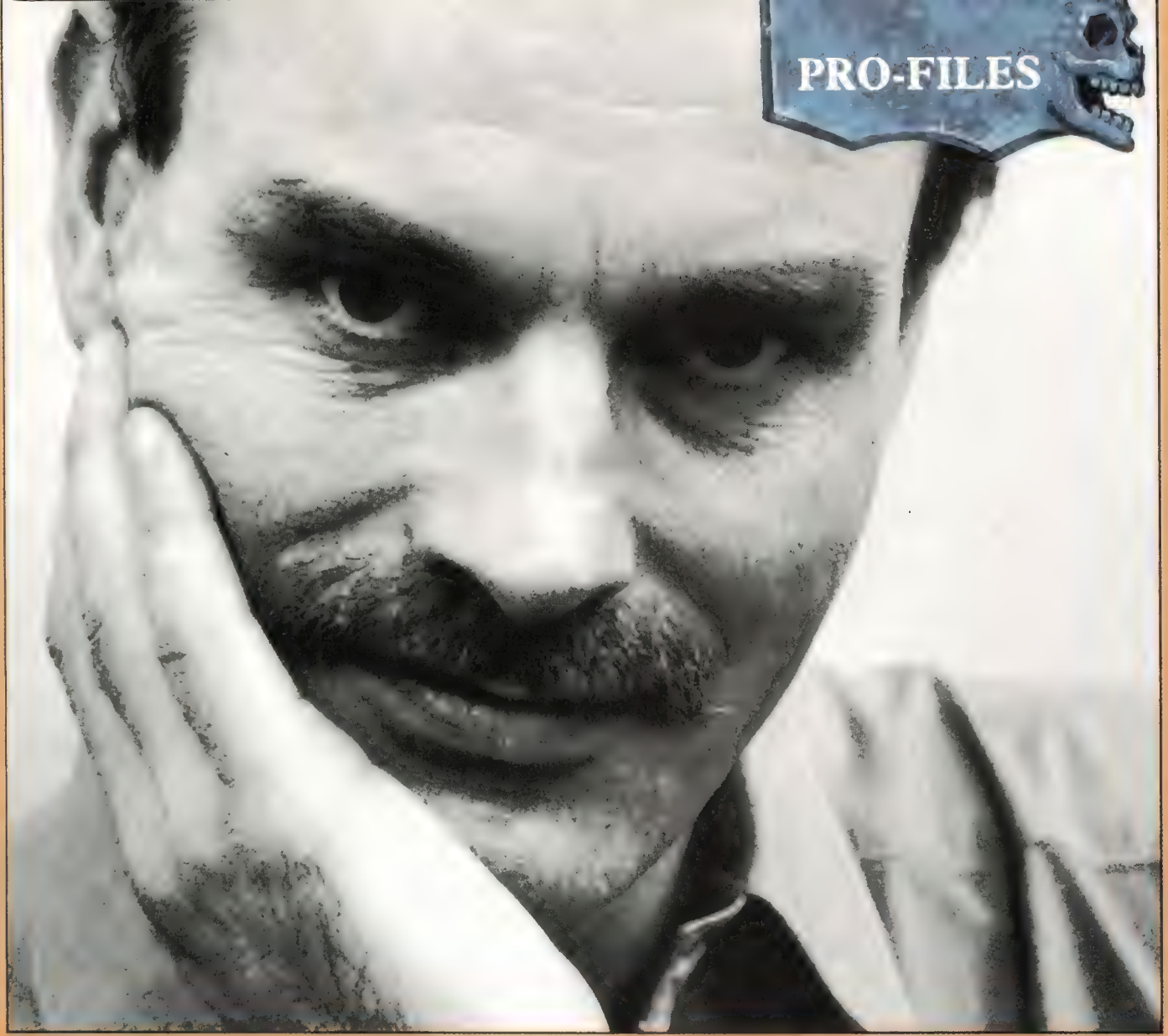
By ordering through the back numbers form located on the mail order pages, dear Sarah.

NEW HORROR

Dear **FEAR**
Why limit the FEAR Fiction sections to authors who have been published and are *already* successful? Why not open doors for the undiscovered **Stephen King**s and **Clive Barker**s of Great Britain and give them the opportunity to send their work into your magazine for publication as well? Who knows what horrors you'll uncover.
Richard Thompson, Kendal, Cumbria

Okay, so you're not happy with only reading unpublished masterpieces by the great writers of today – you want unpublished masterpieces from the great writers of tomorrow! Well, you're going to get them. Fiction has been flowing through the letter box from hopeful writers and they are currently being read through, and any we like you'll see in the months to come. Keep sending your works in!





Nobody Gets Out Of This Life Alive

Fantasy writer David Gemmell tells Stan Nicholls of the life-and-death circumstances of his writing, a terrifying crisis which set him on the path from LEGEND to GHOST KING and beyond, to his latest book, THE KNIGHTS OF DARK RENOWN

Contradictions make for interesting characters, and David Gemmell is full of contrary emotions. He's a man whose boyhood admiration for that famous story of Texan bravery – the Alamo – and its subsequent souring when he read the 'real truth' of it as an adult, spurred him on to write a book (*Legend*) describing what the spirit of Alamo should have been about. A lifelong socialist, he backed Margaret Thatcher over the Falklands conflict and thinks Ronnie Regan is probably America's best man for the presidency.

It's these conflicting facets that maketh most men – and too few fictional characters. Gemmell's books are about ordinary people in

extraordinary situations, and extraordinary heroes with more than their share of Achilles's heels, overcoming through lonliness, or by association with other good men, impossible odds. Gemmell himself has had to face the inevitability of death – and yet lived to fight another day.

Born in 1948 in West London, he spent 22 years as a journalist, mostly with provincial newspapers, and as a stringer for the *Daily Mirror*, *Daily Mail* and *The Daily Express*, before turning to fiction. He has lived in Hastings since 1979 with his wife and two children.

"The fortress was me and the Nadir were the cancer"

STAN NICHOLLS: When did you start to write fiction?
DAVID GEMMELL: In 1976 I was being tested for cancer, and it was a particularly ghastly time. There I was, losing weight, pissing blood – I knew something had to be wrong. Believe me, the prospect of death really clarifies the mind.

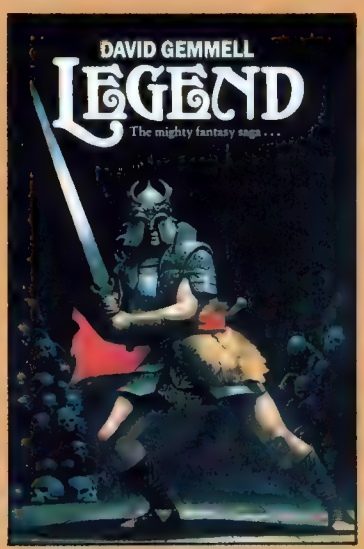
My wife said to me, 'Look, why don't you do something to take your mind off it?' So, I wrote – in two weeks – a book called *The Siege of Dros Delnoch*. I just powered this book out, writing eight hours a day. I didn't realise quite what it was at the time, but if you think of *Legend*, which it later became, you'll know that the enemy were the Nadir. My conscious mind hadn't told me that means the point of greatest hopelessness. The fortress was me and the Nadir were the cancer.

When I finished I left the ending open, so that if I went to hospital and they said 'sorry, you've got cancer and there's fuck all we can do about it', the fortress would go. If it wasn't cancer, or there was anything they could do about it, the fortress would survive. It gave me something to hook on to.

Anyway, obviously I'm still here, because it turned out to be an old injury from when I was beaten up badly as a journalist years ago; it damaged one of my kidneys. An infection had caused blood to leak from the kidney. So I forgot the book for some time – because in fact it wasn't that good.

In 1980, a friend read the manuscript and said 'It's full of clichés, but it's very pacey, and if you spent time on it you could have a good book here'. I thought I'd start again. It took about a year, and that was *Legend*. It was accepted by Century Hutchinson late in '82.
SN: Who, or what, influences your writing?
DG: I don't read fantasy. I used to, a long time ago. I read Tolkien, Howard's *Conan* books; Lin Carter, all of Moorcock – those writers of the early Seventies.

I stopped reading them when I began writing. You get frightened of becoming some sort of sponge; I'm terrified I'll write a scene and it's in fact from someone else. I've got a problem now with my new book, which comes out next June. It's called *The Knights of Dark Renown*, a title I'm very pleased with. Recently, someone asked me what I was working on, and I said *The Knights of Dark Renown*. He said 'I've read that'. It turns out to be the name of an historical novel published around 1955. If I can get *that* from my mind thinking I've created it . . . I expect I saw the book a long time ago and it lodged in my mind. When I found out, I wanted to change it, but I think the publishers will stick with it.



WORLD WITHOUT BETRAYAL

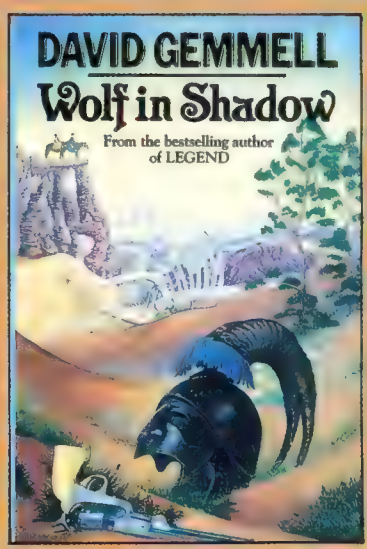
SN: Why did you choose to write heroic fiction in particular?
DG: If someone had asked me ten years ago what kind of writer I was going to be I would have said historical novelist. I'm fascinated by history, but most of the things which intrigue me about it end badly.

One of my great heroes is William Wallace, who was Scottish. In the 13th century you had Norman rule in England and Scotland and the Scottish invading England. The Normans rarely got killed because they were all knights and were taken for ransom. The people who got butchered were the serfs. Along came Wallace – who was a sort of low-born knight – and he revolutionised warfare.

He got a lot of peasants and transformed them into an infantry army, smashing the English all the way back to Stirling. The Scottish nobles, realising the English were about to take a thrashing and they would have a new order in Scotland, betrayed him. He was taken to London, hanged, boiled and quartered. End of story.

If I wrote about William Wallace he would exist in a world where he isn't betrayed, or if he is he survives and wins. With that in mind, I thought the only thing to do was find a path with fantasy.
SN: Your characters have a life of their own?
DG: *Legend* is the only book where I knew the feel of the plot because I'd written it as *The Siege of Dros Delnoch*. Every other book I've written starts with a character – I don't start with a plot. I say 'he's an interesting character, I'll sit him on a horse and ride him out of a forest'. I'm very flexible.

The biggest secret I've found in writing is using real people. In *Legend* – and I have to be careful



here – I wanted a character who was a nice guy, not very clever, who could always be relied upon to do the wrong thing. Someone a bit wet. So I pictured a particular friend. It was much more real, more credible.

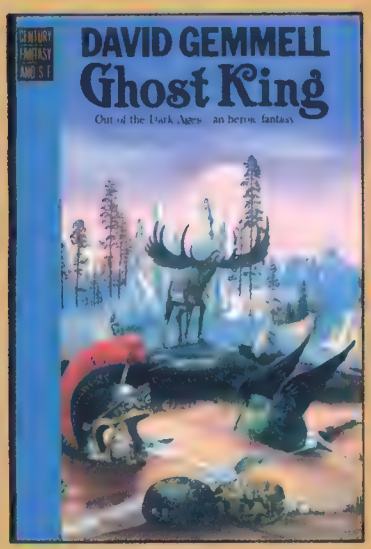
It was the same with [the character] Druss. There's a scene in *Legend* where I had a real problem. What I wanted was the traitor to do something despicable. So I thought – poison the well! I wondered how we find out about this, apart from everybody dying. So I hit on the idea of the [telepathic] Thirty broadcasting to Druss – 'Hey, Druss, the well is poisoned'. No problem. They get through, and what does he do? Instead of saying, 'Who's there?' he screams, 'Get out of my head!' – and starts smashing the place up. I'm typing it, thinking, 'Listen, you stupid old sod, listen!' It didn't work and I had to find another way around it.

THE UNSUNG HEROINE

SN: When you finish a book do you put it aside to mature or does it go straight in the post?
DG: It goes straight out. I've got a superb editor – Liza Reeves – and I

know I can totally rely on her when she gets the manuscript to tell me exactly what needs doing. For instance, I was deeply unhappy with *Wolf in Shadow*. At the time I'd just lost my job, my mother was very ill and subsequently died. Everything seemed to be going wrong. All this effected the writing of *Wolf in Shadow*.

The main character, Jon Shannow, became increasingly depressive and the book took some spectacularly wrong turns, which I just could not see. Liza returned it with a list of possible revisions. The book was originally sort of science fiction, and she suggested cutting the SF element and finding some



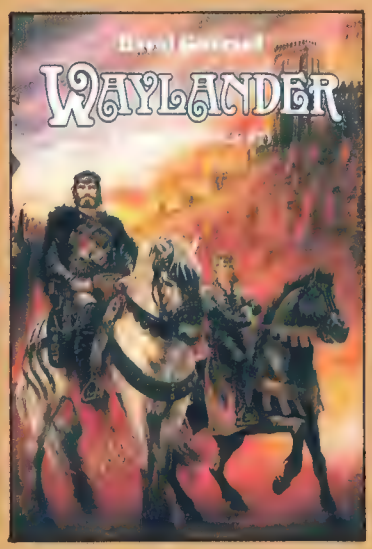
magic. Suddenly everything channelled the right way. I rewrote the second half in three weeks. It was easy.

That was the first of my books to be sold to the States, which it never would have had it not been for Lisa Reeves. I always put her name, and my copyeditor, in the acknowledgements. I think it's nice that people realise something like *Wolf in Shadow*, *Legend* or *Ghost King*is a team effort.

SN: You make a distinction between writer and storyteller, describing yourself as a storyteller . . .

DG: I think that's why I'll never get writer's block. People keep telling me about the great writers in the genre. One of them is Geoff Ryman. He will work and work, draft after draft. I asked him why he didn't produce more? He tried to explain. He said he had a scene with a man going into a room, and what were the first impressions he had? Were there a lot of people in it? What about the size of it? He was going on about this room, and I thought 'who gives a fuck?'

When it comes down to it, I couldn't care less. Get in the room! Make something happen! I'm not knocking Geoff. I've spoken to people who adore his stuff – and I can't comment because I haven't read it – and they say he's a tremendous writer. But it's not for me. I tell stories. There are probably only three or four stories in the world, but if I live to be 90, I'll find variations on them. Geoff is essentially an actor. He gives a performance, there on the page. He knows when it's right, when he's given a great performance. I applaud that. But if he turns out four books in 12 years, he can't make a career in writing. Maybe in two hundred years nobody will know David Gemmell and there will be university courses on Geoff Ryman. But then I don't care about two hundred years time.



LIFE DRAWINGS

SN: Your characters are interesting because they are uncertain about themselves – ordinary people doing extraordinary things. where do they come from?

DG: They're all from life. In *Legend*, Rek was based on me – frightened of the dark, not wanting to get involved in any sort of violence. I grew up in a very violent area. I've got something like a hundred-twenty stitches on my body from fighting as a kid. I've been hit with broken bottles, had knives run down my fingers, I've got wounds and scars.

Rek was also a natural poseur. He was more interested in whether his cloak was draped over his saddle correctly than getting involved in any problems. That was me.

A lot of other characters were based on some tough men I knew where I grew up. My stepfather – and that's who I mean when I refer to my father – is very much like Druss in *Legend*. He's a natural man of action, and has a direct way of dealing with problems. He's got hands like bananas, his signet ring could go over my thumb. A real West London strong man. All my characters are real people dealing with unusual situations – that's where the drama lies. There's nothing more boring than a character with massive muscles, a brilliant brain, and who never loses. You know from page one he'll kill 75 wizards, a couple of armies, several dragons, a few werebeasts . . . and end up crowned king of Lemuria or somewhere.

SN: Like Conan?

DG: Conan's a bit different. It was done rather well. There was a pace and vitality about Howard's work that carried you through. Most of the imitators don't have that. The finest fantasy I've read is *Lord of The Rings*. I very much like Fritz Leiber – Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser are two of my favourite characters in fiction. If you write fantasy you have to establish credibility very early on. You do that by giving the hero – Druss for example – a bad knee and a bad back. Someone else has toothache, or doubts and fears. All the things a reader can identify with. Then, when you bring in your dragons, werebeasts, and sorcerers, they are more acceptable.

We've already established their world is a very real place. Look at the Marvel *Conan* comics. Lovely comics. But Conan will ride through through artic blizzards with his arms bare. That's not real.

"There's nothing more boring than a character with massive muscles, a brilliant brain, and who never loses"

BOXING CLEVER

SN: Rek overcame his doubts about himself. In that respect is he you, too?

DG: Like Rek, when I was young I was forced into violent situations. My father made me box. He took me to a club and said, 'There you go. Train'. I learned to fight, but I never liked or enjoyed it. Although actually I was rather good because I've got ape arms – a reach two inches longer than Mohammed Ali. Like Rek, I loathe violence, would do anything to get away from it. I was brought up by my mother until the age of six, and was very much a bookish sort of lad; like Thuro in *Ghost King*.

Then a man came into my family who was very strong, powerful, direct. He didn't force me into anything, except the boxing. All he said was 'Son, you've got to learn that a fist in the mouth isn't as bad as hiding behind walls or running away'.

The other thing about Rek is that he was changed by his lover, Virae, who was based on an Amazonian lady I used to work with. The *essence* of Virae is my wife. For me, Val's a rock. There's me floating around here, there and everywhere, but I've got that rock I can always come back to. That's what got Rek through *Legend*. It's

Gemmell's reference to *The Knights of Dark Renown* is not quite accurate. Written by Graham Shelby, it was in fact published by Collins in 1969. Shelby is noted for a series of similarly titled historical novels which combined accuracy with forceful action and great atmosphere. *The Knights of Dark Renown* is set in the kingdom of Jerusalem in 1183 AD and is about the Crusades. It was followed by a sequel titled *The Kings of Vain Intent*.

what's helped me though life till now.
SN: Problems tend to be resolved by direct action in your books. Does this reflect your personal philosophy?
DG: Yes, very much. Problems that come up I tend to headbutt, go straight at and kick out of the way. It's the only way in which I'm political. I feel strongly that we are educated from day one to an attitude that says if a problem comes up there's always somebody else there to sort it out. I'm very much against that. We've lost the concept of evil. If somebody does something bad to somebody else, it's not his fault. It's hard to encapsulate this because I don't want to come over as a right-winger.
SN: But it sounds a bit Thatcherite . . .
DG: May my tongue go black and fall out, but . . . yeah. I campaigned for Harold Wilson, I went around carrying banners. I'm from a socialist family, socialist all the way through, but on that point – the 'dependence culture' – I stick in the Thatcher camp. Exactly as with the Falklands. My view is that the task force had to be sent. It was direct action and it sorted things out. I get angry when I hear prats talking about sinking the Belgrano. Sinking it meant keeping the Argentine fleet in port and they didn't come out and take us on.

FOR LOVE OF RONNIE

SN: Is there any element of conscious political allegory in your books?
DG: I've had the most bizarre conversations about this.

People say they see the hidden left-wing messages, and others detect right-wing thinking. It's all things to all men. You could easily argue *Legend* is about the old, corrupt civilisation and the new, fresh barbarians. Like us, slowly sinking into decay. But it wasn't written that way. As a journalist I dealt with politicians – now cabinet ministers some of them – and never met one you could sit down with and just *know* they were honest. You can watch their brains work. There's always something else going on behind everything they say, and it's self-interest.

Actually, I love Regan. I was delighted when he got elected. The one thing the president of the United States does not need is to be intelligent. It's desperately dangerous. Jimmy Carter proved that. As soon as you get a president – or Russian premier – who tries to see both sides of a question there's the danger of war. The world's safe because the Russians *know* Reagan's not very bright. They know he could press the button, and that's a man they can deal with. Vote for the dummy every time. I've had a great deal of fun watching Ronnie. Apart from John Wayne being president, I think Reagan's probably *it*.
SN: Which seems a good point to ask you what you meant when you once said you wanted to be the John Wayne of fantasy.
DG: Well, it's nothing to do with his politics. One of the things which made Wayne such an enduring force in movies was that he never considered himself to be a great actor. As far as he was concerned he was a journeyman and tried to learn from every part he played. He was always aiming to be something.

What I meant about wanting to be the John Wayne of fantasy was that as long as I can hold on to the idea that writing is a learning process, and I can improve, then the chances are when I'm 70 I'll still be writing books people want to read. I've met authors who have disappointed me as human beings immensely . . . by being arrogant, pompous; and I think, my God, don't let me become like this. And would I know? Because they obviously don't. It's not that I want to be Duke [as Wayne's friends called him], wandering through a fantasy world. What I want is to maintain that ideal he had, to keep the learning process open, not to get too overblown.

DISMEMBER THE ALAMO

SN: Would it be fair, then, to see *Legend*, on one level, as being based on the Alamo?
DG: Yes. The Alamo had a big effect on me when I first read about it. Unfortunately I now know the truth about the Alamo. The Alamo was commanded by William Travis, a fairly self-important individual; Jim Bowie was quite ill and had financial reasons for joining the rebellion – he had a lot of money riding in Texas; and Davy Crockett was a failed politician hoping to revive his career. The Alamo is a consistent story of cock-up after cock-up. Nobody there expected to die. I'm not saying they weren't very brave men. But the whole thing was mismanaged to the point of ineptness. There is even one version that says Davy Crockett was discovered hiding under a pile of women's clothing, and tried to bribe his way out. They took him away and shot him. I don't like to believe that, but it's the reality of life, so perhaps I shouldn't have studied the Alamo. *Legend* is the Alamo spirit – or what should have been that spirit.
SN: You are very into elite groups in your books, like The Thirty and The Dragon. Are they just good plot devices?
DG: I don't want to get too psychological but, in my childhood, I belonged to no gangs and had no friends. Which made for some very lonely times; particularly if one of those gangs was looking for you. I dreamed of having lots of friends. So in some ways the elite groups stem from that.

I've interviewed SAS men, men from elite regiments, and you'll find them at 60, 70 and 80 still attending reunions and dreaming of the days when they were part of that group. Just being invited to join is a big boost. I'm fascinated by that discipline and camaraderie.
SN: Some of your elites seem to have a mythical basis. Is there a religious motif here?
DG: You're absolutely right. All of my books have a religious basis. They're essentially Christian books. I'm a Christian and have certain strong views about Christianity. For instance Serbitar, of The Thirty, says 'Why was I made the leader?' Of course he was made leader, because he had the biggest distance to travel. *The Bible* says 'He who would be first shall be last'.
SN: Would you write different books if you weren't a Christian?
DG: Yes I would. There is a writer – George G Gillman – who wrote the *Edge* westerns. Edge is a man who can roll a cigarette with one hand while raping a woman and cutting the throats of several Mexican soldiers. The books are mindless savagery. If I wasn't a Christian, and thought there was some profit in it, I could write similar books. Christianity stops me doing that. I think I would be promoting the cause of evil.
SN: Do you always see yourself as writing fantasy?
DG: I'm writing thrillers at the moment, just to get back into what you might call the real world. But when I look at them I think I'm writing thrillers that are really fantasies. The heroes aren't much different and what happens doesn't bear too much relation to real life. I'm interested in the good guys winning, whatever the odds, and people seem to find that more acceptable in a fantasy setting. In the main I think I'll stick with fantasy for the rest of my life. I really enjoy it.

"I'm a Christian and have certain strong views about Christianity"

Bibliography
Legend Century Hutchinson/Arrow, 1984
The King Beyond the Gate Century Hutchinson/Arrow, 1985
Waylander Century Hutchinson/Arrow, 1986
Wolf in Shadow Century Hutchinson/Arrow, 1987
Ghost King Century Hutchinson, 1988
Forthcoming
The Last Sword of Power Century Hutchinson/Legend, October 1988
Knights of Dark Renown Century Hutchinson/Legend, June 1989
American Editions
[*Wolf in Shadow* – retitled] *Jerusalem Man* Baen Books, April 1988
[*Legend* – *retitled] Against the Horde* Baen Books, May 1988
King Beyond the Gate Baen Books, July 1988
Waylander Baen Books, September 1988
With thanks to Century Hutchinson Publishing Group Ltd

HELLBOUND

Director Tony Randel on set with the Pinhead Cenobite (Doug Bradley)

"I borrowed the previous *Hellraiser* script and two-and-half weeks later I had a first draft"
Peter Atkins

A One Way Ticket to Hellraiser II

The success of Clive Barker's HELLRAISER ensured that its sequel, HELLBOUND, would be the talk of horror film circles for months. But British fans will have to talk a little longer – the film's release date has been unexpectedly put back. As a consolation FEAR brings you the inside story of the people who made it

live Barker sent the dying British film industry into spasms when he created *Hellraiser*. Not only did he show the Americans that British brains were best but he also created a cult the like of which has only been seen in the *Nightmare on Elm Street* series and the Seventies' *Omen* movies.

Hellbound: Hellraiser II is already causing a chilly updraft in the US, even before its November launch, and UK horror movie talk is all about New World Pictures' latest production.

No one will ignore this movie – except perhaps Barry Norman?

It may be a nice day for Kirsty Cotton (Ashley Lawrence), but hell's not far away for the poor girl as power-greedy Kenneth Cranham's Dr Channard (centre page) resurrects the skinned Julia (Claire Higgins) from the mattress on which she died. Under the circumstances, perhaps Dr Channard can be forgiven for recommending a cigarette to calm his patient's nerves, but once bandaged up, Julia's desires come first. Later she repays his kindness (below) by granting him his wish to become a Cenobite – through the ecstasy of exquisite pain. Top right: Tiffany (Imogen Boorman) mutely manipulates the Lament Configuration while (below) two-faced Julia fiddles as hell burns

"Channard is a misguided person, but when he is transformed into a Cenobite it's his final fulfillment"
Kenneth Cranham on Channard

RITES OF PASSAGE

The only way you could outdo *Hellraiser* would be to send Kirsty Cotton (Ashley Lawrence), plus assorted innocents, to hell, which I suspect Clive Barker, who wrote the Hellbound story, and scriptwriter Peter Atkins did with an amount of glee.

Kirsty, you may remember, is drawn into the plot by father Larry and stepmother Julia (Clare Higgins), who invite her to come and visit their new, inherited, house. Julia soon discovers that her husband's brother, Frank, infests the house as a member of the undead.

A year before the Cottons moved in he stayed at the house while investigating an ancient Chinese puzzle box, called The Lament Configuration – or Lemarchand's

box, as it's described in Clive's *The Hellbound Heart* (which can be found in *Night Visions* 3 from Legend paperbacks).

Frank summons the Cenobites, a gang of grim-looking demons who take him to the limits of pleasure and pain. He's trapped in the house undead as a result of their attentions and, when his consciousness is released by an accidental spillage of Larry's blood, begs Julia to find him more blood. She complies by posing as a high class prostitute, luring victims to the upstairs room in the house for sex she has no intention of offering.

It's the strange relationship between Julia and the gruesomely incomplete Frank (they had had an affair before his demise) which made *Hellraiser* more of a love obsession story than a schlock horror film. Soon several men, including Kirsty's father are dead, the Cenobites return for revenge at being cheated of Frank's essence. They take him back to hell, collect Julia on the way and almost snap up Kirsty . . .

HELLBOUND

The *Hellraiser* sequel gets to grips with the material immediately. Kirsty awakens in a mental hospital run by the sinister Dr Channard (Kenneth Cranham), who has an interest in Chinese puzzle boxes and the mattress upon which Julia died at the hands, and chains, of the Cenobites. He resurrects Julia, who promises him the powers of hell if only he will provide her with the victims necessary to give her new flesh and blood.

While Channard is busy with Julia, Kirsty is visited by the skinned corpse of her father who leaves a blood letter telling her that he's trapped in hell. Before long

she enters hell accompanied by Tiffany (Imogen Boorman), another of Channard's patients. Tiffany is an adept at solving puzzles – particularly (not to say usefully) Chinese boxes.

They go to rescue her father, but also to do battle with the Cenobites, meet Leviathan, Lord of Hell Labyrinth, and take on Channard and Julia, who has set her heart on becoming queen of that domain.

LADIES AND LECHERY

Clare Higgins and Ashley Lawrence as Julia and Kirsty, are the only human characters to reprise their roles in *Hellbound*. Both were originally signed for the two films in which their characters change substantially.

Clare, in particular, had to make a shift from Julia's ordinary – if lustful – housewife to obscene lover. The actress certainly had to deal with some difficult motivation. 'I hope you understand her reasons for being an unpleasant character, because you see the depths she's prepared to plumb for love. She's a great deal nastier this time, and if anybody sympathises with her, I'm doing something wrong. I really want everyone to hate me.'

Ashley Laurence, on the other hand, had the opposite problem. As the heroine she has to be liked by the audience but at the same time, as Ashley explains, Kirsty must 'gather her wits about her and go on the offensive because she has to protect Tiffany, who is also dependent on her. The range of emotions is so subtle yet so powerful'.

During the early part of the movie she has someone to support her in the form of Kyle Macrae (William Hope of *Aliens*), but even he is no real match for Julia's evil. Soon enough Kirsty's left alone to face Channard.

MAN AND MONSTER

Kenneth Cranham revelled in his role as human and newly-born Cenobite. Despite the six hours of make-up required to put on his brilliant little blue skin (created by Geoff Portass and Image Animation) and the hours in which was strung up on a huge tentacle, he views *Hellbound* as a unique experience. 'I had so much glue and rubber on me it was unbelievable, but you get used to it eventually, and the flying wasn't so bad – just so long as I didn't look down! I thought I would overact as a Cenobite, but I didn't.'

No doubt he had some lessons from Pinhead, the lead Cenobite (Doug Bradley) and friends Chatterer (Nicholas Vince), Butterball (Simon Bamford) and the female Cenobite (played by Barbie Wilde, a newcomer to the role).

Indeed, Pinhead and the Channard Cenobite continually fight it out for the best meat in the movie, although Kenneth Cranham enjoys the greatest freedom with two roles to play. 'I suppose Channard is a misguided person, much in the same way Julia was in *Hellraiser*. But when he eventually gets his wish and is transformed into a Cenobite it's his final fulfillment.'

Kenneth plays the Cenobite role with a mixture of loathing and ecstasy. 'Once you've got all that make-up on, you experience a great freedom. It gives you an opportunity to stop being yourself, to open up and really express yourself. I had a chance to do something totally different with a character, and isn't that what being an actor is all about?'

GENESIS

Although *Hellbound* is to be released by New World both in the States (in November) and in the UK (in March 1989 – see the news story about the delay), it is Film Futures – Clive Barker and Christopher Figg's production company – which takes the honours for putting *Hellbound* together. After all, they decided to draw director Tony Randel and screenwriter Peter Atkins into the project.

Christopher Figg, a young man with a head for logistics and finance, contrasts Tony's skills with those of Clive. 'Tony's strengths as a film-maker are different from those of Clive,' he says, 'and he as brought those new skills to the sequel, while at the same time expressing a great enthusiasm for the picture.'

Randel, a Californian who was involved with *Hellraiser* as New World's representative, agrees: 'I could never have made *Hellraiser* the way Clive did because that is a very personal film for him. *Hellbound: Hellraiser II* is set in the same world, but with a slightly different outlook, if only because I'm a different film-maker with a different personality.'

That personality was also largely dependent on Peter Atkins (see short story on page 22) who took Clive's original *Hellbound* story and produced four drafts of the innovative and darkly witty script. Atkins hasn't been published before, but he has four novellas planned, including *The Vampires of Summer*, has talked to the BBC about a play, and of course has other film projects in hand.

Hearing him describe the creative process makes it all seem very easy. 'I spent an evening with Clive and he told me the story. I borrowed the previous *Hellraiser* script. I had no idea what scripts looked like, but I knew the rhythm of movies, and two-and-half weeks later I had a first draft.

'Tony Randel was involved in the second draft and by that time Clive was happy. At no time did I feel leashed by Clive. It was a friendly process.'

Peter's relationship with Clive goes back a long way to when they were childhood friends in Liverpool. Now he feels a part of Film Futures. He's already finished the first draft of *Hell on Earth: Hellraiser III* which will go into production early next year. And Peter's been tipped as director – a position which he says he would enjoy. It promises a return of the Cenobites, a super Cenobite and the fulfillment of the cycle for a character whose story has yet to be completed. We, of course, will be there . . .

"If anybody sympathises with her, I'm doing something wrong. I really want everyone to hate me"
Clare Higgins on Julia

Special report compiled by John Gilbert with the help of Clive Barker, Peter Atkins, Stephen Jones and Jonathan Rutter.

Here Comes a Candle

BY PETER ATKINS

Here comes a candle to light you to bed. And here is your pillow – so lay down your head."

He paused.

"What do you think?"

Lydia, addressed by her husband, looked up from the book she was reading.

"I suppose so, darling," she said. "The diction seems authentic enough . . . "

She left the sentence open, hoping to imply that she hadn't exhausted all she had to say on the subject, while at the same time avoiding the possibility of what she did have to say being not what was required.

"Yeah – and a hell of a lot healthier than that Chopper, right?" her husband concluded for her.

Lydia smiled and nodded, clearly a person who had been just about to say the very same thing, clearly a wife delighted at yet another example of marital ESP. Encouraged, Dominic went on.

"Enough for tonight, I think. Jack and Jill can both wait until tomorrow. Quite tricky, that one. I don't want to make any of them longer than the originals – wouldn't be fair, somehow – but to cram into two lines the concept of non-sexist cooperation NOT resulting in violent injury to both parties . . . AND to make it rhyme . . . phew!" He paused a moment, ready for some shared laughter.

"The original manages quite easily . . . " Lydia ventured when the laughter was done.

"What?" said Dominic, sharply.

"To say what it has to say in two lines, I mean."

There was a two-second silence while Dominic stared at his wife, his face completely blank. Then, with a tiny and incredulous shake of his head, he continued to speak in a tone that aspired to patience but couldn't quite conceal its anger.

"Look," he said, as if addressing a particularly stupid ten-year-old, "violence is *always* easier. Easier to do. Easier to write about. Always easier. And that is precisely why people like us – people lucky enough to be 'clever', lucky enough to be 'educated' – have to do things the *un*-easy way. You don't change the world overnight, you know. And you don't do it without a struggle.

"And, okay, maybe I'm *not* in the font line of that struggle. But maybe, *maybe*, what I do is more important. Sneaking behind enemy lines. Planting seeds. Helping to ensure their children grow up wearing a different uniform. Maybe, just maybe, that's how we're going to win."

His good humour restored by the always comforting vision of the writer as guerrilla-fighter, he ended with a little self-mocking "And after *that* little mouthful, I guess it's time for bed."

He stood up. Dr Dominic Moreton, thirty-five years old, respected academic, respected public figure, well-known author – or, as he modestly chose to term himself, "translator" – of The Path Through The Forest; Fairy Tales For Modern Children, currently working on a companion volume of nursery rhymes equally adapted to the enlightened mores of the late twentieth century. Dr Dominic Moreton, ready for bed.

A curious book, The Path Through The Forest. Curious, but aptly named. Its concern was clearly The Path, not The Forest, its subject the light, not the dark. In it we find a Hansel and Gretel who receive only supper and comfort at the Gingerbread House, a suitor of Rapunzel whose eyes are not put out by the brambles. Here are no loyal retainers or beloved animals slaughtered or disfigured in the service of their Prince, Princess, or tailor.

The lessons we learn from this book are that cooperation is better than individual struggle, that women possess strengths men do not, as well as vice-versa, that appearances are nothing to base character-assessment on, that peaceful coexistence is rather a good idea. Not much to argue with there. It is the lessons we do *not* learn from this book that caused the few unsympathetic notices it received.

Dominic had been prepared for a reactionary backlash and was hardly surprised when it took the form, for the most part, of:

" . . . anaemic prose and a bloodless imagination . . . "

" . . . manages to elevate the crude folk-tale to the cultural excellence of Saturday-morning TV . . . "

" . . . Dr Moreton stands in relation to the fairy tale in approximately the same way as the proverbial Arab-with-two-bricks stands to the castrated camel . . . "

These were typical of the remarks hurled at him. Yet he wore their wounds like medals. Medals, moreover, from a campaign which he had won. Vocal

PETER ATKINS lives in Liverpool and is a close friend of Clive Barker. His acclaimed script for *Hellbound: Hellraiser II* has lead to him being tipped as both writer and director of *Hell On Earth: Hellraiser III*. He also has a series of novellas under construction – including *The Vampires of Summer* – which may be published in one volume next year. Here lies his first published short story.

supporters in civic groups and the media throughout the country had ensured *The Path Through The Forest* a home in most public libraries and schools, and the size of the advance from his publisher for the forthcoming nursery rhyme book was token enough of the success of its predecessor.

Dominic straightened his papers, put his reading glasses away, clicked off his worklight, kissed his wife's forehead, and went up The Wooden Hill to Bedfordshire – as one of the rhymes that he wouldn't have to alter would have it.

The Wooden Hill to Bedfordshire, he thought as he reached the top of the stairs. How many miles to Babylon, he thought as he washed his face and brushed his teeth. Wasn't it Scott Fitzgerald, he thought as he entered the bedroom, wasn't it Scott Fitzgerald who had first suggested that "Babylon" was an elision of "Babyland"? How many miles to Babyland? Three score and ten, he thought as he climbed beneath the sheets. Yes, perhaps he'd put that in the book – a tribute from one writer to another. And so, still thinking of his work, Dominic Moreton retired for the night.

Still downstairs, Lydia put aside the book she was reading, tried for a yawn to find out if she was tired and, finding she was not, approached the desk recently vacated by her husband.

Atop this desk, in a neat pile next to the electric typewriter, were several sheets of paper – the first fruits of her husband's current labour in those strange groves where Academe shares ownership with popular culture. Lydia switched Dominic's table lamp back on and then switched the room's main light off – just because she wasn't tired didn't mean she had to keep Dom awake by leaving the lights on everywhere. She picked up the tidy pages and, by the small single light, began to read.

Even in her schooldays Lydia's face had been an accurate, sensitive, and unconscious barometer of what she was feeling or thinking. "Yeah! So would I!" had been a constant refrain among her girlfriends whenever she had, as far as she was concerned, merely glanced casually at a good-looking boy.

If any of her girlfriends had been with her at that moment, as she worked her way through her husband's papers, they would have quickly asked, with mounting concern, what the matter was. For, as she scanned the typed pages, Lydia's face moved rapidly from contented approval through puzzlement to shock and disgust. And perhaps, just in the nervous flicking of that eye, just in the pulling of that facial muscle, just a little fear.

"Lydia's face moved rapidly from contented approval through puzzlement to shock and disgust"

The top few sheets contained exactly what she had expected to find –

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
But Mummy and Daddy were watching! So then
They put Humpty Dumpty together again.

There were nine or ten of this type, but then Lydia began, with a slow creeping horror, to read things that surely couldn't fit into Dominic's theme, that surely weren't things her husband had written, that surely weren't even original versions which he had typed out to correct – they were so one-sided, so downright *nasty* . . .

Hush, little baby, go to sleep.
In the dark, I'll come and creep
And steal your eyes, so you won't weep.
Hush, little baby. Try to sleep.

. . . said one, and another . . .

Baby pretty, Baby blue.
What has Mummy brought for you?
Another baby with your face;
A darker twin to take your place.
A darker twin to take your breath
And rock-a-bye you into death.

Lydia gasped. These were *horrible*. She replaced the pile next to the typewriter, a little less neatly than before, and began to feel distinctly creepy. It wasn't just the rhymes, of course, unsettling as they were. No, it was the sickening and frightening possibility that *her husband* had written them. Could Dom be . . . *ill*?, she wondered.

She began to wish she hadn't read them. She began to wish she'd left the main light on. She began to wish she was already facing into the main part of the rom. She began to wish that she could turn around without assuming she would find Dominic standing behind her, a Dominic she didn't know, a Dominic with a slack smile, excited eyes, and something sharp in his hand.

She took a deep breath and relaxed, ashamed of her childish fears. She decided that she'd just sit quietly where she was for a few more minutes. Just until Dominic was sure to be asleep. Then she caught herself; wait a minute, she thought, this is ridiculous! Dom's my *husband* and I know he wouldn't . . . And then she heard the floor creak behind her. She whirled around, explanation already flying from her lips.

"Hi, darling! Couldn't sleep? I was just . . . "

But it wasn't Dominic.

Sunlight streamed into the unshuttered room. Inch by slow inch it made its way across the bedroom floor, creeping up the counterpane, illuminating first fingertips, then hands, then arms, chest, chin, nose, until finally it shone directly onto the closed eyelids of the sleeping Doctor Moreton, insinuating itself even into his dreams so that the nighttime sea his unconscious swam in was suddenly bathed in light. The Krakens and the serpents, the squids and the sea-beasts who had ignored him in the dark roared in unholy delight and rose, dripping and monstrous, above him, tentacles thrashing, cavernous mouths open, dark, and hungry.

Dominic's eyes jerked open. He sat up in bed still, for a millisecond or two, awaiting the closing of one of those huge mouths on his flesh.

When none did he regained his equilibrium, but with it came confusion closely followed by annoyance. It was the sun that had awoken him, he realised, and realised further that this meant it was much later in the morning than his normal time of rising. Where was Lydia? Where was his coffee?

He looked about and a deeper confusion settled on him. Lydia's side of the bed was in marked contrast to his own rumpled half, sheets still tucked in at the top, pillow undented. His wife hadn't been to bed. His wife hadn't woken him. What the hell was going on?

"Lydia!" he shouted, getting out of bed without waiting for a reply – which was sensible, as none was forthcoming.

"Lydia!" he shouted, pulling himself into the blue towelling-robe.

"Lydia!" he shouted, making his way downstairs, even though he realised by then that his wife must be out or . . . or that his wife must be out.

He knew his shouts would have wakened her had she fallen asleep in the chair he had left her in the night before, but nevertheless the study was the first place he looked.

Empty.

Well, empty of people. He stared for a moment at his desk. He knew he had left his manuscript in a tidier condition than that and crossed the room to check on it.

Flicking through the sheets rapidly, he saw that though Lydia must have been doing some peeking last night, there was nothing untoward there. The rhymes were still in the order he had left them in, though there were six or seven blank sheets added to the pile after the nine or ten completed verses. He could only assume Lydia had added the blank pages last night for some unknown reason of her own. Where the hell *was* she?

"Lydia!" he shouted, knowing it was pointless, as

he moved on to the open-plan kitchen/dining area.

Empty.

The only downstairs room remaining unchecked was the TV lounge. He strode into it briskly, slamming the door behind him.

Empty.

Dominic stared angrily at the TV set, eager to accuse anything of complicity in this mystery, and then he heard the noise behind him. A strange noise for a TV room. A noise like the dripping of a tap, but the dripping of a tap onto plush carpet not stainless steel. Dominic turned round.

Twelve inches above the door, mounted neatly but bloodily on a fine wooden shield, itself attached firmly to the TV lounge wall, was the head of his wife. Blood gathered in and dripped from the half-open mouth, each drop joining with unerring accuracy the small rusty circle on the floor by the door.

"Lydia!" Dominic screamed.

"Once upon a time . . ." the nightmare trophy croaked. A hollow, pain-wracked, curiously distant voice, like a bad connection to a party-line in Hell.

"Lydia!" Dominic screamed.

"Over the hills and far away .

"Lydia!"

"Deep in the forest, there lived . . ."

The door slammed open, crashing back onto the wall and revealing in the doorway a little man with a gnarled and dirty face. A little man with a matted beard and pointed ears. A little man with a big axe.

Dominic had no time to react. The dwarf moved like lightning, swinging the axe as he charged. Dominic had a moment to realise that dwarves don't look so small when your legs end just below your knees, before he toppled over completely and watched the now towering dwarf dance around him, chanting in an inappropriately sweet and high-pitched voice.

"I chop the tree that has no root. I chop the tree that bears no fruit. I chop the hammer that hates the nail. I chop the teller who hates the tale."

Having finished his rhyme, the dwarf stopped dancing and, putting his hand to his mouth, shouted, in a voice with unmistakable undertones of Brooklyn:

"Come an' get 'im!"

And in they all came. Dominic, in surprisingly little

Above the door, mounted neatly but bloodily on a fine wooden shield, was the head of his wife"

pain due, no doubt, to the profound physical trauma of his amputations, stared up at his doorway from his low point-of-view as they all flooded in – the Goose-thing, the bleached Princess, the talking cat, killers of giants and dragons, princes who hopped and croaked, women who glittered and flew, grandmothers with snouts and matted fur, and before, behind, amongst them all, running, jumping, laughing, and singing, representatives of all the families of all the small people.

Then, from behind the crowd, came a voice calling out in tones of authority and stage-cockney:

"Mind yer backs now, please. King's business."

The crowd parted. Dominic looked up to see two fine-looking soldiers advancing upon him. Briskly and efficiently they seized an arm each and began to drag him behind them, his stumps leaving parallel trails of blood for the crowd in his lounge to follow which, at a respectable and sombre pace, they did.

Back through the doorway, into the hallway, past the study, and through the kitchen they took him, professionally unmoved by his cries of pain and refusal. The door into the yard was open and that was where he was taken, finally to be laid down in the shadow of his high brick wall on his back, stumps to the wall, head to the house.

The crowd flowed into the yard from the kitchen door, fanning out behind the recumbent, mutilated Dominic into a long semicircle, backs to the doctor's house. Finally, all were present and a stillness fell upon the place, broken only by Dominic's wrigglings and whimperings.

Then he heard it and was silent too.

From the other side of the wall came panting and scrambling noises. Loud panting noises. Well-spaced scrambling noises. Something was climbing his wall. Something big.

A pale hand, surprisingly little, appeared over the top row of bricks and gripped, followed by a second hand, equally small but more than eight feet away from the first – and then suddenly, with an energetic flip of a grace astonishing in one so large, it was there.

Sitting on the wall, towering over the yard, puny and useless little legs kicking and flapping obscenely beneath it, staring balefully down at Dominic from hideously wide-spaced eyes, murmuring invective from the tiny incongruous mouth almost lost in the smooth, curving vastness of its head-cum-torso, its shadow prefiguring its claim on Dominic's body, was the Egg-Thing.

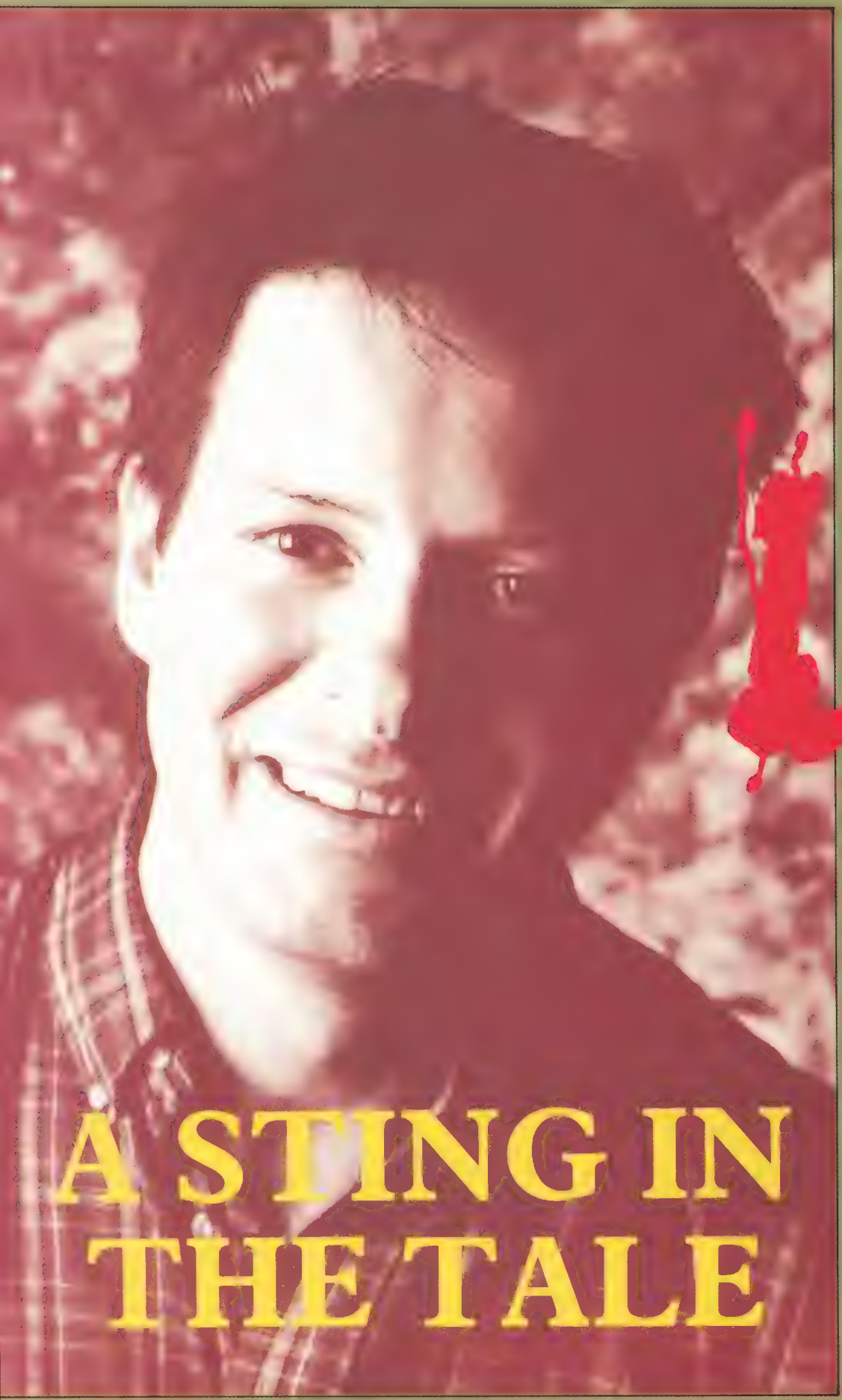
To be fair to Dominic it must be admitted that, despite the terror which opened his bowels and despite the shame which accompanied it, it was only the pain of his severed legs, finally breaking through the numbness of shock, which prevented him from enjoying that unspoken last wish of all condemned men – one last bloody good laugh.

In point of fact, though, as Humpty launched himself from the wall and straight toward the fragile human on the ground, the only laughter came from somewhere on the fringes of the crowd. The guilty party, well-known as one who lacked a proper sense of dignity on these occasions, was nudged and hissed at by his companions, a feline violinist and a very athletic cow, but, regardless of their embarassment, he laughed and continued to laugh. As the impact fractured several of Dominic's bones, as the sharp edges of shell slashed his flesh, and as he drowned slowly in the off-white, viscous, and sharp-smelling contents of his executioner, the little dog laughed.

Dominic was discovered late in the afternoon by a Mexican domestic. The full heat of the afternoon sun had fused killer and victim together into a kind of Academic Omelette which was scraped off the floor, served up in the more lurid newspapers, and digested by schoolchildren as an item of wonder for several months thereafter.

"They seized an arm each and began to drag him behind them, his stumps leaving parallel trails of blood"

James Herbert's "Haunted."
A contemporary ghost story in the classic tradition. Hodder & Stoughton £10.95.



A STING IN THE TALE

At first accused of imitating Stephen King, Robert R McCammon, author of the recently published SWAN SONG is now seen by some as a rival for the Kingly crown. Talking to this heir apparent from Alabama, USA, is FEAR's Stanley Wiater

Unlike Stephen King – four attempts at a novel before *Carrie* – or John Saul – ten attempts before *Suffer The Children* – Robert R McCammon apparently got it right first time. For even though he began his professional writing career as a journalist, a lack of suitable prospects soon compelled him to try his hand at horror fiction.

No one was more surprised than he when that first novel, *Baal*, was published in 1978. McCammon was all of 26.

Since that time he's published seven further novels and a growing body of acclaimed short stories.

The novels include *Bethany's Sin* (1979), *The Night Boat* 1980, *They Thirst* (1981), *Mystery Walk* 1983, *Usher's Passing* (1984), and *Swan Song* (1987) – all available in Sphere paperback.

Although his epic novels have yet to be filmed by Hollywood, two short stories – *Makeup* and *Nightcrawlers* – were adapted respectively for the American television series *Darkroom* and *Twilight Zone*.

Regardless of the usual clichés which accompany being recognised as a creator of terror tales, in person McCammon more deftly represents the finer qualities embodied by the term 'a Southern gentleman' – admittedly yet another stereotype, but certainly an admirable one.

His consideration of other writers extends to how, in 1984, he

Photo by Sheri Vann

originated the idea of The Horror Writers of America, a professional group of 300 members.

One of McCammon's reasons for the organisation was the belief that horror writers needed to 'have a place they could call home', in the manner of The Science Fiction Writers of America. Like the organisation he founded, McCammon's career has grown at a rapid pace.

Still living in his native city of Birmingham, Alabama, with his wife Sally, McCammon's work has been critically recognised as possessing a depth and a maturity which belies its author's age; The *Los Angeles Times* reckons that among the best horror fiction, there is 'King, Straub and now Robert McCammon . . . '; Booklist called him a true master of the gothic novel . . . '.

I spoke to McCammon following the US publication of his latest novel, *Stinger* (March 1989 from Grafton in the UK). It should, like his previous work, rapidly attain bestseller status.

THE VOICE

SW: Unlike some authors who have reached a noticeable degree of success in this field, you don't seem embarrassed to be primarily recognised as 'Robert McCammon, horror writer'. I say this because I've had others tell me that what they really write are 'novels of fear' or 'dark fantasy'. Anything so as not to be considered a 'mere writer of horror'.

RM: Well, I'm not embarrassed. In fact, I'm very pleased to be associated with the field. I'm very pleased with what horror can be for its millions of fans. I think those labels – like 'dark fantasy' – are glossing over what horror really is. I think it's a gut-level kind of writing, an on-the-edge kind of writing. Horror is also really neat because it's always redefining itself. So I'm extremely pleased to be a horror writer, and would be willing to shout it from the rooftops that I love horror and that I love what I do.

SW: That may work for you, but others have declared that they don't wish to be so labelled – that it limits their careers to be thought of as horror writers, even though they don't deny that's the area of fiction they do best.

RM: The problem is not in the writing, or in the writers. The problem is with the publishers. They see horror as primarily a book with some scary elements, and they market it from that narrow perspective. But there's so many different kinds of horror, and so many things going on in horror fiction that it's hard to define.

But publishers will try to define it in terms of the marketplace and will push whatever works. I think it's the writer's responsibility to push the boundaries of what a publisher may feel is 'horror fiction'. It's the writer who should really get in there and try to do different things within the genre, and push those boundaries. And in that way he'll eventually reeducate the publishers – and the audience – as to what horror fiction is.

I'm not sure myself what horror is. But I know it's *not* just one thing; it's not just *Friday the 13th* or *The Shining*, and it's not just *Weaveworld*. It's all those elements – and more

SW: You just mentioned *Weaveworld*, a work by Clive Barker. In pushing those genre boundaries you've described do you support the way in which Barker has pushed with his explicit descriptions of sex and violence?

RM: Absolutely! Because that's his voice. Every writer has to find his or her own voice to say the things that he or she feels is important. So that's Barker's voice. I have a different voice. We may be saying the same thing (or maybe not), but we'll be speaking in different voices.

AVOIDING THE BLACK

SW: Are there any taboo areas that you won't touch in your own work for risk of being too offensive?

RM: I don't believe there can be such a thing as bad taste in horror fiction. There can only be bad writing. You can have the most outrageous scene with the most extreme violence, and handle it in such a way that it'll be extremely excruciating – but there'll be no blood. So I don't think there can be any bad taste in creating a scene, only bad writing in handling it.

SW: A major theme in your work is the idea that, no matter how awful the situation may be, your characters always have the hope that they'll somehow reach the end of the darkness or the chaos. But don't you feel the most effective horror lies in dealing with situations which eventually fade to utter black?

RM: How do you mean 'effective'? I tell stories which are effective to me in terms of hope. But then someone else might want to tell a story in terms of hopelessness. But my key word *is* hope; I think there's hope in any situation.

And that's what motivates my characters to do what they do, because they think 'there's a way out of this mess', or 'there's a way I can transform myself personally'

Again, one voice may want to deal with horror from this perspective, while another may want to focus on the darkness. I have different tone in my stories, and hope is not always the right tone, but the element of hope is in most of my work.

SW: You've been described as a writer whose strength lies in bringing life to his characters rather than just finding ways of gruesomely destroying them. Do you feel others in the genre are attempting to create more than just 'books with scary elements'?

RM: You know, I think horror writers are now like the Bohemian society of Paris in the Twenties, where everybody had their own style of art, and their own philosophy about art; this one was experimenting in cubism, and this one in naturalism . . . But what they were really all talking about was the same thing – they were really talking about art. So it doesn't matter whether we talk today about quiet horror or splatterpunks because there's great horror within all these voices.

I know I'm trying to sound diplomatic, but I'm not; I enjoy all these spectrums, and there's room for all of them. So to say 'well, there should only be quiet horror, no blood and guts', or that it should be the other way around, diminishes the field. Diminishes the force of horror itself.

It may be that horror is undefinable. It will always have these different voices and moods, and there may be no way to tame *or* define it. And that may be one of the great powers of horror fiction.

"I don't believe there can be such a thing as bad taste in horror fiction. There can only be bad writing"

SCARE SCENES

SW: Do you think the academics have given the field a legitimacy it didn't have even a decade ago? For example, both science fiction and mystery are genres which have at last been recognised as worthy of some legitimate literary acclaim.

RM: Well, I have to admit that my aged relatives don't read my books, because they would find it very uneasy around me! But I really do feel there's a change in the wind. I don't want to say that horror's become respectable – the great thing about horror is that most of it will *never* become respectable – but people are finally listening to what this kind of fiction can say about the human condition. And it's not only that people are being scared by the superficial elements of horror fiction, they really are beginning to realise that there's more to it than just the scare scenes.

SW: You've stated elsewhere how horror is in fact the oldest form of literature, both written and oral.

RM: Horror fiction has as its basis the human condition, and it can talk about that condition in a way that other types of fiction cannot. It's the idea that this literature we do has worth – it's also fun, it's a

hell of a lot of fun! – but it *has* worth. And I think it has enduring worth.

People are beginning to realise that as well, and they're reading horror now as serious literature. I really believe that. (And I can hear the howls from that statement all the way across the Atlantic. But I really think it's so.)

The longest running tradition in literature *is* the horror tale, and it goes back to *Beowolf*, and I'm sure it goes back to the oral tales of 'You better not go by the swamp, because there's something in there . . . ' These tales of warning, of danger – either in a physical or mental way – which show others have dealt with it, have been around a long, long, time. And will be around until the end of time.

SW: Any possibility that we'll soon be seeing movies adapted from your novels? Also, on the basis of what Hollywood has done with two of your short stories, are you looking forward to, or fearing, that prospect?

RM: Some of my novels are under option, but I'm not at liberty to say exactly what is going on there just now. As for this books-into-movies thing, the book is my child and I'm very proud of that child. But the movie version will be somebody else's child, even though it may have the same name, and some of the same scenes and dialogue. But it will be a different child. Now, it may be a brilliant child, or it may be an ignoramus, but who knows?

THE KING COMPARISON

SW: It's no secret that, early in your career, some critics dismissed you as imitative of Stephen King. Now, a decade later, some critics declare you're as good, if not better, than King. How do you respond to that kind of comparison?

RM: Well, King is the best. He's the top of the list. And that's why, in a way, a lot of writers get compared to him. He's the best – and most visible. People will come up to you and say 'What kind of work do you do? I'll say 'Horror'. 'Oh, do you write horror stories?' And I'll say 'Yeah'. 'Oh, like Stephen King?' So what do you say? 'No, I don't write horror like Stephen King'!

So King is the key to the translation between other people in our field and the public at large. but it happens all the time, and it's kind of a dilemma, to explain to them that you write horror stories like Stephen King, but you *don't* write horror stories *like* Stephen King! But I'm extremely flattered to be likened to King, and to be received well.

It was difficult for me because my first novel *was* published, and in a sense I learned how to write in public. I was searching for my own style of expression, my own voice, in public. I think that's where the idea that I was overly influenced by King comes from.

It was probably true, because I was reading a lot of Stephen King, and even though I was reading a lot of other people too I thought this guy was top of the form! This is the person who has led all the others – so I think that's where a lot of the early criticism came from.

It's an interesting situation, because the public at large don't know authors, unless they're really serious about the field. Some of them just automatically put King and horror together. but I'm very glad to be getting out of that shadow.

SW: It may at last seem like an appropriate cliché, but is it true you write at night, and sleep during the day?

RM: I start work about ten at night, and finish up about four in the morning. When I'm finishing up a book, as I am now, I'll get up at about 11 o'clock in the morning and get right back to work. It takes me about nine months to write a book. I pace myself pretty well, in terms of doing about five or six pages a day – and those are finished pages. When I'm completing a book, I'll double up on my shift, working seven days a week. I take my summers off. I do some short stories, but generally I just enjoy the summer.

ACID DROPS

SW: Speaking of stereotypes, why are people in this business often just the opposite of what the public expects them to be?

RM: Usually when I talk about fellow horror writers, I find others ask me 'Aren't those people all weird?' It's amazing that most of the people in this field are so nice. Really! And I think it's because we're able to get all this acid out on paper which so-called normal people can't do.

Everybody has violent impulses sometimes, where they'd just like to rip someone to pieces; where they're inflicted by some kind of momentary madness. But we can get it all out on paper! And we're probably a lot more healthy, mentally, than a lot of these folks running around. I really believe that.

SW: If someone came upon your work in a library, what would you recommend as the first of your novels they should read?

RM: I was thinking of this just recently. I really enjoyed *Mystery Walk*. Looking it over again, I think it stands up pretty well.

SW: Of course, not everyone is a fan of your work – or of the genre in general. What do you say to those who charge that horror – in any form in the popular media – is inherently bad for children, and is basically of no value whatsoever?

RM: Well, *life* is bad for children, too. Life makes them grow up – and that can be bad. Like it or not, there are many aspects of horror fiction which offer clear and very penetrating insights into the human condition. Yet I can see some very prim and proper person saying that horror fiction is not good, and it should be banned. And that's been said to me before.

After I gave a speech, I once had a personal stand up who was very upset and asked me why I was forcing people to read this stuff. And I said I wasn't forcing anyone to read it. Because there is nothing wrong with reading horror fiction!

One of the reasons I like it is because there's an element of hope in most horror fiction; it doesn't all have to be dark. It can be a glorious human transformation as well as an unfortunate fall from grace. And a climb *to* grace. And that's what I believe the best in horror fiction entails. I think that's fantastic – I think that's fabulous! Of course, nothing I could say would probably keep anybody from censoring horror. but it'll never be censored in this house.

WEREWOLF AT WAR

SW: *Swan Song* just appeared this summer in England, and *Stinger* is scheduled to be published here next spring. What else is on the horizon from your fervid imagination?

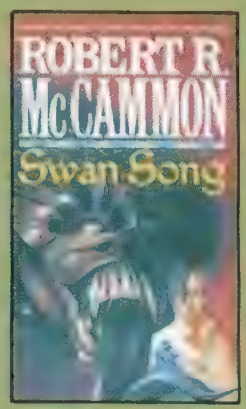
RM: I'm doing a book which is extremely different from anything I've ever done. I'm finishing it up now. It's called *The Wolf's Hour*, and it's set during World War II. The story is about a British secret agent who is a werewolf. And he's the hero! It's really not what you'd normally consider a horror novel. But what I've tried to do is write a historical novel with elements of horror in it. I'm very excited about it.

SW: You once told me you had a great secret passion for espionage stories, and that you actually wrote a few spy novels privately for your own amusement.

RM: That's right! I've always wanted to do kind of a James Bond novel. So this is a werewolf James Bond! I also have a collection of short stories coming out next year – from Grafton – called *Blueworld*. It has everything I've published so far, including *Makeup* and *Nightcrawlers*, plus some new stories as well. It goes from the first story I ever did to a new novelette called *Blueworld*. Pocket Books is also rereleasing my first four novels this fall, so a lot of good things are happening.

I'm just really excited.

The Horror Writers of America is also open to those who don't live in the United States. For further information write to HWA, c/o secretary Betsy Engstrom, 84176 Lorane Hwy, Eugene, Oregon 97405.



"Many aspects of horror fiction offer clear and very penetrating insights into the human condition"

HOW TO MAKE A MANIC DEPRESSIVE

Directors must delegate or go crazy. In the third part of his series on movie-making John Gilbert introduces the people who help create the appearance of chaos, yet maintain an on-set air of sanity

No one is ever in a position of ultimate power in the movie business, but one of the most involved, responsible, people on a film project is the director. Their castles are the sound stages, their sacred lands the outside locations. But, for most people any understanding of a director's role ends there – and in front of a clapperboard.

The director has, in many ways, a tougher job than a producer. He must be aware of budgetry and time limitations, the responsibilities of other people on the project, and have the creative vision to turn the script into a film.

He's responsible to the producer, as well as needed by the scriptwriter, director of photography, special effects teams, and a less than heavenly host of technicians, all of whom want him to respect their job descriptions while they seek guidance on the look of the production.

Fortunately the director can delegate tasks to other members of the unit. As well as the technicians he usually has at least one assistant director (sometimes three), a director of photography, any number of production assistants – gophers used as dog's bodies on and off set – a continuity person and a host of camera lighting and sound operators.

"Assistant directors are expected to have a strong personality (and voice) in order to control the sound stage environment"

Assistant directors are expected to have a strong personality (and voice) in order to control the sound stage environment. Once a shot's been set up, it's his voice which calls for silence during a take and invokes the red light to tell all and sundry that filming is about to take place.

Any building work on other sets must stop and conversation is suspended. During particularly difficult shots he may also ask for the heavy sound stage doors to be locked if intrusion by outsiders, such as the press, is not desired – as was the case during most of the indoor shooting of *The Living Daylights* when Timothy Dalton was getting into the character of James Bond.

SETS APART

Walking on to a film sound stage you may wonder how the cast, let alone the immediate crew, manage to cope in such apparently chaotic surroundings. On low-budget productions a sound stage can contain three or four sets – all of which may be to scale rather than full-size – all leading from one into the next.

Each set is built with four walls – rather than the three of television production – and going into one is like walking into the film you're making . . . but the illusion is ruined if you look into the blackness above your head where batteries of strong lights provide some of the vast amount of illumination required for the camera.

During a shot, the illusion can be further ruined by a 'floating' wall – all set walls are made to detach and move out of the camera's way.

The key technical personnel on set during a take – apart from those already mentioned – are the director of photography (or lighting cameraman, as the function is technically known), camera operator, focus puller, sound recordists, clappers/loader, and continuity assistant – and maybe the special effects supervisor. The make-up artist, hairdresser and propsman are also on call.

Before each scene is shot the director talks through the action with the actors involved, blocking in their moves for the camera, and consulting with the director of photography about the camera angles he requires. Any in-camera special effects, such as double exposures, *arrêt* shots, colour filters or latent image shots, will have been discussed in detail at production meetings before shooting commences.

IN-CAMERA PROCEEDINGS

In-camera special effects are those which don't require any post-production. Theoretically, they're simple to produce. Most are achieved through set design and camera operation or a combination of both techniques. A double exposure, for instance, can be achieved on any camera, sometimes unwittingly, shooting the background to a screen, placing an actor against a darkened background and then re-exposing the same segment of film to produce a ghosting effect on the landscape.

The *arrêt* shot is one of the oldest in the movie-making business, but it's still used as the basis for some monster transformations and for stunt shots – such as explosions – in which an actor must be replaced by a dummy. The actor is first

HOW TO MAKE A MOVIE: PART III

filmed on the set. The camera, locked off so it can't move even a millimetre, is then stopped and the actor moves out of shot. The dummy is then substituted to be damaged by other actors, set on fire, bombed or blasted by water.

A latent image shot (also called a held take) is slightly more difficult to achieve than the ones I've just described. It's similar to a double-take but the film is exposed again to take in a model or painting.

Fake backgrounds (or foregrounds) can be added in a variety of ways. The classic method is glass painting, where an artist rapidly paints in a scene – say a gothic castle on a hill – to blend with the foreground action area. A hole is left in the painting through which the actors appear. The camera can pan or tilt during the take, but is obviously unable to move physically lest it destroy the illusion.

Some glass paintings are small, and attached to to the camera by its matte box; others are huge. The process lost favour when colour film stocks became obligatory – it's much trickier to match fake with reality in colour than black-and-white, but recently the technique has been used with extraordinary success in films such as the Indiana Jones epics, *Star Wars* and most recently to recreate hell in *Hellbound*.

MATTE BLACK

Backgrounds can also be added at the post-production stage, although carefully planned filming is required for matching. Similar to glass paintings, painted black areas (or mattes) can be placed in front of the camera, revealing only the actors. In the laboratory, another matte, the reverse of the camera matte, is used to hide the actors while the film is re-exposed to footage of a painting, model or even another shot landscape.

This is known as a fixed matte. Travelling mattes can be made in the same way – for instance in shots where the actors are involved in what would be a dangerous or filmically impossible situation, but must appear to be in the real location. Here, the mattes to both reveal and hide the actors must be created frame by frame – or animated – to exactly match the moving action. It's a process that can only be done in the laboratory stage, and today involves masses of computers.

Some film sequences also use coloured filters and special lenses – I'll talk about them in more detail in an article about location shooting – which the director of photography is responsible for. He, however, delegates the task of getting the image past the lens, through the film gate, and onto film itself to the camera operator and focus puller.

SLATED TO SUCCEED

Most movies use only one camera while filming on set and that camera usually has only one specific action per shot. It may track away from the actor's face or it may follow an actress across a large set, but each take is usually short and sweet, but repeated until the director feels that his ideal conditions have been met.

At the head of each shot the clapperboard is held up to the camera as a reference for each sequence. It's maintained by the clappers/loader (who is also responsible for loading and unloading the film magazines) and contains information about the production, the director's name, camera operator's name and the ever-changing 'slate' and take number. A 'slate' is a scene number; the take number refers to how many times each individual 'slate' is filmed until the director is happy.

The clappers/loader holds up the clapperboard and describes the information on it for the soundtrack. When the hinged top is snap-closed it marks the film visually and the recording tape sonically with a unique mark which will be used in editing to synchronise picture and sound.

CHAOS ON COMMAND

It takes at least two to tango with a movie camera. The camera operator looks through the viewfinder and makes the camera tilt or pan, ensuring that the actors remain correctly positioned within the frame. His responsibility is to record everything the director wants, down to the slightest detail. He's helped by the focus puller who sits beside the lens, altering the focus or aperture as required during a shot, all ascertained by measuring each different point while the actors 'block' in the movements during rehearsal.

If the camera has to be moved physically – tracking or vertical height adjustments – the camera operator delegates to the 'grips'. The motion should steady and in time with the action. You may, for instance, be tracking in for a tight close-up on an actor's face which should be complete when the actor stops his speech. If the camera motion is too slow you may be stuck in a medium close up, too fast and you could end up with the pitted bulb at the end of the actor's nose.

Sound recording – which at this stage only comprises voices – is almost as difficult a process to control as the filming and is similarly created by two people. The sound supervisor makes sure the levels are correct so that the casts' voices can be picked up. Once quality has been checked, the sound recordist and camera operator can do their stuff.

During some sequences sound is unimportant because voices, which may have been electronically altered, are dubbed onto the soundtrack during post-production. Dubbing is often used, for instance, when an outside scene is played in the studio, atmospheric noises – rain, thunder, even horses' hooves – plus character voices are dubbed in afterward, together with the musical score.

ORDER FROM CHAOS

The director may yell 'cut' on several takes before he's happy, but no matter how tired everyone gets, a record must be taken of the actors' last positions, the state of their make-up, the way in which their hair is set, what they are wearing and even how their clothes hang. The continuity person takes Polaroids of the scene and makes notes as a cross-reference so that if any further work is required on that particular scene the cast will be dressed and positioned in exactly the same way.

The pictures are particularly important when filming breaks for the day in the middle of a scene. They give the make-up artists, hairdressers, cast, camera operator and director reference points to begin the next day's filming. Any discrepancy would look obvious on the big screen.

By now you may think that any aid to a director's memory is a blessing because of the number of people constantly jostling to do their jobs on set. Well, you ain't met a third of them yet. Don't forget a set has to be specially lit, the special effects teams are doing more on set rather than waiting for post-production, and there's always the press to be satisfied.

The frenetic activity may make the set look like a disaster area at times. But, should you ever visit one you'll realise that the crew can work at such a pace because they are highly organised – and that responsibility falls to what is any film's linchpin – the production manager.

"Fake backgrounds can be added in a variety of ways. The classic method is glass painting"

Next Issue: The Specials: Effects and Lighting – an extended report

THE BLOB

Starring: **Kevin Dillon, Donovan Leitch, Shawnee Smith, Erica Eleniak, Noble Craig.** *Screenplay* **Chuck Russell, Frank Darabont,** *Director* **Chuck Russell.** *Distributor* **New Line. Cert 18**

Remakes of old horror classics haven't been particularly earth shattering. *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* and *Invaders From Mars* were only pale shadows of the originals. That's why I'm pleased to report that the new, improved, *The Blob* is a visual tour de force loaded with class-A special effects, fine cinematography and a rambling sensibility. The story isn't bad either. It exceeds the original blindfolded. You'd never think that a mass of mobile Jell-o could be so cruel. But it is. It is!

The story begins like the original as an old crony witnesses a meteorite crash to Earth. His curiosity proves to be his undoing as the gooey blob attaches itself to his arm. What follows is a simple tale of a loathsome life form which consumes anything that moves. Its intention, it soon becomes clear, is to eat everyone. No exceptions.

Cut to Arborville, small town USA, where we meet the locals. Foremost among them is Brian Flagg, a misunderstood juvenile delinquent, played with brooding precision by Kevin Dillon. The sheriff and his deputy are constantly harassing him, convinced that he's trouble. The truth is, though, that he will emerge as the town's hero.

Paul Taylor (Donovan Leitch), the local jock, asks out cheerleader Meg Penny (Shawnee Smith) and the resulting date sends them on a collision course with the blobbed old man – they almost run him over – and Brian Flagg.

They race the old man to the hospital where he's digested by the Blob. Meg witnesses Paul devoured by the Blob as well, though no one will believe her. Her only choice is to team up with Brian who's reluctant to get involved. But team up they do, narrowly escaping onslaught after onslaught as the Blob grows.

Russell's and Darabont's rendition of *The Blob* updates the classic to the Eighties. Now, instead of being a roly-poly mass of stawberry jam, the monsters's a menacing predator that's fast and inescapable.

It seems as if Blob – a vicious vampire stomach – will win as it infects every nook and cranny of the town, striking out at innocents where you would least expect it. To make matters worse contact with Blob '88 melts you!

The special effects are state-of-the-art! To reveal too much would spoil the fun of seeing them for yourself, but it's rumoured that up to £9 million dollars was spent on them. The 'Blob shop', led by Tony Gardner, a former apprentice to Rick Baker, has come up with innumerable victim effects, including a man pulled through sink pipes and a teenage girl imploded by the Blob. The Blob itself, looking like an inverted heart with tongues attached to it, is simply wild!

I was on the edge of my seat as the action kept coming. I loved it, the audience loved it. It warmed my heart to see a wacked out space creature terrorise a town. Silly? Yes. But so what? *The (new) Blob* is more homage than remake and it's a fine one indeed.

Brian Pulido

DREAM DEMON

Starring: **Kathleen Wilhoite, Jemma Redgrave, Jimmy Nail, Tim Spall, Annabelle Lanyon, Mark Greenstreet, Susan Fleetwood, Nickolas Grace, Robert Warner, Andrew Johns.** *Producers* **Paul Webster, David A Barber, Jonathan Olsberg, Nik Powell, Peter Watson-Wood, Timothy Woolford,** *Screenplay* **Christopher Wicking, Harley Cokliss,** *Director* **Harley Cokliss.** *Distributor* **Palace Pictures. Cert 18**

Dream Demon does not work as a horror film on any level. Badly written, badly directed and badly acted, this fiasco is not frightening. Producer Paul Webster should have forseen his intended thriller/chiller is an unoriginal bore. However, the special effects (Daniel Parker and Nik Williams) – though because of the low budget not superlative – are above average.

The nonsensical plot minus strong story line is a schlocky reworking of *Nightmare on Elm Street* which centres on Diana, a pudgy Princess Di figure, played by the untalented Jemma Redgrave, here making her feature debut. A virgin, she suffers from three-dimensional nightmares while waiting for her forthcoming society wedding.

Everyone around her believes the nightmares are caused by prenuptial nerves. But Diana has legitimate reason to be terrified of her vivid dreams. They intrude into her consciousness.

Cinematographer Ian Wilson says his main brief was 'to make dreams equate with reality in such a way that the audience can't tell which is which'. Dreams and reality merge, making the film less a psychological fantasy than dull confusion.

Diana is at the altar with her 'handsome' fiance, a suntanned Falklands war hero played by Mark Greenstreet, whose wooden performance is akin to a Captain Scarlet effigy, when the couple have an argument prior to their marriage vows. When Diana slaps him across the face he's decapitated. But it's only a dream!

Director Harvey Cokliss (*Black Moon Rising*) manages to make Hammer Horror films look positively Oscar-winning as he fails to rise above the script's trite dialogue. Any movie featuring an American girl (Kathleen Wilhoite) introducing herself as coming from 'HollyWEIRD' is surely a non-starter.

If the streetwise Jenny believes Hollywood's weird, she doesn't know the meaning of the word until she encounters Diana and her nightmares. Jenny's on vacation in London, investigating her life before adoption at the age of eight – formative years of which she has no recall. By coincidence, Diana is living in the very same house – Daddy bought it for her as a wedding present – that Jenny lived in before she was shipped out to America.

The girls become friends when Jenny rids Diana of the presshounds – temporarily as it turns out – chasing her in connection with the wedding. The stereotype Fleet Street hacks are represented by Jimmy Nail as an unrealistically nosey parker and Tim Spall as his uncouth photographer.

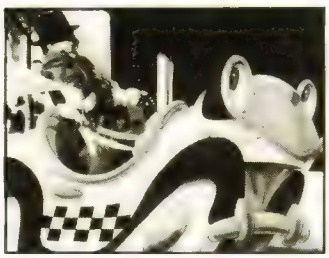
At Diana's request, Jenny agrees to stay with her in the Haunted House. visually reminiscent of Dario Argento's style:L the basement changes into endless black corridors, slime oozes from the walls etc, a little girl wearing angel wings (Annabelle Lanyon) appears in dreams and speaks with that affliction peculiar to British child actors – horribly clipped English – and Nickolas Grace bursts into flames.

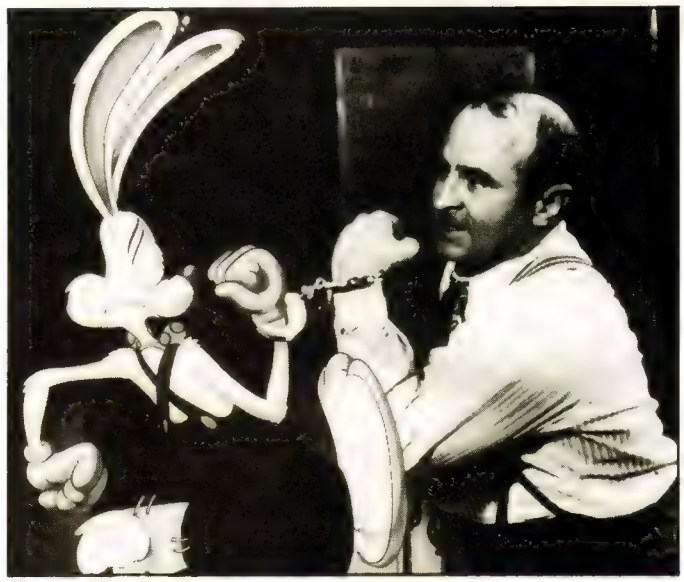
Characters from Diana's real-life appear in her dreams – transmogrified into obscene parodies of their real selves. The dreams are linked to Jenny on a psychic level. What does it all mean? And do we care when all is resolved?

Frances Lynn

WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT

Starring: **Bob Hoskins, Christopher Lloyd, Stubby Kaye.** *Producers* **Stephen Spielberg, Kathleen Kennedy, Robert Watts, Frank Marshall,** *Screenplay* **Jerry Price, Peter Seaman,** *Director* **Robert Zemeckis.** *Distributor* **Touchstone. Cert PG**





Bob Hoskins acting with a wabbit? Some might say that he must be hard up for a break in Hollywood, but that's rubbish. He's just had the good sense to see that Stephen Spielberg's latest movie is going to do rockets for the film industry, and that's a sure bet because *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* is one of the best light entertainment films I've seen in a long time.

Bob doesn't much like the Toons much. They seem amiable enough as they do their impossible stunt work on live sets for Hollywood's cartoon companies, but Hoskins – who plays private eye Eddie Valiant – has seen their evil side. Whilst foiling a bank raid in Toon Town, where all the animated characters live, his partner was squashed under a safe, thrown by one of the raiders.

It is, therefore, with some reluctance that he he helps out Roger Rabbit who's been framed for the murder of joke manufacturer Marvin Acme (Stubby Kaye). He soon falls into line, however, when he meets Roger's wife, a stunning beauty called Jessica, and sets out to stop the rabbit from being tried and executed by Toon Town's residence nasty lawman, Judge Doom – played with wonderful menace by Christopher Lloyd.

Nothing's ever what it seems in this movie. For instance, is Jessica a villainess or good gal, is Roger as dumb as he looks, what's the recipe of Dip, and who has their sights on a Toon Town takeover? Most of those questions are answered – though only just because the movie's action's almost never ending – apart from a few well-handled, humorous character scenes.

The first ten minutes of the film are the best, but the laughs don't end there and I'd advise anyone who watched cartoons as a kid to go and see Roger when he appears in December. And, let's face it, we all watched 'toons when we were young.

John Gilbert

THE SERPENT AND THE RAINBOW

Starring: **Bill Pullman, Cathy Tyson, Zakes Mokae, Paul Winfield, Michael Gough.** *Producers* **David Ladd, Dough Claybourne,** *Screenplay* **Richard Maxwell, AR Simoun,** *Director* **Wes Craven.** *Distributor* **UIP. Cert 18**

Late in *The Serpent and The Rainbow*, anthropologist Dennis Alan (Bill Pullman) is dumped by the Ton-Ton Macout, Haiti's secret police, and tells his girlfriend Marielle (Cathy Tyson) that he knows the sadistic interrogator wasn't seriously trying to hurt him because he only drove a nail through his *scrotum*.

At this point, one could be forgiven for thinking that no medical breakthrough is worth the hassle of working in Haiti and that our hero is being a prize schmuck for not catching the next plane out of the Caribbean hell-hole. And, surprisingly, given how thick Dennis has been earlier in the plot, he does indeed make an escape soon after.

But, unfinished business – a girl in peril, the secret of creating zombies and Hollywood hero conventions – calls him back for a last, draining, confrontation with the forces of evil, as represented by gold-toothed top cop/black magician Peytravd (Zakes Mokae).

Based on Wade Davis's non-fiction book – the man who discovered Teterodotoxin, the drug used by voodoo priests to create a semblance of death and put people in their power – this is a far more successful teaming of director Wes Craven and the Hollywood mainstream than the disastrous *Deadly Friend*. But I've still got the feeling that, like so many of his peers (Hooper, Cohen, Carpenter, Romero) Craven would be happier working away from studio interference. Indeed, of the Eighties horror auteurs, only David Cronenberg has been able to work for the majors without losing a vital chunk of his personality.

The Serpent and the Rainbow is an entertaining, atmospheric and frequently creepy movie, but it's also the kind of mess you'd expect when five or six screenwriters who've never met each other try in succession to make cinematic sense out of a book structured as a piece of scientific journalism-cum-travelogue rather than an action-horror story.

The film opens with Dennis in the steaming jungles of South America, visiting an indian mystic who offers him a premonition of the horrors he will face in Haiti. Then, at the behest of old time scaremeister Michael Gough, he's off to the troubled island in the middle of the revolution in search of the voodoo drug valuable for its applications in anaesthesia, space travel, etc.

Dennis falls for Marielle, a dedicated doctor by day but a voodoo-dancing priestess by night. The film pulls some marvellous coupes in its trips around the real-life dreamworld of Haiti, particularly in the impressive sequence in which Dennis and Marielle take part in a voodoo pilgrimage to a huge waterfall. This even beats *I Walked With a Zombie* as a depiction of the ceremony and magic of voodoo.

This is, however, still a Wes Craven movie, and the various drugs Dennis samples give him a succession of nightmare black-outs much like those which have peppered Craven's films since *Last House on the Left*. Indeed, by the finale, Peytravd has had his face burned off and makes like Freddy Krueger in the final slug-it-out.

Somewhere in the middle, the film switches from being a mystic, erotic, primal melodrama like *The Emerald Forest* and *Walkabout* into being a familiar effects-happy horror bonanza. Both halves work well on their own terms, even if some of the snakes and skulls are a little too hackneyed to be really scary, but it's a shame that Craven and company gave up on the more ambitious, unusual approach and opted for a traditionalist shocker.

Kim Newman

HALLOWEEN IV: THE RETURN OF MICHAEL MYERS

Starring: **Donald Pleasance, Danielle Harris, Ellie Cornell, George Wilbur.** *Producers* **Moustapha Akkad, Paul Freeman,** *Screenplay* **Allen B McElroy,** *Director* **Dwight Little.** *Distributor* **Galaxy (USA). Cert Unconfirmed**

Michael Myers, that founding father of holiday-themed killers, is paying a return visit to Haddonfield, Illinois, in the third installment of the Halloween/ Myers odyssey *Halloween IV: The Return of Michael Myers.*

The new film, scheduled for an October US release, picks up ten years after the fiery conclusion of *Halloween II* – sod Part 3 for the sake of continuity. Michael, played this time round by stuntman George Wilbur, and mad doc Loomis (Donald Pleasence for the third time), have somehow survived the conflagration and are licking their respective wounds.

Michael, who has spent the decade comatosed in a federal lockup, gets word that a daughter, Jamie (Danielle Harris), of his now deceased foe Laurie, is alive and well and with step-sister Rachel (Ellie Cornell) in a loving foster home in Haddonfield. Michael busts out in bloody fashion the better to terrorise Jamie.

Halloween IV was filmed in 35 days in Salt Lake City, Utah, on a £3.5 million budget. Handling the primarily bloodless body count, light make-up, and special effects are Ken Horn (*The Boogens*), Larry Fioritto (*The Thing*) and John Buechler (*Friday the 13th: Part VII*).

Donald Pleasence isn't the type to pull punches. Especially when it comes to his involvement in his third *Halloween* adventure. 'Let's face it, it would be kind of hard to do this movie without me,' he states.

But the actor, wearing a jagged facial burn in Part 4 and doing quite 'a lot of running and jumping', claims there's more to his participation than ego and money.

'The story continues to be a good one. The series could have easily turned into a pointless exercise in moneymaking and greed,' says he. 'But the script is very good and care has been taken in the development of characters and the generating of suspense.'

And it's the suspense which is uppermost in the mind of director Dwight Little. Little, whose claim to fame is a minor dramatic effort called *KGB*, jumped at the chance to ride the *Halloween* rollercoaster . . . but it had to be on slightly unpredictable terms. 'In most slasher films the characters do the oddest things at the oddest times for the wrong reasons. They'll go up the stairs or down in the basement when all logic dictates that they should not. But the audience knows it's a set up for a kill and that these stupid kids have Victim written all over them.

'What we've done with *Halloween IV* is to reverse the process. Every character in this movie does the right thing at the right time for the right reason. But when, for all intents and purposes, people don't go into the basement or up the stairs, they start to die anyway . . .

Now that's scary.'

Marc Shapiro

NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 4: THE DREAM MASTER

Starring: **Robert Englund, Lisa Wilcox, Tuesday Knight, Rodney Eastman.** *Producers* **Robert Shaye, Rachel Talalay, Sara Risher, Stephen Diener,** *Screenplay* **Brian Helgeland,** *Director* **Renny Harlin.** *Distributor* **Palace. Cert Unconfirmed**

'How's this for a wet dream?' the ubiquitous Mr Krueger taunts Joey (Rodney Eastman),one of the *Dream Warriors* survivors, as he rips him to shreds during the opening minutes of the latest Freddy fest.

Well, as far as Joey's concerned, he's not going to have any more fantasies over the *Playboy* centrefold on his wall, but *Nightmare* fans are in for a tour de force roller coaster ride to fulfill their wildest expectations when *The Dream Master* opens in Britain. It's the best sequel the series has so far spawned and is destined to be the biggest grosser of the bunch as 'the bastard son of a hundred maniacs' returns with a vengeance.

Chuck Russell's kick-ass tactics paid off with *Dream Warriors*, a popcorn crowd pleaser if ever there was one. It meant that whoever directed Part 4 had a tough act to follow.

Prison director Renny Harlin here proves himself to be that film-maker – someone who knows how to pull out all the stops. There were indications of a talent at work in the terribly overrated, structurally unsound *Prison*, but the end result here far surpasses any speculations that could have been made concerning the development of that talent.

Harlin knows exactly where to place the camera and how to turn up the heat to get the audience going; this isn't the work of a novice, it's a flourish from an assured hand.

It's two years on from the conclusion of *Dream Warriors*. Kirsten (Tuesday Knight), in the role originated by Patricia Arquette – one of the three survivors – begins reliving her terror as Freddy once again haunts her dreams.

Freddy may be dead but you can't keep a good bad guy down, and within minutes the body count starts to rise. No one is safe or, as Freddy says, 'Now no one sleeps!', and the former survivors are soon in the morgue.

Alice (Lisa Wilcox) learns of the

Krueger menace from Kirsten shortly before she dies; this girl, however, is no ordinary teen: the Dream Warriors could only defeat Freddy when concentrating their combined energies, but Alice is The Dream Master. She becomes a source of concentrated psychic power after absorbing Kirsten's dying energies.

That's the picture's premise, but from there on in Harlin and the screenwriters pull surprise after surprise on the audience, making the film difficult to discuss without ruining the experience. Suffice to say *Nightmare IV* doesn't pull any punches and is probably the bleakest story in the series.

The film falls into two halves. The first tightly presents the set up, then deliberately winds down the pace until the moment when Alice realises that if any of her friends are to survive she's the only one with the power to help them.

Once Harlin has fully wound up the spring, it's time for the confrontation to run its manic, kick-ass, course, pulling its audience along at breakneck speed. This latter half is a rite of passage for Alice, the school ugly duckling who transforms into a beautiful swan with a mean roundhouse kick. The girl lacking in self-confidence has to face her innermost doubts and overcome them if she is to defeat the incredibly powerful Freddy.

As the picture hits its stride the effects come thick and fast. Stylistically, *Dream Master* is the most visually assured and surrealistic of the crop, delivering some supremely sick, moments that made this reviewer gasp at the film-maker's audacity.

Highlights include the 'horror pizza' scene and the roach motel sequence, the latter achieving an expressionist effect which would delight Franz Kafka.

Over all, the cast is acceptable. Even if the film moves too fast to develop any characters other than Alice, you care enough about them when Freddy kills. Harlin has made a good movie, assisted by cinematographer Stephen Diener, designers Mick and CJ Strawn, and editors Michael Knue and Chuck Weiss. Sure, there are some problems, but these are outweighed by the picture's strengths.

Freddy's back and you won't be disappointed.

Philip Nutman

ANGUISH

Starring: **Zelda Rubenstein, Michael Lerner, Talia Paul, Angel Jove.** *Producer* **Pepon Coromina,** *Screenplay* **Michael Berlin,** *Director* **JJ Bigas Luna. Cert 18**

Anguish is the ideal anti Video Nasty campaigners exhibit 'A' as an example of violence in the movies. For this intricately written, Luis Bunuel-inspired, surreal, horror film from Spain focuses on the subconscious influence of cinema.

Ingeniously directed by JJ Bigas Luna – maker of *Reborn* – this artistic, but unpretentious exploitation film is less concerned with gratuitous gore as it is about imaginative gore. And its effective middle twist helps make *Anguish* unique, setting up the audience for further credible surprises.

Zelda Rubenstein adequately plays the achetypal Jewish mother figure who protects her diabetic son (Michael Lerner). When mommy's boy is fired from his job as a hospital orderly, Mom declares 'All eyes of the city will be ours'.

First she hypnotises her son – to Luna's credit, it's feasible that susceptible members of the

audience could also be hypnotised – who experiences his, reminiscently Sixties-styled, regression and rebirth. Bigas once ran his own theatre group where the actors worked under self-hypnosis.

Anguish is not for the squeamish. Eyeballs are slashed and sliced out of their sockets in graphic detail, for mommy's boy has a predeliction for eyeballs (a symbolic compensation for his diabetically fading eyesight?) Dialogue from eye-witnesses of the 'this guy is really sick' to 'something about this guy gives me the creeps' kind, alleviates some of the tense revulsion.

Frances Lynn

SONY
YOU MAY HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED BY...
THE THING
YOU MAY HAVE BEEN CHILLED BY...
THE FLY
BUT NOTHING WILL HAVE PREPARED YOU FOR...
Invasion of the Body Suckers
OUT ON VIDEO 5th DEC.

KILLER KLOWNS FROM OUTER SPACE

Starring: **Grant Cramer, Suzanne Snyder, John Vernon.** *Producers* **Edward, Stephen, and Charles Chiodo,** *Screenplay* **Charles and Stephen Ciodo,** *Director* **Stephen Chiodo.** *Distributor* **Entertainment in Video. Cert 15, 88 mins**

Admittedly a film called *Killer Klowns From Outer Space* is going to elicit a few sniggers from the more sceptical among you – I know it sounds juvenile (and it is), but you shouldn't go around judging a film by its title.

Killer Klowns is best described as *Pee Wee Herman*-meets-*Gremlins*, but a little weirder, and if there was any justice in the world it should have done for circuses what *jaws* did for beaches.

Unfortunately, it's going straight to video which is bound to lessen its warped impact – but don't let that put you off. The Chiodo Brothers have created a wonderfully original horror-comedy which should make *Klowns* one sideshow the fans will want to visit again and again.

Mike (Grant Cramer) and Debbie (Suzanne Synder) investigate a shooting star which lands in the woods, and find to their horror – and my delight – a spaceship-cum-Big Top krawling with killer klowns who zap people with their popcorn guns and cocoon them in pink cotton candy.

The klowns run havoc through the nearby town, decapitating bikers with one punch, turning the obnoxious Sgt Mooney (John Vernon) into a ventriloquist's dummy and, in the film's most inventive scene, gobbling up citizens with the aid of huge hand-shadow monsters.

Killer Klowns is no great shakes plotwise – it's a standard smalltown being terrorised by monsters that must be stopped affair – but the outlandish set design, the off-the-wall humour and the spirit of playfulness which permeates the whole should be enough to win over the most cynical of hearts.

Take the advice given to you by The Dickies in the opening credits song: 'it's time to take a ride on the nightmare merry-go-round', because if you skip this Big Top treat you'll be cheating yourself out of one of the most entertaining rides for a long time.

David Cox

NIGHTMARE VACATION II

Starring: **Pamela Springsteen, Renee Estevez, Walter Gotell.** *Producers* **Jerry Silva, Stan Wakefield,** *Screenplay* **Fritz Gordon,** *Director* **Michael A Simpson.** *Distributor* **Futuristic Entertainment. Cert 18, 91 mins**

Three of horror's most recent motifs – Freddy, Jason and a mighty big chainsaw – appear in this movie and still it manages to fail, even on the mundane slasher level.

The idea is that the original mass murderer of the original film – called *Sleepaway Camp Massacre* – has left a mental hospital after a sex change operation in which Peter becomes Angela (Pamela Springsteen), the camp boss's sister, but loses none of his/her cutting edge. She sets up yet again as a helper at the Rolling Hills summer camp and begins to chop up the students.

The problem is that we know she's doing the murders, where the bodies are stored, and 20 seconds before it happens who's going to get it next. Yes, *Nightmare Vacation* scores zilch for suspense, but I must admit I watched the whole film just to see those irritating students and camp leader get it in the neck, face, arms and legs.

Completely over the top, the film is played mostly for laughs, best being the moment where an irritable Angela flings her already blooded chainsaw away in a huff when it refuses to start up for a further slaying.

Not a patch on the *Friday the 13th* series – and that's saying something – but close enough if you've already watched all eight. A second sequel, called *Teenage Wasteland* is already on the cards so, you guessed it, Angela escapes the law this time. But you already guessed that, didn't you?

John Gilbert

WITCHCRAFT

Starring: **Gary Sloan, Lee Kisman, Deborah Scott.** *Producers* **Jerry Feifre, Tony Miller, Mega Barnett, Yoram Barzilai,** *Screenplay* **Jody Savin,** *Director* **Robert Spera.** *Distributor* **Castle Home Video. Cert 18, 90 mins**

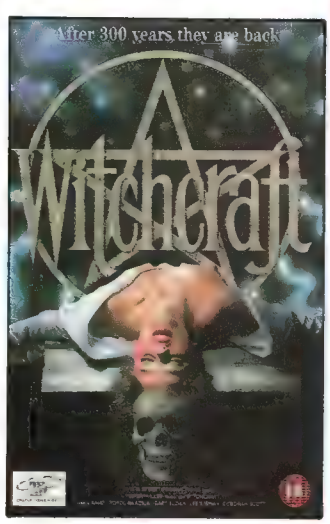
The Black Mass is back on the screen. No, I'm not talking about *The Blob*, just a certain witchcraft ritual which usually involves the sacrifice of nubile young women.

The story's all about the practice of the black arts and starts in 1687 when a young couple, awaiting the birth of their first child, are burnt for witchcraft. They return from the grave and the husband plays the role of the wife's son while courting Deborah Scott. His new wife then gets pregnant and the witchy couple intend taking the baby as their own, and kill its mother.

The movie is sparse on special prosthetic effects and, like *Nightflyers* has the look of a TV special. The high points are the boil-faced priest who hangs himself and smashes through a plate glass window, the historical characters seen through an aged mirror and a bloodless beheading. The worst part of the movie is, unfortunately, the witchcraft rituals which look daft to say the least.

Witchcraft is a psychological drama rather than a fully-fledged horror film. It contains some pretty camp acting from the witches and an underplayed performance by Deborah Scott as their victim. Chilling, if not thrilling, stuff.

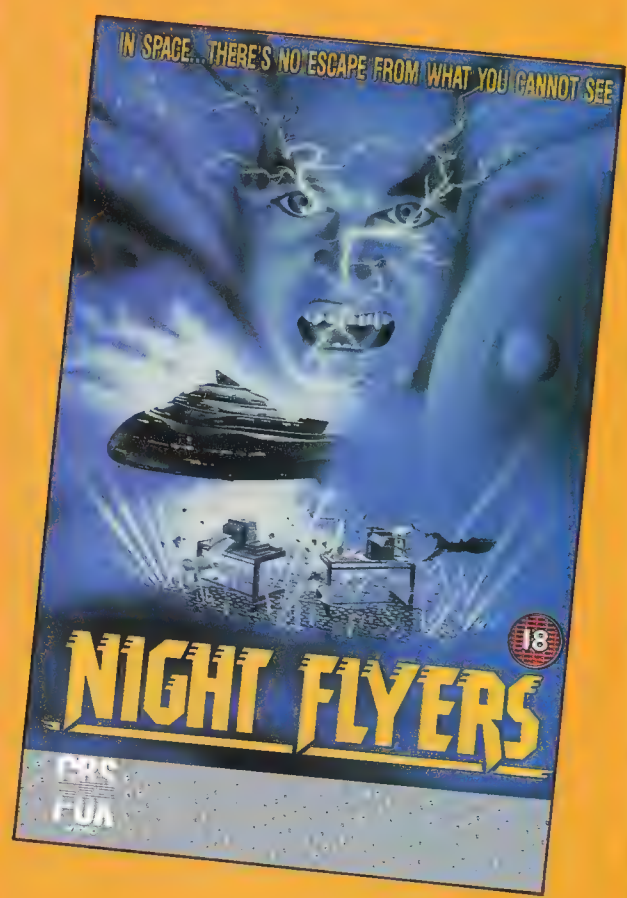
John Gilbert



JOIN THE NIGHTFLYERS

FEAR competition

WIN a copy of the latest CBS-Fox space thriller – we've got six for you!



FIRST there was *Forbidden Planet*, then *Alien* burst upon the scene. Now *Nightflyers* takes you on a search for the secrets of a strange aeons-old being. Potential dangers include a mysterious space captain, a rogue ship, and a murderous undead mother.

If you feel like joining the fated band of scientists on this all-action quest simply tell us the full name of the television series in which **Michael Praed**, who plays the Nightflyer's holographic captain, first gained national recognition.

Write your answer on a postcard, or back of a sealed envelope, and send it to **Nightflyers Competition, FEAR, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB**. Add your name and address plus the format of your video system – VHS or Beta. All entries must be in by November 15. No employees of Newsfield, **FEAR** or CBS-Fox may take part.

STEPHEN KING COLLECTION

Yes, the Stephen King movies are at last on sell-through budget-priced video and, with a few exceptions, that's exactly where they belong. During the past ten years I've seen a variety of film makers massacre King's dialogue, do away with his characters for the sake of a running joke and chop pieces off his plots in order to make television movies.

Warner's King Collection – each of the five tapes costs £9.99 on the Hollywood Nites label – has its selection of shiners and sinners. *Carrie* (99 mins, Cert 18) is the best of the bunch. It relies heavily on King's original novel and represents one of director Brian De Palma's best movies.

It also delivered Oscar nominations for Sissy Spacek, who played the pubescent telekinetic Carrie, and Piper Laurie who played her fanatically religious mother. John Travolta made his first big film appearance as Billy the bully before Carrie demolishes her home town and school. Great entertainment and a chilling double ending.

Unfortunately, the same can't be said of Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining* (117 mins, Cert 18). It's a technically excellent film, well lit and acted, but the director obviously doesn't know how to make a horror movie. Jack Nicholson does his best to play Jack Torrance, a potential psychopath haunted by the Overlook hotel's former – dead – residents and sorely tempted to murder by Shelley Duvall who grossly overacts as his wife.

The shining performances, however, are created by Danny Lloyd (the Torrances' son) and Scatman Crowther, the hotel's chef who does his best to protect Danny but is axed at the end of a rather puerile running joke.

Salem's Lot (112 mins, Cert 18) is the mediocre two-hour movie version, rather than the excellent mini-series. David Soul, as the vampire-hunting novelist, looks rather lost amongst the confusing cuts, but James Mason retains his sense of macabre style as the vampire's cohort, even after the degrading way in which his performance has been handled by the editor of this Tobe Hooper-directed television film.

If you haven't seen the mini-series you might enjoy the movie, if you have you'll sorely miss the cut bits. I must say, however, that *Salem's Lot* stands with *Carrie* as far the Warner Collection is concerned.

Children of the Corn (88 mins, Cert 18) . . . well, I must say I'm one of the few who enjoyed this movie despite its yawn-making ending and director Fritz Kiersch's attempts to steer as far away from the original short story as possible. Strong performances by Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton as the couple who come across corn worship and human sacrifice in a small town, but for me the film scores in its first 20 minutes as the cult-worshipping kids tear control of the town away from the adults.

Finally, *Firestarter* (109 mins, Cert 15) is little more than a glossy vehicle for Drew Barymore. You should, however, see this movie, about a child who starts fires. She and her father (David Keith) are on the run from a government agency called the Shop, and hunted by Rainbird, an Indian assassin (George C Scott).

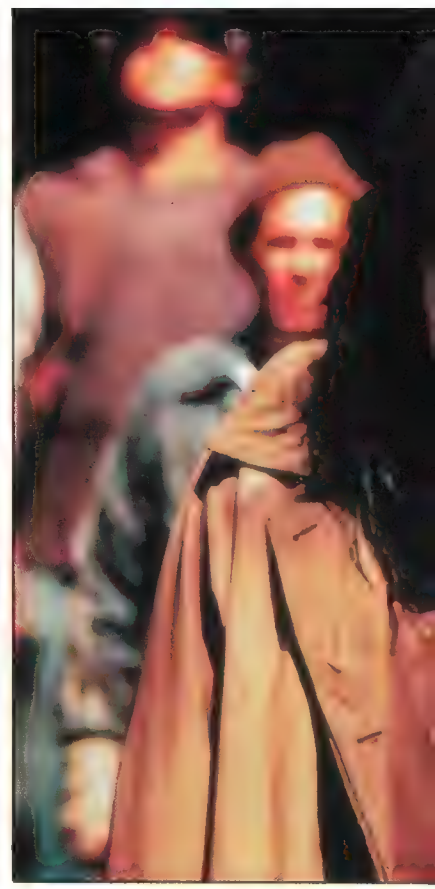
Keith plays the father with heart-rending reality while Scott shows a sadistic obsession with death in the brilliant portrayal of Rainbird. During the film you suspect that the killer contains some humanity, but at the end you realise he just isn't human.

Despite my criticisms of the movies in the Stephen King Collection, you should have every one of these tapes in your library. They mark a record of King at the cinema – warts 'n' all – and we've already been promised more titles next year. A big thanks to Warner for finally getting the films into an ordered collection.

John Gilbert

PRINCE OF DAR

Starring: **Donald Pleasance, Jameson Parker, Victor Wong, Lisa Blount.** *Producers* **Larry Franco, Shep Gordon, Andre Blay,** *Screenplay* **Martin Quatermass,** *Director* **John Carpenter.** *Distributor* **Guild Home Video. Cert 18, 101 mins**



At last, one of my favourite 1988 movies is out on video. The combination of John Carpenter as director and Donald Pleasance as the priest who's onto the resurrection of Satan and his father, the Anti-God, still has me enthralled since I saw it at the cinema four months ago.

Satan is a living chemical liquid which resides – as all good genies do – in a canister, sealed from the inside. Once disturbed, however, the age-old beast turns the scientists chosen to study it into violent zombies and takes a host – in the shape of Susan Blanchard –

NIGHTFLYERS

Starring: **Catherine Mary Stewart, John Standing, Michael Praed, Michael Des Barres, James Avery, Glenn Withrow, Lisa Blout, Helene Udy.** *Producer/Screenplay Robert Jaffe, Director* **TC Blake.** *Distributor* **CBS-Fox Video. Cert 18, 86 mins**

Eight scientists, led by Michael D'Branin (John Standing) board a mysterious ship, The Nightflyer. Their mission: to search for a lost race of creator beings called the Volcryn.

The captain, Royd Erris (Michael Praed) should be there to welcome them aboard but instead sends a holographic image of himself, stating that he's too busy to meet them in person. The scientists become wary of the Captain but discover that he's trapped within the ship by his mother who, having built the ship and died, now lies within the central computer. She vindictively attacks the scientists who try to destroy the computer only to discover that they too are trapped on the killer vessel.

Nightflyers, is a shipboard retelling of *Forbidden Planet*. Filmed from a novel by George RR Martin, it was never given a theatrical release, but that's more the fault of TV-movie-style production rather than through any inadequacies of the cast. Michael Praed looks less like a shopfloor dummy in this movie than in anything he's done before and he shares acting honours with Michael Des Barres who plays Jon Winderman, a pscyhotic telepath who gets on to Mother's game just before he's split up by a laser.

It is, however, the mechanical, and electrical special effects from Robert Short which make *Nightflyers* an SF/horror thriller contender for winter night viewing. Anyone who can make a few – admittedly well-constructed – sets look like the inventive and massive interior of a space ship without going down the Dr Who road gets my vote of confidence any time.

John Gilbert

KNESS

who then tries to rescue her evil father from a black alternative universe whose gateway lies within the depths of mirrors.

Old concepts, maybe, but the addition of Quantum Physics, eruditely explained by Prof Birak (Victor Wong) blurs the boundaries of matter and anti-matter to have you avoiding mirrors for a few days after you've watched the film.

As well as monsters and goo, Carpenter also relies on the more basic horror film techniques, of which he is a master. In the best chiller traditions, nobody can escape from the church because it's surround by zombie-vagrants, led by Alice Cooper – a man born to the role.

The claustrophobic atmosphere is further squeezed during the last third of the film as those on the side of good are expertly split up and Carpenter hammers away with the tension.

Good performances all round, especially from Jameson Parker and Lisa Blount who play scientist/lovers until Blount falls through the mirror and is, seemingly, lost at the end of the movie. The eerie, electronic, music score – another trademark of Carpenter movies – plus the imaginative special effects, from Kevin Quibell makes this stab at intelligent film-making stand well above the multitude of films out on video at the moment whose motto seem to be 'gore is all' and 'No, more blood!'

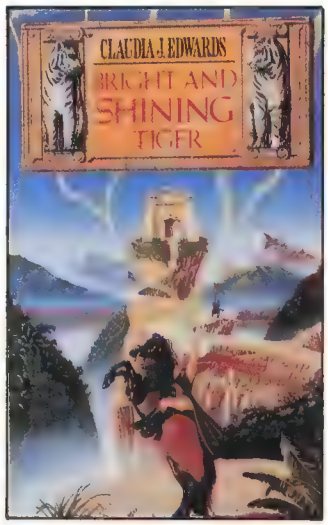
John Gilbert

BRIGHT AND SHINING TIGER

Claudia J Edwards
Publisher **Headline,** *Format* **Paperback, £2.99**
Category **Fantasy**

A western! Oh, sure, I know it's a Swords and Sorcery fantasy novel, but all the ingredients of a traditional Western are there. Runa, the heroine, comes riding out of the wilderness, bringing hope, organisation and protection to the leaderless and oppressed homesteaders – or 'tiller folk'. She becomes their sheriff – or 'mantic' – revitalises their ghost town – or 'castellum' – and reforms the local outlaw called Taharka. He becomes the town marshal – or 'margrave'.

Together they defeat the savages, resist the aggression of rival ranchers – mantics and margraves – and begin the lengthy task of bringing civilisation and decency to the untamed frontier. Runa may project bolts of magic energy from her fingertips instead of fanning a



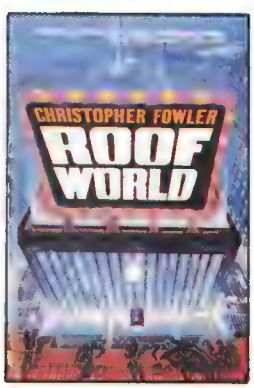
Colt.45, but the result is the same. Yes, the atmosphere is that of the Wild West . . . and the story is not diminished by it.

My favourite character is Silvercat, the tutelary tiger-spirit of the castellum, who appears and disappears like a giant Cheshire puss. He features in the title and on the cover. I was also intrigued by Edwards's use of grammatical inversion for Taharka's barbarian speech. Very insidious: I found I was starting to think in similar fashion. Think I, to the adventures of Runa, addicted could I become.

Martin H Brice

ROOFWORLD

Christopher Fowler
Publisher **Legend,** *Formats* **Hardback, £11.95, Paperback £5.95**
Category **Fantasy**



Above the unsuspecting heads of London's populace a secret society of misfits, idealists and fringe criminal elements have built themselves a bizarre counter-culture, a lateral high society governed by its own set of rules and code of honour.

This has been going on for over 60 years, but now all is not well on the capital's rooftops. New technology, in the form of video cameras and other security devices, is beginning to cramp their style. And a rival gang – the occult-orientated Bringers of The New Age, led by metal-handed villain the Imperator Chymes – is moving in to take over for its own sinister purposes.

The ensuing war of attrition has bodies raining from the skies at an alarming rate and Scotland Yard, in the person of Dt Chief Inspector Ian Hargreave, at a complete loss as to what the hell is going on.

Enter wimpish Robert Linden, who works for a TV adaptation agency, and black, streetwise Rose Leonard – two innocents abroad who are caught up in this unlikely conflict when Rose inadvertently photographs a motley band of roofworlders about their clandestine business.

One of the major achievements of this highly imaginative book is the consistency of the world Christopher Fowler has created.

Goddamit, you'll half believe London's skyline may really be aswarm with punks and sociopaths taking potshots at each other with their homemade sharpened-coin projector pistols, whizzing from building to building via 'runs' of invisible cable, and commandeering the interior of the Planetarium's dome as their HQ. Disbelief is suspended very satisfactorily as long as you don't stop to breathe.

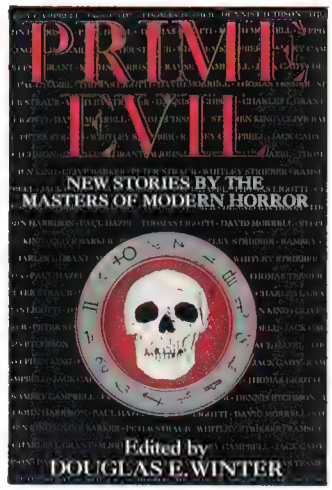
Roofworld has one of the most inventive premises I've come across in a long while. It appeals because of, not despite, its completely potty central idea. It is also that increasing rarity, an almost totally uncategorisable novel, containing elements of horror, mystery, fantasy and police procedure.

Not least of its parts is a quintessential Englishness. Although set in the present day, the London presented here has more than a touch of Edgar Wallace, the cops are in the Edgar Lustgarten mode, and there's a delicious strain of black humour reminiscent of great old British movies like *The Lavender Hill Mob* and *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

The book has a very visual, film-like quality about it – apparently it's being considered for adaptation – no doubt due to the author's background in the industry. Imagine an Ealing comedy directed by Wes Craven and you're halfway there.

Sharp, wry, funny and at its best exhilarating, *Roofworld* is an immensely entertaining and recommendable read – to all but perhaps sufferers from vertigo.
Stan Nicholls

PRIME EVIL



Editor: Douglas Winter
Publisher **Bantam,** *Format* **Hardback, £10.95**
Category **Horror**

Horror, Winter reminds us, is an emotion, not a type. Further, horror isn't really about monsters but mankind. This is, to a certain degree, Winter's criteria for selecting the *Prime Evil* stories.

The new trend emerging at the Field's forefront is what he terms 'anti-horror', fiction which plays with readers' expectations, doesn't necessarily conform to the traditional trappings of the genre and makes discerning readers ask questions about what they are reading and why.

Certain stories contained within the collection are 'anti-horror' in that the elements one usually expects to find at the front are superceeded by emphasis on character, atmosphere and ideas rather than blatant scaremongering. Gross-outs can be fun but we soon recover from the sensory overload. 'Great horror fiction is not about shock,' Winter states in his erudite introduction, 'but emotion; it digs beneath our skin and stays with us. It is proof that an image is only as powerful as its context.'

Winter's claim is valid, for all of these tales did just that for me. Even those stories I didn't particularly like or enjoy left an impression. Some intruded upon my dreams. Whilst not invoking full-scale nightmares they did induce one or two uneasy nights. All, however, were thought-provoking.

The collection opens with Stephen King's *Night Flier*, a good example of 'anti-horror' that clarifies Winter's critical concerns. Though it's a fine example of King's strengths as a storyteller, the premise didn't set my enthusiasm on fire. It opens an anthology promising to set a new high tide mark in horror fiction and it's about . . . a vampire?

It's an amusing idea, a modern vampire using a light aircraft to take him to his potential victims, but seemed no more than that. The story is, on second reading, not so much about the creature of darkness as whether the reporter protagonist will get his scoop and solve the case. It's about those members of society who live off death.

Dees, an over-ambitious hack with no emotional life, needs a good story, and that means death, murder, rape, scandal. His almost necrophilic lifestyle is obsessive and more horrifying than the activities of the vampire. The climactic confrontation between the two men who live off death for different reasons forces Dees to face up to his worthless existence and deal with the emotions he denies. Overall, it's a strong piece of meat.

There's less tasty fare: critically acclaimed for his careful, painstaking use of prose, clearly displayed in *Having a Woman at Lunch*, Paul Hazel's story is the anthology's most predictable. It relies too much on form rather than strong content, and the amusing title says it all.

Dennis Etchison's *Blood Kiss* is another example of the Californian writer's penchant for experimentation. There's no denying Etchison's talent, but one can't help getting the impression that he equates obscurantism with 'art', leaving the reader with no clear idea what the story's about.

Thomas Tessier's *Food* doesn't quite hit the mark either, but his prose, too, is a delight to read and the central image is proof that you don't have to be explicit to gross-out the reader. And Whitley Strieber's *The Pool* has its moments but only just achieves a feeling of unease.

The rest scores highly.

Clive Barker's contribution, *Coming to Grief*, is one of his best pieces of short fiction. Moving into Ramsey Campbell territory, he perceptively details a woman's emotional aftermath when her mother dies. No blood, no perverse imagery, only carefully crafted prose and genuine emotion.

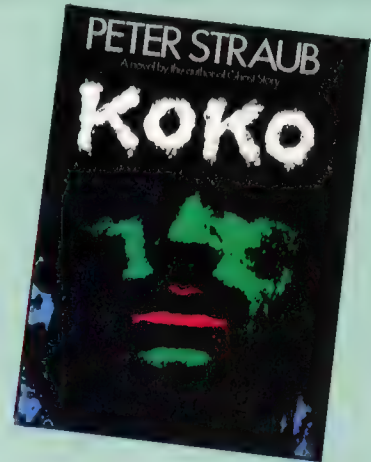
Campbell's *Next Time You'll Know Me* displays his talent for getting inside mentally disturbed minds, and this first-person narrative, penned in letter form, makes for uncomfortable reading. Alongside Campbell, Charles L Grant is widely recognised as one of the best practitioners of the shorter form. At his best, Grant can be highly poetic, and his *Spinning Tales with the Dead* is certainly that.

Some of the stories in *Prime Evil* approach novella length, which brings us to David Morell's *Orange is for Anguish, Blue for Insanity*, Peter Straub's *The Juniper Tree* and Jack Cady's *By Reason of Darkness*. These are the best in the book, and Cady's foray into Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* territory is reason enough for buying *Prime Evil*. Morell's is the most entertaining, Straub's the most disturbing – about child molesting – and Cady's a brilliant pyrotechnic display of a writer at the height of

Vietnam. For some a hell. For others a training ground for ritual murder . . .

AND FOR SIX LUCKY WINNERS IT'S . . .

FEAR competition



THE CHILLS of *Ghost Story*, the surrealism of *Shadowlands*, the blunt brutality of *If You Could See Me Now* – Peter Straub's latest novel combines elements of all his brilliant former work, as well as providing a portrait of war, its players and its aftermath.

Viking Books have kindly provided us with six copies of the hardback plus 12 packs of specially commissioned gold-lettered playing cards for the runners up.

The connection between the book and a pack of cards? You'll have to read the novel to find out, and to do that simply tell us the name of the fantasy book which Straub co-wrote in 1984, and the name of his writing partner.

Write the answers (and don't forget your name and address!) on a postcard, or the back of a sealed envelope, and send it to **Koko Competition, FEAR, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB.** Entries must reach us by November 15 and, as usual, no employees of Newsfield, Viking Books, or **FEAR** may take part.

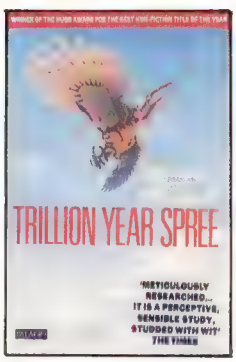
his storytelling powers.

Finally, Thomas Ligotti's *Alice's Last Adventure* is the best example of his work I've come across. Ligotti is one of the most promising new American writers penning shorter works, and if his name's unfamiliar, be prepared to hear it more often in the future as his own collection, *Songs of a Dead Dreamer*, has just been published and will secure his place in the genre.

All that's left to say is that *Prime Evil* is unmissable and belongs on every serious horror afficianado's book shelf.

Philip Nutman

TRILLION YEAR SPREE



Brian Aldiss with David Wingrove
Publisher **Grafton,** *Format* **Paperback, 688 pages, £6.95**
Category **Science fiction**

'The closer we come to the present day the harder it becomes to make a clear judgement on the stature and health of the SF field.'

So begins the sixteenth and final chapter of Brian Aldiss's hefty *Trillion Year Spree* written in calaboration with David Wingrove.

The book is subtitled *The History of Science Fiction* and is what it purports to be – which is to say a dry rather than a rollicking good read. Historians have an inevitable problem with the events of yesterday – yesteryear is so much more easily pigeon-holed, distance lends perspective – as a result, what we get is 'history' up until the early Seventies, and a wide ranging critique thereafter.

However, the 15 years since an earlier version called *Billion Year Spree* was published has given Aldiss some perspective on the most prolific and famous SF authors of the late Sixties and Seventies – a very fertile period indeed – and that alone may make this book a worthwhile investment for fans of the genre.

In that time too, Aldiss's own views have altered, so that some of the ground covered in *Billion Year Spree* is now seen in a slightly different light. We start with Mary Shelley and *Frankenstein* and then move at a fairly ponderous pace through Edgar Allan Poe, HG Wells, Edgar Rice Borroughs and their various contemporaries up to the recognisably recent Thirties and the start of 'real' pulp *scientification*.

There's plenty of detail here and some fascinating insights into the motives of authors, their relationship with their world and to their material. For instance Aldiss puts forward the theory that Bram Stoker's *Dracula* is possibly a story about the effects of syphillis with the vampire representing the venereal disease and the two women in the story being the disease 'vectors'. Stoker, something of a womaniser we're told, died of syphillis.

A somewhat convenient myth perhaps, but fun at least, for apart from occasional illumination of this kind *Spree* is a bit heavy going, even for an SF fan.

A few things make me uneasy about the whole. In discussing Stephen King's contribution to SF, for instance, mention is made of *Firestarter*, *The Dead Zone* and *The Shining*, yet there is no reference made to the one novel that is pure SF throughout – *The Stand*.

Some turns of phrase break away from the 'serious history' approach to sound positively noveletish as when Aldiss refers to the USSR as *'that dark Communist alter ego of the capitalist Western world'*.

I said 'dry', and perhaps that's the major failing of *Trillion Year Spree*. It's curiously lacking in the excited spark you might reasonably expect from not only an author of many (wonderful) SF novels and short stories but also a self-confessed SF fan.

WHERE WILL YOU FIND
IRON MAIDEN, JUDAS PRIEST, GUNS 'N' ROSES, KISS, BLACK SABBATH, MEGADETH, AND **SWORD**
APPEARING TOGETHER?
At Donington?
At Reading?
NO.
In the pages of the two new blockbusters from
SHAUN HUTSON
VICTIMS and ASSASSIN
Out now from the King of Rock Horror

Star
£2.99
£11.95

OFF THE SHELF

Trillion Year Spree seems to want to be a school and college curiuculum text and an attempt (slightly defensive in tone) to insist on a rightful place in modern literature for SF alongside more obviously 'serious' works.

SF has been, and perhaps still is, regarded as generally low-brow reading despite having among its practitioners some of the literary giants of the past hundred years. Nevertheless Aldiss, together with David Wingrove as his helper, seems hell-bent on hammering the point with much philosophising and some extraordinarily 'long' and impenatrable words.

A 'worthy' book, then – if you can agree with all of Aldiss's hypotheses – but sadly more of an effort than a joy to read.

Roger Kean

FIREWORM

Ian Watson, so well-known for his works of science fiction, recently crossed over to horror with *The Power*, a tautly plotted socio-political novel with one perverse monster which saves a town from Armaggedon for its own pleasures.

Fireworm (Gollancz hardback, £9.95) takes a step back into SF country, but a powerful step forward in the author's career as horror novelist. The book tells the tale of a hypnotherapist, called John, and his alter-ego, a horror writer called Jack.

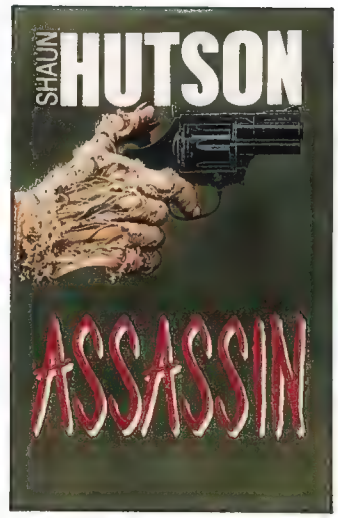
John specialises in reincarnation theraphy and finds a link between some of his patients' past lives. All of them have knowledge of a local Arthurian-type legend – Jingling Geordie's Hole – about a mysterious cave in which lives a creature bent on capturing human beings within its rock walls.

The story extends into the history of those unfortunates associated with the hole. It also explores the currents hidden within John's second personality as a writer, and the wedge driven between the two by scientific reason.

The book, set in Newcastle and reminiscent of Stephen Laws's *The Wyrm*, sledgehammered at my subconscious with its mixture of reality and impossibility. Forget that it's a hardback, read it now.

ASSASSIN

Probably the most sickening book I've ever read, **Shaun Hutson**'s latest novel (WH Allen hardback, £10.95) is a crime thriller



masquerading as a horror story.

The crime, in the shape of a London gang war easily outweighs the supernatural plot of a group of undead, cement-cased, gangsters who're are out for revenge against Frank Harrison, a vicious gang boss, girlfriend beater, and nightclub owner. The anti-hero, Ray Carter, is an unlikeable guy who's in love with Tina, Harrison's girlfriend, and wants her to run off with him. If Harrison ever found out about their tryst he'd probably have their heads cut off and used as emblems on the front of his cars.

To further complicate matters Harrison wants all other London gang bosses dead and hires an unusual hitman to do the job. He dons personal stereo headphones while making a hit and the intermixing of heavy metal music and splatter shows that Shaun has lost none of his ability for really dark humour.

Despite the uneasy alliance of thriller and supernatural elements, Hutson fans will flock to this book. It's an easily read tongue-through-cheek book and, secretly, I enjoyed nearly every bullet-sprayed page of it. I do, however, advise you not to read it on a packed tube train. The person sitting next to you could give you some very funny looks, or simply get up and offer someone else their seat.

FAERIE TALE

Some people may say that **Raymond E Feist**'s new novel, (Grafton, hardback, £11.95), marks a change in style from high to dark fantasy. I would disagree. His former novels all have an element of dark fantasy but it's with *Faerie Tale* that he really comes out of the closet with something clever, wicked and, on occasions shockingly erotic.

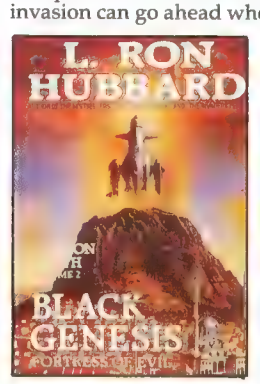
The story involves twin brothers, Sean and Patrick, and their sister, Gabbie, who go with their parents to live at an old house which backs onto some forest land. The area is also, however, faerie land and the family maybe about to witness – if not start – a war with the little people.

Despite the faeries, the book is not pure fantasy. It contains elements of horror but also an eroticism which is achieved through writing style rather than mechanical description – you won't find the SEX act in this novel. *Faerie Tale* is a book to be savoured and I for one will read it again and again, trying to find the special almost magical quality with which Feist has imbued the narrative. Somehow I doubt I'll find that quality simply in his literary technique.

BLACK GENESIS

Humour and science fiction are odd bedmates but **L Ron Hubbard** continues to prove that they can work together in his *Mission Earth* Dekology. Book two, *Black Genesis – Fortress of Evil* is just out in paperback (New Era, £3.95) and it continues the story of Jettero Heller, who's been ordered by the rulers of the Voltar Confederacy to go on a scouting trip to Earth.

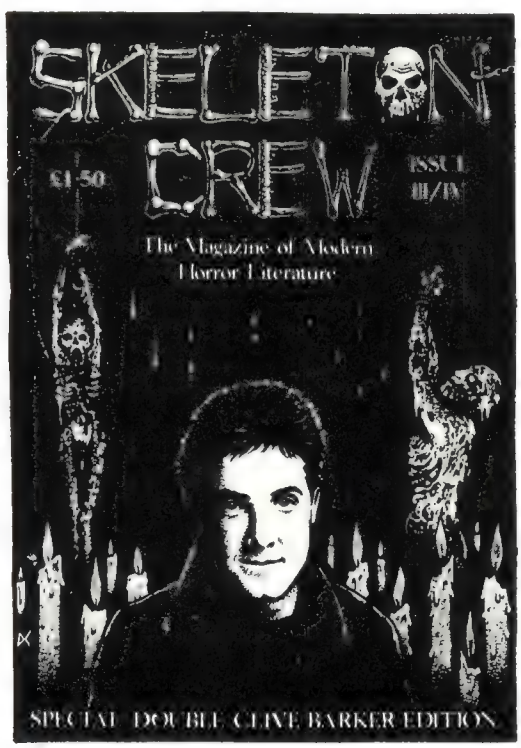
The Voltarian's had planned a full-scale invasion but found that Earthlings were destroying the planet with pollution. Mission Earth is the Voltarian plan to infiltrate one spy onto Earth – Heller. He can then introduce an anti-pollution device and the invasion can go ahead when the



planet is again shipshape.

Heller, however, doesn't bank on Earth's primitive customers. In book two he's assaulted, misjudges Earth's technology and through no fault of his own

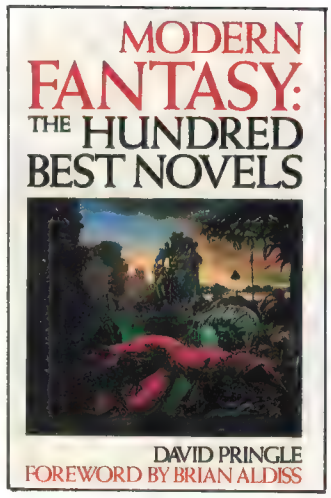
GRAB SOME TERROR



Dave Hughes
104 Highcliffe Road, Wickford, Essex.

generally makes a mess of so-called civilised living.

The Mission Earth books were apparently written several years ago and I am surprised that their style has not aged to any degree. I am, however, a little dubious at their length and feel that you would need to be a hardened fanatic to get through all ten volumes. Fortunately the saga is an easy read and the plot's tight enough to keep you battling along with poor Heller. I await the next one, *The Enemy Within*, with anticipation and have planned a holiday, prefaced with a long train journey, to cope with it.



MODERN FANTASY: THE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS

If you're new to fantasy or have ever felt that you want to read more in the genre, **David Pringle**'s excellent new guide to the genre (Grafton, hardback, £10.95) will give you the grounding you need.

After an interesting forward by Brain Aldiss and an introduction in which David surveys the field, we get down to 100 mini essays on the books he thinks are the top 100 – from the late Forties to present day. His reasoning is, on the whole, fair and generously spiked with extracts from the novels under discussion.

As with any survey of literature, you could question several of David's inclusions – and omissions – but such a work is, by its nature, a relatively subjective thing. I would, for instance, include different entries for **Alan Garner**, **Robert E Howard**, and **Jack Vance** – amongst others – but would, however, mainly agree with writers included in the volume.

The book also shows how the genre has changed, perhaps become more complex, during the past 40 years. Although the Fifties saw such brilliant authors as Mervyn Peake and JRR Tolkien, the genre was thought of as frivolous until the late Seventies. Let's hope that Pringle's book will serve as an education for those who think they know the fantasy field and ignore it – and, perhaps, those who are in the genre and think they know it all!

KOKO

Peter Straub
Publisher **Viking,** *Format* **Hardback, £12.95**
Category **Thriller**

A new book from Peter Straub is usually an event to be celebrated and, to put his publisher out of his misery, my hopes were confirmed when I received *Koko*. The book merely reaffirms that he's a superlative writer and storyteller. It's also, I would argue, the most powerful novel he's published.

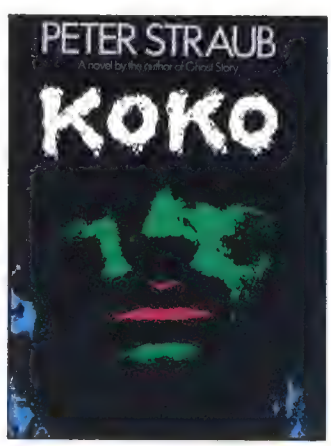
My comments may surprise those of you who have read *Ghost Story* and *Shadowlands* because *Koko* is comparatively lighter in theme and style. It's about four survivors of a platoon involved in a massacre at a small Vietnamese village. The past is interwoven with the present in which a series of murders in the Far East links those survivors.

A regimental playing card with the name Koko scrawled on it is found on each disfigured victim. One of the veterans is a psychotic mass murderer. But which one?

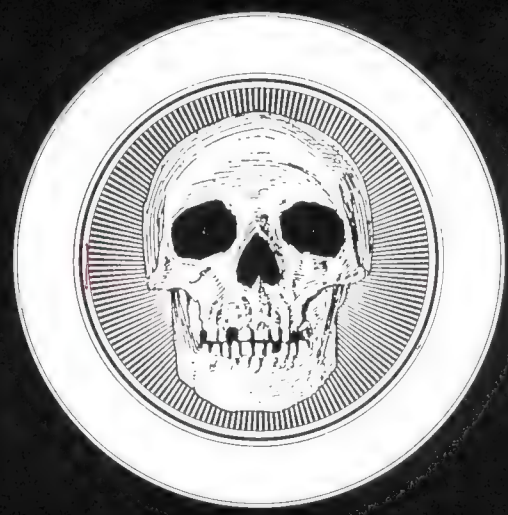
The story twists through so many false starts and endings that it's difficult to out-guess the killer and, at the end, you'll even wonder if you've got the psychologies of the characters correct.

Despite the large number of twists, however, the style is more commercial than Straub's earlier novels. The so-called purple prose is bitten back to give a hard slice of reality and it will break Peter's tag as a 'literary' writer. But he still retain his old method of storytelling, where even the worst villains are victims and you could well cry for them.

John Gilbert



If you delight in the macabre, the outrageous or the unexpected ...



PRIME EVIL

ALL NEW STORIES FROM THIRTEEN MASTERS OF MODERN HORROR

STEPHEN KING
PETER STRAUB
CLIVE BARKER
WHITLEY STRIEBER
RAMSEY CAMPBELL
DENNIS ETCHISON
CHARLES L. GRANT
M. JOHN HARRISON
PAUL HAZEL
THOMAS LIGOTTI
DAVID MORRELL
THOMAS TESSIER
JACK CADY

OUT NOW IN BANTAM PRESS

THE DEALERS' DIRECTORY

FEAR's book review pages cover many American and limited editions, none of which can be obtained through highstreet shops, so we've produced a list of specialist book dealers. And here it is, thanks to **Di Wathen**'s endless hours of research. The list is very comprehensive, though not exhaustive, and is in alphabetical order with name, address, phone number and opening/phone-in times where applicable. If you write to mail-order addresses, enclose an SAE (or two International Reply Coupons for American dealers). Please mention **FEAR** as your information source. Apologies to anyone we've missed – please send us your catalogue and details for next time around.

UK DEALERS

Andromeda Bookshop *84 Suffolk Street, Birmingham B1 1TA.* ☎ 021-643 1999. Mon-Sat, 9.30am-5.30pm. Only occasional catalogues for secondhand material. Visit large shop to see complete stock. Regular author signing sessions.

Michael Anft Fine Edition Books, *30 Frazier Street, London SE1 7BG.* Mail Order. For serious collectors. Hardbacks only. Condition and packaging excellent. Regular (approx bi-monthly) catalogues with interesting comments from Anft. Marvellous for forthcoming US/UK first editions, limited editions, proof copies, etc.

Black Hill Books Jean M and Guy N Smith, *The Wain House, Black Hill, Clunton, Craven Arms, Shropshire SY7 0JD.* Mail order only. Regular catalogues of second hand books, juvenalia and other material at reasonable prices.

Fantasy Centre *157 Holloway Road, London N7 8LX.* ☎ 01-607 9433. Mon-Fri. 10am-6pm. Sat. 10am-5pm. Shop and mail order. Large stock of new and second hand titles, mainly the latter. Monthly catalogues. Knowledgeably run by Ted Ball and Dave Gibson. Regulars even get a cup of tea with the chat.

Fantasy Inn *17 Charing Cross Road, London WC2.* Situated six feet under the Book Inn! ☎ 01-839 2712. Shop hours Mon-Fri. 9.30a-9pm. Sat. 9.30am-10pm. Since March has grown into an excellent source of new hardbacks and paperbacks, both British and American, with specialist press items. Regular signing sessions.

Ferret Fantasy George Locke, *27 Beechcroft Road, London SW17 7BX.* ☎ 01-767 0029. Mail order only. Just second hand material. Victorian period a specialty, but covers fantasy and crime in all aspects. Not cheap, but invaluable for those long-out-of-print titles.

Forbidden Planet Shop address: *71 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1DG.* ☎ 01-836 4179/01-379 6042. Mon-Fri. 10am-7pm. Thurs. 10am-8pm. Sat. 10am-6pm. Comics upstairs, books downstairs. UK and US hardbacks and paperbacks, and film material. Regular signing sessions. Mail order address: *PO Box 378, London E3 4RD.* ☎ 01-980 9711. Branches at: *168 Buchanan Street, Glasgow G1 2LW.* ☎ 041-331 1215; **Timeslip**, *17 Prudhoe Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE1 7PE.* ☎ 091-261 9173; *29 Sydney Street, Brighton, Sussex BN1 4EP.* ☎ 0273-687620; *7 Deer Walk, Specialist Arcade, Central Milton Keynes MK9 3AB.* ☎ 0908-677556; *60 Burleigh Street, Cambridge CB1 1DJ.*

Simon Gosden, *25 Avondale Road, Rayleigh, Essex SS6 8NJ.* ☎ 0268-747564. Mail order only. Great source of secondhand and out-of-print titles. New stock, especially limited editions, Arkham House, etc. Tends towards horror and the macabre. Four or five catalogues a year.

House on The Borderland Shop address: *107b Cromwell Road, Peterborough.* Mon-Sat. 10am-5.30pm. Wed. 10.30am-5.30pm. Fri. 10am-7pm. Mail order address: *61 Langley, Bretton, Peterborough PE3 8QB.* ☎ (evenings only): 0733-260 611. Books, magazines, new and secondhand. Weird fiction, Cthulhu Mythos, small press specialists. Regular signing sessions.

Andy Richards, *136 New Road, Bedfond, Feltham, Middlesex TW14 8HT.* ☎ 01-751 3162. Mail order only. New and secondhand fantasy and horror. Good for new US hardbacks, limited editions – orders taken in advance. Approx. four catalogues a year. Recommended.

Graeme Roberts, *57 Queens Road, Leytonstone, London E11 1BA.* ☎ 01-539 7095. Mail order only. Short lists of new and second hand items, including some limited editions, reasonably priced.

AMERICAN DEALERS

All phone numbers preceeded by 0101 when dialling from Britain – please remember the time gap. To send money to the States, simply ask for an International Money Order at your bank, or use a credit card.

Nicholas J Certo, *PO Box 322, Circleville, New York, 10919 USA.* ☎ 914 361 1190 (9am-10pm US Eastern Time). Well-filled monthly catalogues. New and second hand. Mainly horror and noirish crime, some signed titles, as well as limited editions. Excellent personal service, including help on Wants Lists. Will usually accept British cheques.

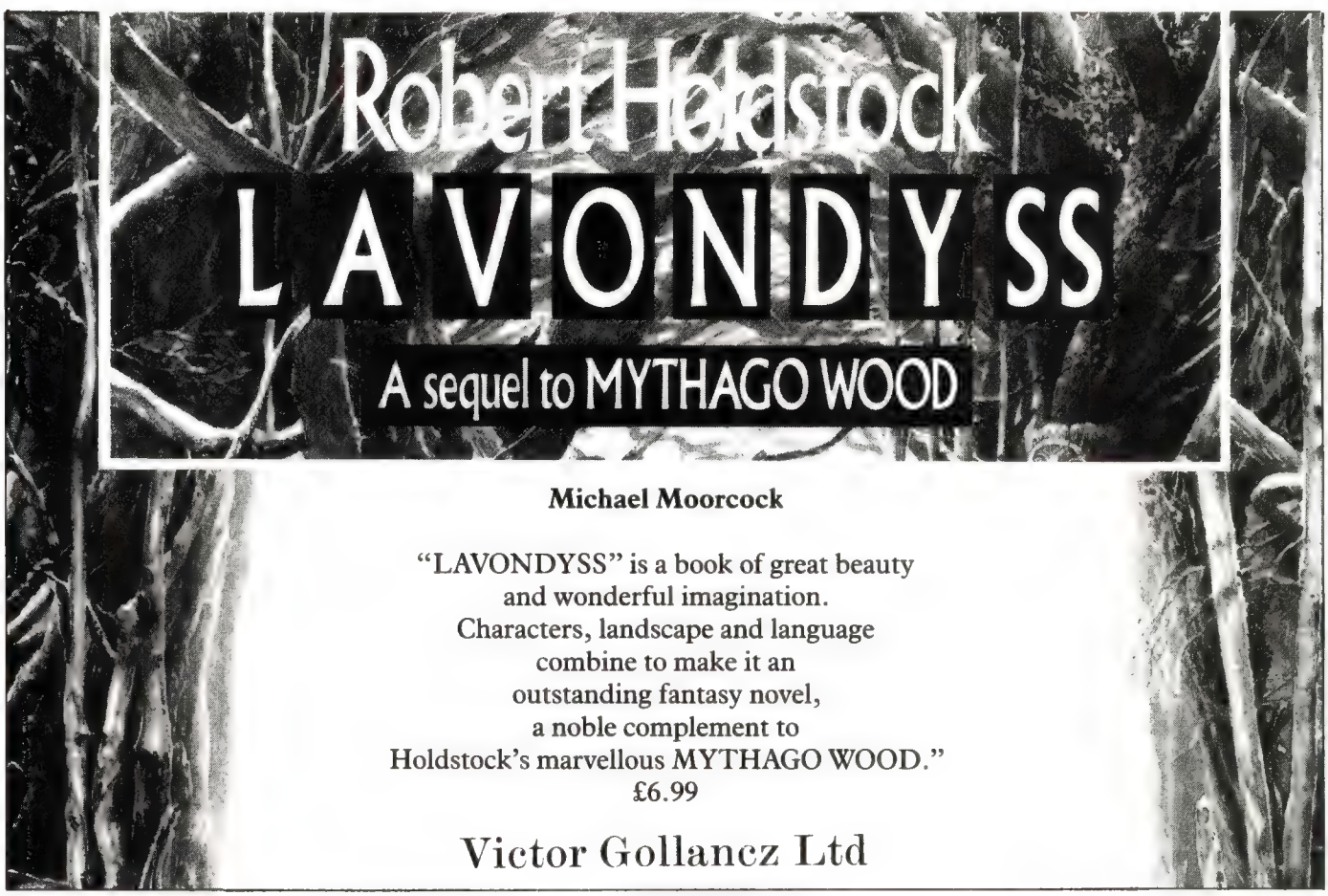
LW Curry Inc, *Elizabethtown, New York, 12932 USA.* ☎ 518 873 6477. Mainly hardbacks. Large second hand lists two-three times a year, aimed at collectors. Regular catalogues of news books, very extensive coverage. Extremely professional. Visa and Mastercard accepted for orders over £25.

Robert Gavora, *1232 Laguna Street, Santa Barbara, CA 93101 USA.* Well-stocked catalogues of mainly first editions, including some UK titles, plus a number of sale items to balance the pricier, rarer stuff. Credit cards accepted.

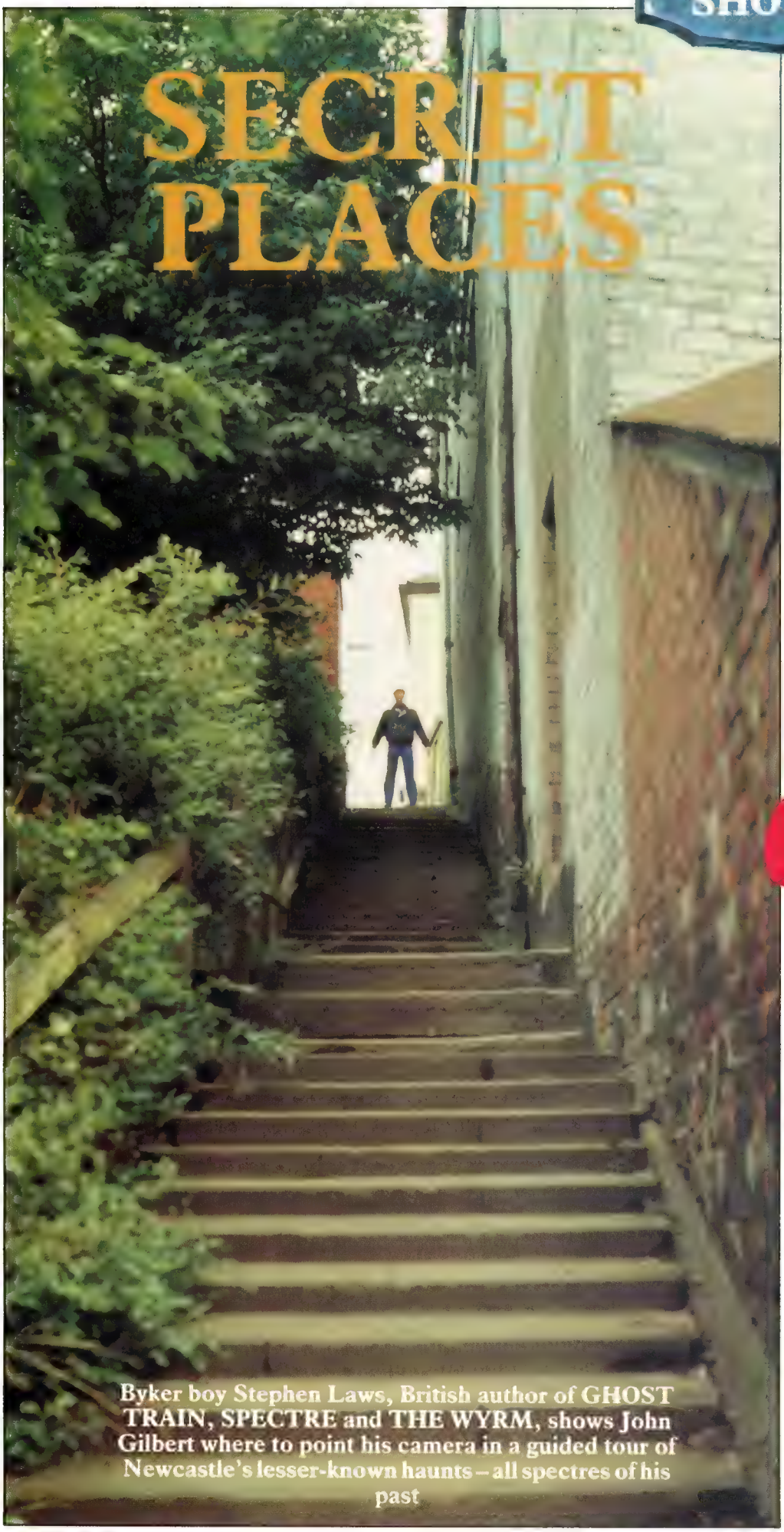
J and I Kennelly, *PO Box 5230, Lakeland, FL 33803 USA.* ☎ 813 644 2863. Some new, but mainly second hand, hardbacks. Horror/dark fantasy. Large catalogues of tempting stock. Great service. Lots of Arkham House, etc.

John S Schneider, *1500 Main Avenue, Kaukauna, Wisconsin, 54130 USA.* Works purely from Wants Lists. Excellent for obtaining those books you've been after for ages as well as recent US titles.

Robert and Phyllis Weinberg, *15145 Oxford Drive, Oak Forest, IL. 60452 USA.* ☎ 312 687 5765 (12 noon-5pm. Mon-Fri US Midwest Time). Monthly catalogues of new horror, fantasy, SF, and hard-boiled crime. Stocks all new major US titles, some signed, and limited editions. Invaluable. Visa and Mastercard accepted for orders over £20.



SECRET PLACES



Byker boy Stephen Laws, British author of GHOST TRAIN, SPECTRE and THE WYRM, shows John Gilbert where to point his camera in a guided tour of Newcastle's lesser-known haunts – all spectres of his past

From Byker bridge, it's only a few steps to Stephen Laws's place of personal, childhood nightmares

The suicides land here. They jump from the towering Byker bridge and freefall into the mud of the pub's back yard. 'The landlord doesn't like it much,' smiles Stephen Laws as we trek to the pitted front of the sombre little pub and prepare for a half of Newcastle's best. The pub is almost deserted, like what's left of the original Byker area of Newcastle.

Stephen Laws was born in Byker – the location for his most recent novel, *Spectre* – a Byker much different in 1952 from the concrete-clad landscape he's just shown me. 'It was obviously a slum area to begin with, which was cleared,' he tells me. 'The one thing about me as a kid which was different, in a sense, was that while other kids were playing football or kicking cans in back lanes, I was always more of a dreamer, you know. That tended to put me at a slight distance from the kids I grew up with at the time.'

From towering Byker bridge, the suicides freefall into the pub's backyard – their restless spirits filled to overflowing the playground of the dead which existed in the cellars under Ouseburn school (above)

"A lot in the books is a kind of exorcism of things from the past which are still painful"

He also suffered from bad asthma and spent many a Christmas in bed, and missed a great deal of schooling, although his childhood illness was not totally destructive. 'Probably the reason for what I'm doing now is a reflection of that – when you're very young and you're nearly suffocating from this thing, it's a very terrifying experience. You get prone to all special kinds of night terrors.

'My interest in the supernatural horror genre began about then because I was trying to identify and isolate those things that terrified me most. So, when all the other kids were out playing sports, I was always at the library or particularly the Imperial Cinema – which plays an important part in *Spectre* although it was demolished several years ago. It was a pursuit of fantasy from a very early age.'

Fantasy seemed to affect his real life. He dreamed of monsters in the darkness of his bedroom, of the playground of the dead which existed in the cellars under his school and of an old wardrobe which seemed to develop eyes and glare at him when he couldn't get to sleep.

'If you're over-sensitised to things that don't bother most people, you tend to find that it does impinge on you quite a bit. Things that wouldn't bother other kids would terrify me. I mean, we discussed the wardrobe's eyes, and that was useful to me when I was writing *Ghost Train* because I was able to write that first-person account of that terrifying wardrobe.'

THE LONER

Ill-health also made sure that Stephen was a loner who developed a life with Byker's other shy rebels. 'I was always in charge of the secondary strata of the kids society. There was always a bunch of misfits; a kid who was too fat to play football; there was somebody else who was a dope and didn't get on. I was always the gang leader of that kind of ragged bunch as opposed to the mainstream lads.'

It was only when he turned 19 that he became more gregarious, but his early childhood still remains, with lessons for the adult. 'A lot of the work in the books is a kind of exorcism of things from the past which are still a bit painful. Byker, in those days, was an area characterised by depression. The dark side was always part of the play activities of kids. Kids enjoyed being totally scared and spooked. We'd identify witches' houses where some poor old lonely lady lived who also happened to be a witch. It was a real thrill.'

A long trek up to Ouseburn school, where Stephen was educated, demonstrates that a lot of the old Byker mysticism, born of depression, is still there. If you approach it from the Byker Wall side you have to walk up a grassy stretch of parkland, across a wide pavement of old gravestones, laid flat, side by side. Eventually you reach the top, a grassy embankment which was used as a location in *Spectre* and the school which looks like an abandoned church, with high steeple and broken lightning rod. Another pub, just across the road, allows us a chance sit and for me to ask Stephen about his school life, limited by illness.

'Even to this day – whereas I might have some kind of propensity, as far as mathematics is concerned – I'm completely backward, you know. And that's a result of missing out on school. Having said that, it got to the stage where, even when I was at school, if a particular subject didn't interest me I just discarded it. I'd be pursuing dreams again.'

Despite Stephen's talent for telling tales, only one teacher actively encouraged him to write. 'This particular teacher allowed me to write school plays. That was one part of it which really generated a great deal of enthusiasm. I used to write them, direct them and perform in them.'

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

We travelled back to Newcastle and arrived at his top floor flat in Jesmond, a place close to the town centre which is more developed and comfortable than Byker could ever be. Only then did we talk about his family's influence on his writing career.

'I think I was probably expected to do what my father had done. He

was a draughtsman. In the kind of area I came from there was always an expectation that you would do a *proper job*, a craftsman's job.

'Something like writing as a career was laughed on at the time because it was just too airy-fairy. It wasn't a proper activity and, moreover, certainly not in the horror genre, you know. If you had to write at all you had to write proper stuff.'

He drifted, not knowing what he wanted to do, but writing kept jogging his hand as far as a career choice was concerned. 'I think my father thought it might eventually have been journalism, or some kind of artistic field, because I was a rather good artist at the time. But I drifted to the point that, when I got to 16, all I wanted to do was to leave school and get a job to earn some cash. I drifted into local government.'

Since then he's put 20 years into the service; now he is the senior committee administrator in Newcastle. But there was a break between his writing activities at school and his fiction writing career. 'I didn't take up writing in any form until my twenties. When I started to write again it was because I was such a film fan.'

A television play he wrote on spec was accepted by the BBC. A director was lined up and the project almost went into production. Unfortunately the script included outside location work which eventually the BBC board decided it could not afford.

The play was scrapped. 'It was such a depressing experience that I thought, well sod this I'm just going to write something for myself. I knew I could do a full-length project so I turned my hand to short story writing again, and I was quite lucky to have won a competition in a newspaper. I sent in three stories and I won first, second, and third prizes. So, that made me realise that I had something as a writer.'

ALL ABOARD

One of the judges of the newspaper competition gave Stephen tips on technique and it was only then, in his late twenties, that he thought about *Ghost Train*.

'I thought, right, I'm going to write a novel. I was in a fit of depressive rage about the play and also fuelled by the success of the short stories. I suddenly realised that what I should be doing is writing a novel for myself, in the genre that I like, as opposed to trying to write a novel in another genre for which I don't have an affinity. I thought, I'll write a horror novel that I would like to read; for me. That's how *Ghost Train* started off.'

Ghost Train came to Stephen's mind after the BBC's rejection, a play cheap to produce – one set, and three people. 'I thought a railway compartment would be quite easily done. Three people would be in a train and, unbeknownst to two of them, one is a psychiatrist who's conducting an experiment with them by telling them a story about this haunted train. He's deliberately trying to get these two people to be scared by the power of suggestion.

'One of the people leaves in panic. He believes everything the psychiatrist has said, that there's a demon on the train or whatever. The psychiatrist then lets the cat out of the bag and tells this other guy that he's a psychiatrist and he was trying to scare the first guy by the power of suggestion. Anyway, it turns out that this other guy is a demon . . . '

The concept brought in other ideas which eventually, after more than a year's hard work, became *Ghost Train*. It was the first book Stephen Laws had written and the first to be published.

During the development of his three novels, Stephen has created a method for writing fiction, although he stresses that there is no one way to write a book.

'Everybody has different techniques, it's very personalised isn't it? I have to have an outline first. When I finally get down to writing, knowing actually that all this stuff's in my brain waiting to be transposed onto the page, it's a visualisation process in a sense that it's like watching a film in my head.

'What I do is write a present tense description of what's going on from page one right through to the end. It's a very rough shape because, obviously, characterisation has to be fleshed out.

'Once I've got that present tense outline, of 40 or 50 pages or something, I start work on the book, because the shape of the book will be apparent to me. It's like rearranging, changing the rough shape of the thing. And once that's com-

"I find that once I start writing properly I can go off at different tangents as things develop"

Spectral river flowing from reality into fiction, unalive and crawling with zombies – the Ouseburn in sombre but more normal mood

pletely right in my mind, I start writing the book.

'But even then I find that once I start writing properly I can go off at different tangents as things develop. You know: you suddenly realise that in the development of a particular character the outline wants him to do such-and-such a thing, but he can't because now that you've fleshed out his character properly you find he wouldn't do such a stupid thing.

'That's where the problems come in because you can't let your characters stray away from the plotline, but it's ridiculous to bend their wills to your version of the plot.'

ROOTS

Stephen's books, which include *Ghost Train*, *Spectre*, and *The Wyrm* have all been published by Souvenir Press in hardcover and Sphere in paperback – the paperback launch of *The Wyrm* is set for February 1989.

'These three books represent a kind of unofficial Geordie trilogy. They're industrial gothic in the sense that they're very specific in terms of time and location – which is here. But, from the new project on they won't necessarily be set here.'

He does, however, require a sense of place or mood to make his novels work. Secondhand experiences are not enough because his books are more than just hack and slash monster novels of no research or sense of depth.

A novel, or short story, is not right for him unless it can conjure up the correct mood. 'I wouldn't be able to pick up a picture from a holiday guide and develop it as a story. I have to have a particular feeling about, say, a sequence in the book or an idea first, and then, while skimming through a holiday brochure, if I found a picture that matched the mood that I have, I could use that to develop it quite easily.'

Research is also important to Stephen, and he keeps much of it stored in his head or in files. 'There's always too much research. The research distills down to the book. At the moment I've ben developing stuff on criminal activity for this new one – which we aren't allowed to mention just yet. That's picking up information all the time; newspaper clippings and all kinds of stuff.'

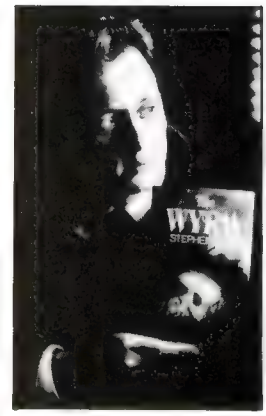
The research takes time, as does the writing, but *Stephen Laws* still has a full time job. Unlike many other part-time novelists he's in two minds about taking the plunge headlong into the vat of writer's ink.

'You do need to keep your grass roots contacts as a writer but, I think, yeah, I think I'm at the stage where I'd like to be a full-time writer now. I think I'm at the stage of my career where it's becoming a bit more concrete than it ever was in the past.

'I think you've got to be responsible, you know. Unless you've got a mega bestselling hit it's very, very, foolish to suddenly decide you're going to be a full-time writer; particularly when you've got financial commitments and responsibilities.

'Writing is a very lonely profession, it's not a community exercise. I must admit I was a little afraid of that. But, it probably is possible to maintain your grasp on the street grassroots connections and be a full-time writer as well. Its just a question of making time to do it.

'Some people are able to do that. I like to think I could, but until I'm in that position I won't know. At the moment I'm used – after a period of three years with three books behind me – to a writing situation were I've been grabbing time, where I haven't had the chance to organise a proper work schedule. I'm used to sitting up at three o'clock in the morning pounding away on the keys.'

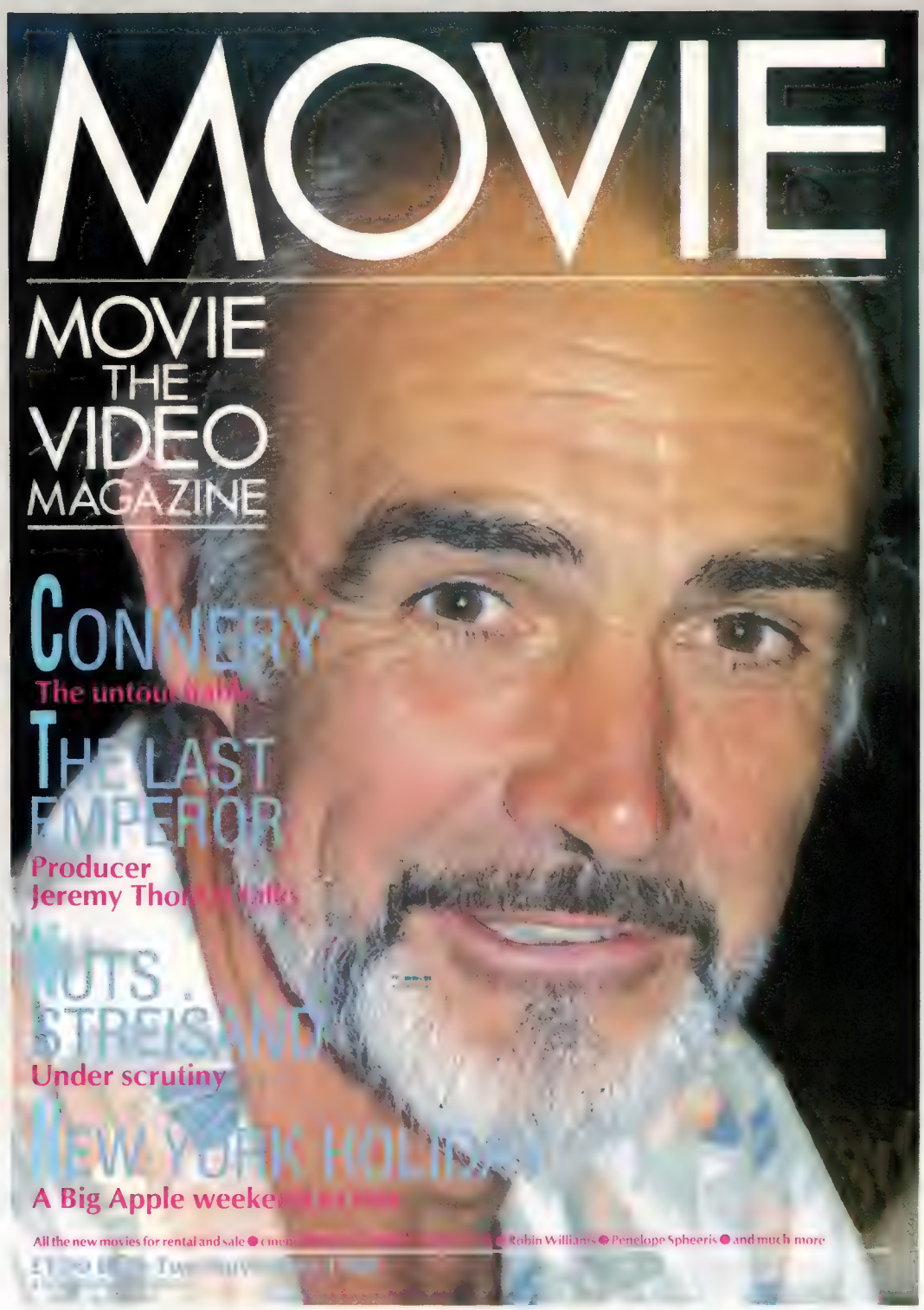


Byker's industrial past litters the landscapes and is transformed into the horrorscape of *Spectre*. Above: Stephen with *The Wyrm*

"I'm at the stage where I'd like to be a full-time writer now"

Next Issue: Stephen Laws starts a regular series focussing on the fiction writer's world. Be prepared for some serious hints and tips as well as some not-so serious comment.

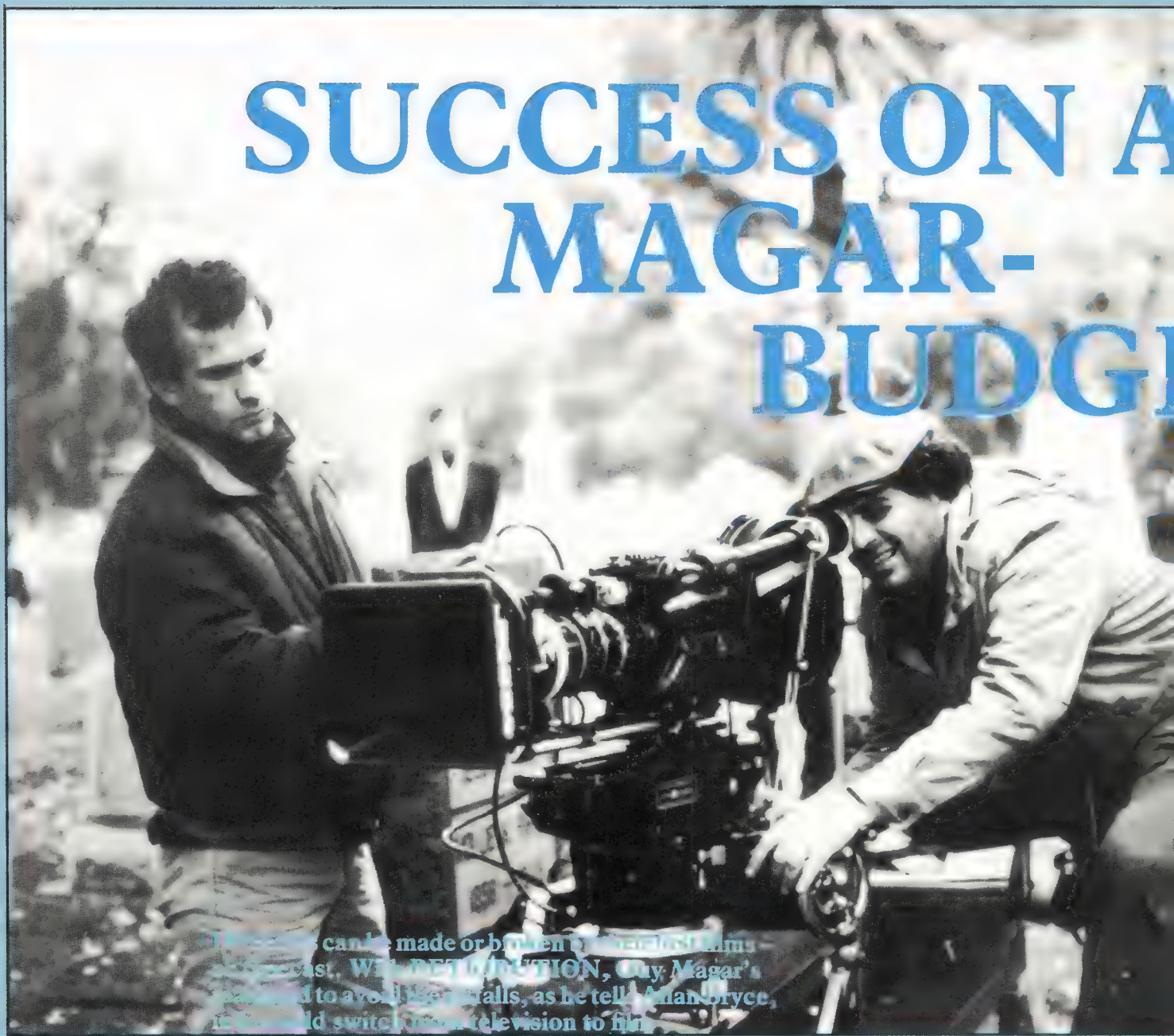
Frankie went to Hollywood. Now Newsfield are too.



MOVIE – The Video Magazine. It's out.

MOVIE is the new monthly for the film and video world, published by the same people as FEAR. Issue Two is out this month – 100 feature-packed pages on who's who and what's what on the screen PLUS a 16-page Francis Ford Coppola supplement, latest in a 12-part series! MOVIE – The Video Magazine. £1.90 from all good newsagents. Subscriptions available – see MOVIE for details.

SUCCESS ON A MAGAR-BUDG



Director Guy Magar (centre) prepares a sequence in *Retribution*

Give most film makers a million dollars and they'll go off and make a slasher movie. But I didn't want to do *Sleepaway Camp Massacre Part 13*. I wanted to make a classic, an 'A' movie with the very special visual look of an *Omen* or an *Exorcist*.' So speaks Guy Magar, director of the stylish chiller *Retribution* which arrives on video this month, courtesy of Medusa.

He's almost succeeded. There are no hockey-masked horrors playing fast and loose with sharp instruments here. Supernatural revenge is the mainspring of an intelligent, well worked out, plot that kicks off when frustrated artist George Miller, (Dennis Lipscombe), stages his last exhibition: a suicidal death dive from the top of a rundown Los Angeles tenement.

Splattered on the pavement beneath the gaze of rubber-necking passers-by, who are appropriately dressed in Hallowe'en masks, George gurgles his last breath and his tortured soul leaves his broken body to rush down an etherial tunnel of death into the great beyond. But a terrifying apparition awaits at the end of the tunnel – so terrifying that it spooks our hero's soul back into his body and he finds himself back in the land of the living again.

After recovering in hospital, George goes back to face the urban jungle again. But soon it becomes apparent that the once gentle and softly spoken artist is a changed man. The moment he goes to sleep at night out comes another George who likes to shove people inside meat carcasses and turn them into coldcuts with a whirring meat saw, and whose artistic bent is restricted to the creative use of a hydraulic crane to transform a human head into a gruesome art nouveau explosion on a factory wall!

You see, at the moment of his death George's body picked up a mean-spirited soul brother, a vengeful ghost which wants retribution on the vicious gangsters who punched his card. And, like Linda Blair's devilish visitor in *The Exorcist*, this is one sitting tenant who isn't going to go without one hell of a fight . . .

GUY FORKS OUT

Retribution marks Guy Magar's feature debut after much American television work. Born in Cairo to French parents and then brought up in the States, he learned his craft

at the London Film School in the early Seventies. 'I'd have loved to stay on and work in England,' he says, 'but I couldn't get a permit. So I returned to the States and continued my training as a cameraman on some documentaries about the Vietnam war.

'Then in 1976 I enrolled at the American Film Institute and made a five hundred dollar thriller on video which really started the ball rolling. On the strength of that I got a contract at Universal to be developed as a director – one of those seven-year things they used to give people like Steven Spielberg – and I was off and running.'

But, unlike Spielberg, Magar was unable to immediately break out of the small screen strait-jacket. He spent the next decade toiling in the wastelands of American television turning out glossy action nonsense like *The A-Team* and *Hardcastle and McCormick*, while waiting in vain for that big break into features.

'I guess I did over 26 different shows in all,' he says, 'which is about 35 million dollars worth of production. If you want to make money and just shoot film and not really care about quality or great stories or great acting, you're gonna be right at home doing episodic television. It's a very specific type of film-making. But, after a while I just had to get out because a director cannot do the things he wants to do on television. You don't have the freedom and creative latitude. I knew my only escape lay in getting some finance and setting up an independent feature.'

Easier said than done. Raising the cash to make *Retribution* proved a soul-destroying exercise. 'After four years of getting nowhere, I was just on the verge of giving up and going back into television when a friend of mine introduced me to a gentleman who came from a wealthy family; who loved the idea of starting a production company that could do high-quality films on a low budget.

'We always planned to do a horror picture first, because they rarely lose money. But as I said before, I did not want to make just another typical slasher movie. I don't enjoy those kinds of films very much myself. Take away the gory effects from those sort of movies and you are left with nothing. I felt that we could maybe do a quality horror movie with some good acting and a good story and keep the special effects in the background as opposed to the foreground of the story.'

PAST LIVES

'I had read a book called *Life After Life*, which documented about a hundred people who had died in accidents or on operating tables for a minute or so and then were brought back to life. And it seems they all went through the same kind of out-of-body experience, where they could look down and see themselves being worked on or whatever.

'That seemed particularly intriguing to me, so we used it as the basis for our story.'

Retribution has, as a whole, been well received by genre buffs, but then even if it had been a turkey it would still have raked in a tidy profit: thanks to some canny pre-selling of worldwide distribution rights the £1.2 million production was two million dollars in profit before the cameras had even finished turning. 'We were lucky.' says the director. 'We got some good deals.'

Magar also feels that they got a good deal for employing Kevin Yagher, one of the best of the new breed of make-up artists, who provided the film's discreetly used but eye-popping gore effects. 'To be honest with you, the only idea we had when we came to the special effects sequences was to make them the best they could be. And we didn't think that the budget we had would allow us to hire the kind of craftsman you need to pull those off. We literally lucked out with Kevin. He's a young genius who's probably gonna be the next Rick Baker – and I caught him at the point in his career when he was just starting on his own and I was able to afford him. Now he's doing very well indeed on pictures like *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3* and he's probably out of our price range!'

Not all of Yagher's fine work made it to the screen, though. 'Yeah, we had a few censor problems,' says Magar. 'Originally we were going to go with an X version, with all the special effects sequences intact. But our distributor wanted an R because it gives the film a greater box office potential. We had three Xs in the United States before I was able to get the R, and the difference between the two is about 15 seconds of footage.

'For example, there was an additional shot at the end of the sequence where the guy's head is crushed against the wall and you really see it explode. They made us

"If you want to make money and not really care about quality, great stories or great acting, you're gonna be at home doing episodic television"

Leslie Wing as Dr Jennifer Curtis tearfully cradles the broken body of George Miller (Dennis Lipscomb), the patient she wasn't powerful enough to save from the horrors of *Retribution*

take that out. Then, during the arm-cutting sequence there's another five seconds of close-ups – which are wonderful if you like that sort of thing – where you can see the hand separate a bit more. There was more of the woman putting the knife in her stomach, and more of the sawing in half of the guy in the slaughterhouse.'

EFFECTS AT A SNIP

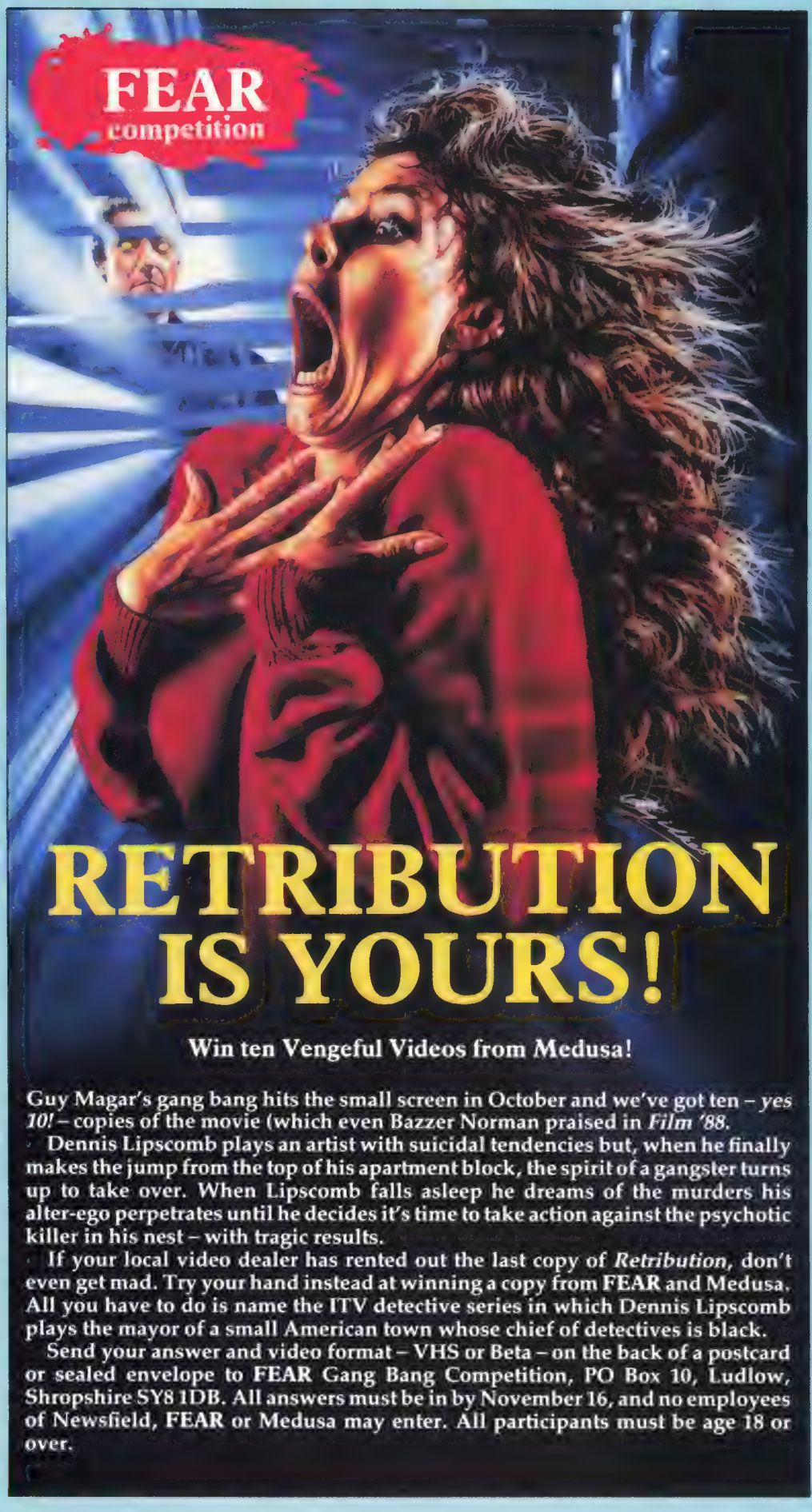
Even in a censored form, Yagher's skilled contribution added a great deal to the film's box office potential. Magar also praises the stylish work of cinematographer Gary Thieltges, who he says manages to bring off some stunning effects on a shoestring, including an eery 360° crane shot, some highly sophisticated Steadicam work and an ingenious glowing eyes effect done with an ultraviolet-sensitive optician's solution instead of the usual rotoscoping. 'That only cost us five dollars,' beams Magar.

Another of the film's key elements is a brooding, powerful electronic score composed by Alan Howarth, a musician better known for his regular collaborations with John Carpenter on movies like *Prince of Darkness* and *Big Trouble in Little China*.

'I wanted a *Tangerine Dream* type score for the movie,' says Magar, 'but we weren't able to afford them. What's great about Alan is that, aside from being a wonderful composer, he's not too expensive! He's got his own studio in his garage in California, containing about $300,000 worth of electronic synthesizers, with which he can do the most incredible things. The whole score was done on his synthesizers and a computer, and I must say the result absolutely knocked me out – the music really propels this picture along.'

Retribution's success has enabled Magar to finance his second feature film, a crime thriller called *Tunnel Rat*, which should start shooting very shortly in the Los Angeles area. Can we look forward to any more horror pictures from him in the future?

'I don't think so,' says he apologetically. 'After I finished *Retribution* I started getting sent a lot of scripts for bad slasher pictures which I immediately rejected. If a good one came along I suppose I might be interested. But I really have no desire to become a Wes Craven or a David Cronenberg. I think they are wonderful directors, but they really do only one type of movie. I've done my time on the television treadmill and I don't want to be typecast again.'



Win ten Vengeful Videos from Medusa!

Guy Magar's gang bang hits the small screen in October and we've got ten – *yes 10!* – copies of the movie (which even Bazzer Norman praised in *Film '88*.

Dennis Lipscomb plays an artist with suicidal tendencies but, when he finally makes the jump from the top of his apartment block, the spirit of a gangster turns up to take over. When Lipscomb falls asleep he dreams of the murders his alter-ego perpetrates until he decides it's time to take action against the psychotic killer in his nest – with tragic results.

If your local video dealer has rented out the last copy of *Retribution*, don't even get mad. Try your hand instead at winning a copy from FEAR and Medusa. All you have to do is name the ITV detective series in which Dennis Lipscomb plays the mayor of a small American town whose chief of detectives is black.

Send your answer and video format – VHS or Beta – on the back of a postcard or sealed envelope to FEAR Gang Bang Competition, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB. All answers must be in by November 16, and no employees of Newsfield, FEAR or Medusa may enter. All participants must be age 18 or over.

IN HER SHOES

BY IAN WATSON

When David Latimer left school before going to art college, he took a job in the real world for a few weeks. His parents had not thought this such a good idea, yet David craved independence, which a job seemed to promise. He would be earning a wage: meagre enough, though much to a schoolboy. After years as an only child who was quite protected, he wished to be his own person. Here was proof of his rebellious, artistic streak which he had nurtured quietly.

The year was 1960, the wage for such as David was four pounds a week. The job was accounts clerking in a shipping company. Squabbling kittiwakes nested on the stone window ledges, streaking the riverside office block white with their droppings. Cargo vessels moaned and hooted on the foggy river. Sometimes the sun shone, heating the office like an oven.

At lunchtime he walked through the city in company with other junior clerks, who seemed enrolled for life, to a cheap clean restaurant for a businessman's lunch: cream of tomato soup, roast beef, jam pudding and custard. Senior accountants in the office talked endlessly about a pub they would pop into at night, The Balloon, and its luscious landlady.

The job was a form of imprisonment; and besides, David botched it. He couldn't understand the filing system. He was asked to tot up a portage account, to tally the thousands of pounds which a ship spends in foreign ports, and found five different answers. Unfortunately he had already inked in the first, and second, and third. His supervisor's only comment was a quiet, "Shit". After a month David quit, promising himself never to do an ordinary job again.

Nor did he; not that he avoided hard work in his lifetime. At art college he became a potter. Twenty- five years later he was master of his own pottery, run from a cottage and barn workshop in the Warwickshire countryside. David specialised in traditional rural spongeware: robust pots and plates crafted from local clay and hand-sponged with bird motifs, with paisley curlicues, with flowers and fruits. He had abandoned the old method of stamping with cuts of potato in favour of using shock absorbers, which held finer detail and lasted longer. David had also devised a crisper method of firing than the old copper oxide routine.

"Boys were beginning to show an interest. How long until David became a grandfather, and died?"

Early in his career he had won a scholarship to Japan, to follow in the footsteps of Bernard Leach and study with the master potters in Sendai for a year; not that David's work showed any traceable Japanese influence. He was too much his own man. Still, he sold his work to Tokyo and New York – though not so much in his native land. Local success and real prosperity eluded him, yet his fortunes ticked over, with a few missing heart-beats, from year to year. His life was free, even if the freedom was constrained by the need to keep on designing and firing and stamping and packaging his wares, upkeep ... by work. Holidays? Only brief working ones. Travel? Only with a purpose. His one-ton van was always several years old. As to the family car, the Latimers were always the final owners; afterward it went for scrap or banger racing.

His family consisted of Meg whom he met during his first apprenticeship, in Wales, and daughter Gwen, now turned fifteen. Meg had waited for a child till she was thirty. David's mother had died of cancer the previous year; his father was ailing with heart trouble. Now forty-five, David began to think of death, particularly if he woke in the wee hours.

Meg had become great. Gwen, chubby as a child, had grown up tall and slender. She had never cut her long black hair. Boys were beginning to show interest. How long until David became a grandfather, and died? Maybe he had been too bound up in himself and his work, too busy, too impatiently his own self. Yet now for the first time – with a sense of shock, and sympathy, and love – he fully noticed Gwen as *her* own person.

Had Gwen enjoyed a full, true, life up until now?

"Shouldn't there have been a first real heartache," he asked Meg one Sunday night in bed. "Shouldn't there have been more experiences for our Gwen? Instead of us staying stuck in the country, lovely though it is?"

"You stuck us here, David," said his wife.

"We stuck ourselves here. As stuck as here. Life did." A life which kept on promising, always hanging juicy carrots just out of reach.

"Shouldn't we have done more?" Meg said. "That's what you mean. Well, it's too late to wake up. Years have slipped by. Those could have been the best years. I feel tired, David. If we became rich tomorrow I couldn't handle it – no more than you can handle that little bit extra, the *giving* of yourself; that's the truth."

"It's never too late."

"Oh it is. If you could have given more of yourself, you might have become famous. What you give, you get back."

Years sliding by, speeding up: had *he* enjoyed a full, true life up until now? He feared not. He feared, at night, the darkness at the end of life.

Perhaps they had raised Gwen the way in which he himself had been raised: as an only child, protected, yet never wholly connected with. Naturally Gwen would be going to art college in a few more years. She would probably do fashion and textiles, since she hadn't his feel for the clay. As she approached her first major exam hurdle – limping somewhat – her school had set up a work experience scheme.

"He thought death, he thought life. His own life was slowly fading"

This was the immediate trigger for his present bout of anxiety. For a week at the end of the summer term she would have to work in the real world, in Leambury, the nearest large town. She would catch the early works bus in from the village and do her nine-to-five stint in a small designer textile factory. Fending for herself.

The prospect terrified her.

"I'm not just *worried*," Gwen confided earlier that Sunday evening. She didn't call David "Daddy" and never had. Maybe she ought to have done, however David hadn't liked the hint of, well, obsolescence in the word Daddy, the sense of being on the way out. He had insisted on first names, which sounded more intimate, but wasn't really.

Gwen had her route mapped out, and her outfit ready for the morning: brown Indian cotton skirt, lace slip, green silk blouse, green tights, high heels. She knew the bus timetable. Her bag was packed, with enough pounds in her purse to buy lunch.

"I'm scared stiff," she said. "What if— ?" She raised a number of "what ifs" which he deflected with a familiar family joke: "Rabid sheep!" What if a flock of rabid sheep attacks the bus? What if rabid sheep are loose in Leambury?

She seemed genuinely frightened. He made to hug her, and pat her – like a pet dog – but she deflected him.

"Put yourself in my shoes," she muttered.

"I was, once." He told her about his job at that shipping office long ago.

"That would be back in the Dark Ages when you were alive, you mean?" She shrugged. "You never told me any of that before."

Meg made a better job of reassuring Gwen.

Who could reassure David? Not Meg, that night. He woke at three in the morning and thought of generations and of his own death. Forty-five was over the hill, more than half way through.

He thought of Gwen, lovely daughter, a separate independent consciousness with a lifetime still ahead. He thought death, he thought life. His own life was slowly fading, yet her life came alive to him then with a loving intensity which astonished him – so much so that he could almost feel what she had been feeling earlier, could almost see himself through her eyes, watch himself failing her, not so much intentionally as inadvertently.

"I'll die," he murmured. Meg wouldn't hear; she always slept like a rock. "Gwen'll live. In ten years time she'll be leading a rich, full, adult life, fulfilling herself. She must! And in twenty years time. Whereas me . . . should I last another twenty years . . . cancer, heart attack, who knows?" Dread possessed him. Fiercely he willed her to thrive and enjoy, to bloom and prosper.

Half awake, he plotted her footsteps to the bus stop next morning, her ride into town, her walk to the textiles place. How would people treat her? What would she eat for lunch? How would she fare?

After Gwen had left, David slapped clean wet clay on his wheel. He hoped to make fifty jugs that day, to be sponged another time with the print of a rooster. The first lump of clay rose up spinning between his fingers, much slimmer than he had intended. His fingers weren't moulding a jug at all. They were modelling a body. Female. A girl's.

True, the body showed no details. How could there be details when the clay was rotating? Legs were fused into one single large leg. But here was the in-curve of the knee, the out-swell of the thigh, the pinch of waist. Breasts formed a lip all around the chest. Arms? No arms. A neck; a featureless ellipsoid of a head.

Surely the clay would sag and collapse if he quit supporting it. He couldn't bear to cease connecting. It pirouetted like a ballerina, whirled like a dervish, around and around. His fingers were its arms, her arms.

He heard the purr of traffic, the click of high heels, the roar of a motorbike, hiss of air brakes, snatches of voices as people passed, as she walked past other people. Presently . . .

"Hullo, I'm Gwen Latimer – "

She had arrived at the factory.

Throughout the day, as he spun the same clay, keeping it wet, he eavesdropped with anxious love.

When Gwen arrived home at six-thirty she looked tired but thrilled.

"It went fine, just fine! I did learn a lot."

David nodded. he knew, though he couldn't put any faces to the voices.

"You must tell us everything right from the moment you caught the bus!" insisted Meg. "No, wait, how about a cup of tea? Or maybe a glass of ginger wine?"

"Oh, ginger wine, please. May I really?"

Yes, Gwen's day had gone just so.

That night David awoke and knew he was blind. He couldn't see the pale shape of the window or the luminous dial of the bedside clock. He was worse than blind. He couldn't feel a thing. Sheet and blanket made no impression. His whole body was without sensation, that of a corpse. No taste of moisture in his mouth. No mouth. His spine might have snapped. He was a corpse awaiting burial.

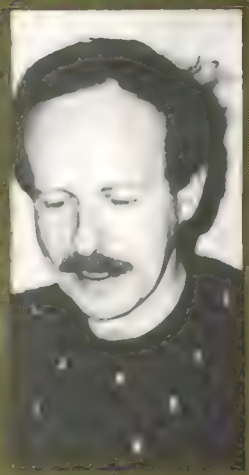
But then the voices began.

"Hullo, I'm Gwen Latimer – "

And the sounds of the factory. Loving relief overwhelmed him.

When David woke next morning he felt normal; until he sat at his wheel and made the same wet clay rise up again into the girl's smoothed, amputated body.

This time he not only heard but smelled the street which Gwen took on her way to work: the whiffs of exhaust fumes, lardy and bloody reek of a butcher's shop, a rich nutty pipe tobacco, a hint of perfume,



IAN WATSON, one of Britain's most accomplished science fiction authors, has recently branched into the horror field with *The Power* (Headline paperback). His latest novel, *Meat*, will be published in November. It includes a cell of the Animal Liberation Front and a full-sized model of The Meatman, a creature which goes hunting with a butcher's cleaver. His tale for **FEAR** seems subtle by comparison, but we'll leave you to be the judge of that.

"No arms. A neck; a featureless ellipsoid of a head"

dust in the air, an open dustbin.

That night he awoke dead, but he could hear and smell all that she had heard and smelled.

On Wednesday, besides, he tasted her morning coffee and ginger snap, and later her lunch of cheeseburger and chips with tomato ketchup.

On Thursday he touched whatever she touched, while he also touched the clay.

Thursday night – was it already Friday morning? – he awoke still sightless but could hear, feel, smell, and taste whatever she had met with. Friday was to be Gwen's last session of work experience; Summer holidays thereafter. Nowadays it wasn't nearly so easy to be accepted by an art college as had been the case in David's time. Would Gwen perform well enough in her exams, due the following June and July, to stay on at school to take Advanced Level Art? Might she be better advised to start straight in on a pre-diploma course at the local college in Leambury?

Worries, worries.

He put his whole heart into wishing her good fortune.

He placed his fingers on the clay, on Friday.

So strange to walk along Alfred Street in Leambury in an adolescent girl's body, smoother and softer than his own, long hair fussed by the breeze, breasts pressing at his white Angora sweater, worn because the weather had cooled, legs clad in tights rubbing together under the skirt as if naked. Yet so gratifying, so full of promise, so fresh, so perceptive. Glancing into the florist's window at the corner of Alfred and Peel Streets, he saw new hues in the vases of roses. Why, look at the terracotta mouldings on the upper storeys of that bank! Like a predator he smelled the aroma of life around him. Soon he would see those faces belonging to the voices at the factory. He was bound to make some mistakes and hoped he wouldn't seem too stupid all of a sudden. He hadn't Gwen's memories, only his own.

Gwen: where was she now? Why, here she was, mounting steep Peel Street. A glance at a mirror in the window of a furniture store proved this.

But where was her own independent self? Gone away, gone away. Lost. Dust to dust, clay to clay. Could it be that she was sitting at his potter's wheel right now, loving spinning the clay figure so that he could live in her shoes for a day? Why should she wish that? So as to tease him, to taunt him with new young life for a few hours?

That evening David stepped anxiously along the lane from the village bus stop. Cottage and barn came in view. Opening the garden gate, he was assaulted by the scent of the madonna lillies raising their white trumpets high on thin stems, a hallelujah of angels. He touched his breasts, feeling sinful, an incestuous abuser.

As usual all that week, both parents were waiting to greet him in the living room, its shelves and Welsh dresser crowded with pastel-stamped, biscuity pottery.

"So how was your last day?" asked Meg. She had a cup of tea waiting on the pine table. Mustn't make a habit of the ginger wine.

"Fine, simply fine!" he assured Meg in his girl's voice. He started at David; stared at himself.

"Well done, Gwen," said the man. "I'm proud of you." After a moment, his face smiled. His tone had sounded so flat.

Gwen's father seemed like some animated waxwork, a working model. He was perfectly modelled in every respect – to the life! – yet some elusive ingredient was absent. What was it? Individuality? Personality?

It occurred – to the one who had returned home – that the Latimer spongeware business was doomed to fail slowly over the next few years. From this day on this man would only turn out copies of his previous work, nothing fresh or original. Presently buyers would cotton on that some spark had been extinguished. Enthusiasm would slacken. Reluctance would turn into rejection, while the man grew disheartened – but didn't really suffer! Nothing inside him could suffer. His would be a charade of sadness – and of failure, and perhaps finally suicide? The machine, at last, switching itself off?

Lean times lay ahead. The Latimers' daughter would have been going to a good art school, to London, to life, blessed by her new-found talent and persistence. She wouldn't study fashion and textiles now. No, she would become a sculptor.

The waxwork man didn't matter; he only possessed imitation feelings. but Meg would be bitterly unhappy. Meg wouldn't be able to understand. Could her daughter make it up to her?

David's daughter. How much worse this was than driving a daughter away from home in bitterness, losing her to teenage rebellion, or to a fatal road accident, a car crushing her bicycle.

"Poor dear Gwen," murmured the one who had come home.

Meg starred in puzzlement. "Why's that? Your week's over now. You said it went wonderfully."

He nodded Gwen's head, and her hair swung. He felt choked and swollen. Helplessly he burst into tears.

Meg hastened to hug him. "You were just pretending, weren't you? Was it so terrible?"

The man stood incapable, a lump.

"No," he managed to say through his helpless sobbing. "It . . . wasn't terrible. Not at all, it was fine. It was fun."

"Must have been a strain," said Meg. "I didn't realise how brave you were being. Never mind! Silly darling, you're back here now. It's the holidays, the whole Summer." She looked at the man. "I'm sure they expect too much of the young these days, too soon – forcing them to grow up at fifteen! I expect she'll be all right about staying away from home when she's a few years older."

"I will be," he promised, scared at how much he needed to learn if he was to succeed: Gwen's schoolwork, her school friends, dress, make-up, periods, the whole pretence, always knowing that he was an abuser, a murderer, all the while living in the same house as the waxwork man.

What if Gwen were to return, from wherever? In what style would she return? In dreams, vengefully or piteously? As a furious, imp-like creature? As a walking, living corpse? Or simply a disembodied voice crying from far away to be let out of whatever cruel confinement held her captive? He sent out all his love to her, whoever she was, so as to calm her and keep her away from him.

That night, in her room, he woke and heard the boards on the landing squeaking as footsteps slowly approached. Shivering, goose bumps roughing his soft skin, he switched on Gwen's bedside lamp. A fumbling at the door . . . the handle began to turn. He held her mouth so as not to scream. The door opened gradually.

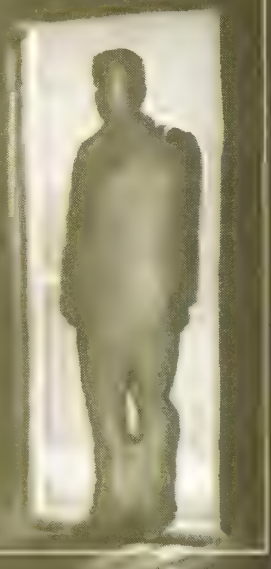
The waxwork man stood there.

"Gwen, my darling," said the man in that same flat voice.

"Go back to bed, David," he begged. "go back to bed with Meg, Daddy."

And this was the first time she had called the man Daddy.

"That night, in her room, he woke and heard the boards on the landing squeaking as footsteps slowly approached"



WE'RE ONLY MEAT

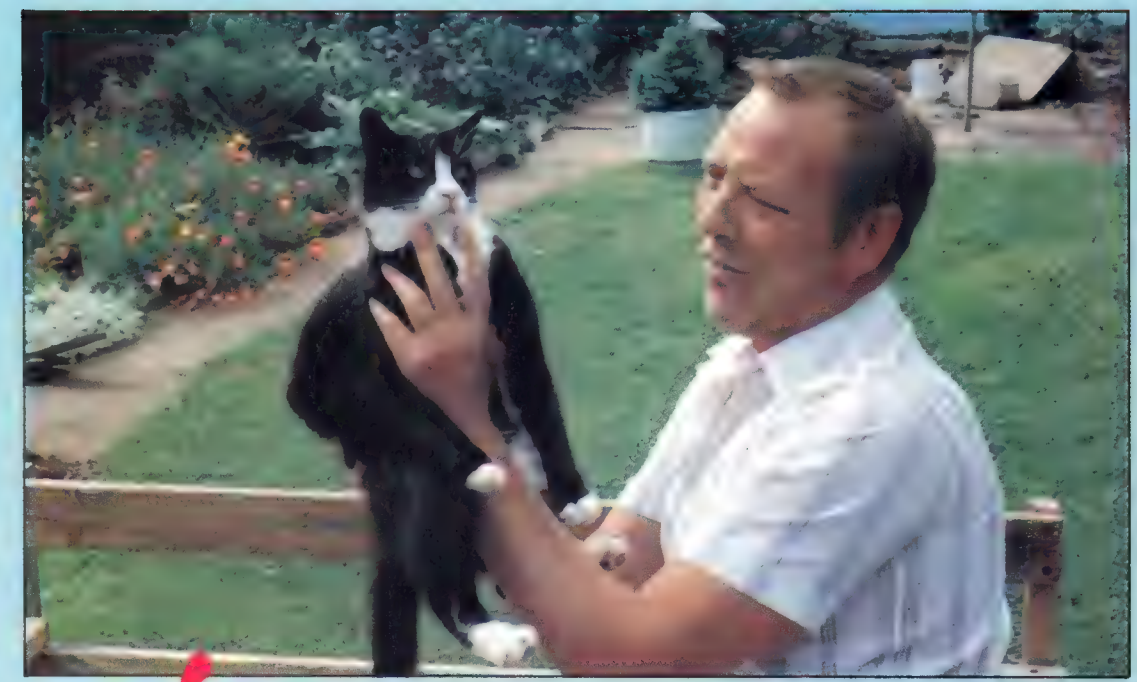


Photo by John Gilbert

"When I came across Lovecraft I realised there were other people who were writing against the same background"

The worst horrors are are born in the real world, not in an author's imagination, according to Brian Lumley, author of the NECROSCOPE series of novels. John Gilbert travelled to Devon to meet the vampire master. (Readers are warned that parts of this interview are not recommended for the squeamish)

Brian Lumley is a much travelled man. Born in a colliery village on the north-east coast of Britain in 1937, he swiftly left his job as a wood-cutting machinist and, somewhat reluctantly at first, joined the army. 'The day before my twenty-first birthday I threw a spanner at the foreman. He almost received his indentures the same day I received mine. That was my signal way of quitting – having got my indentures. Having quit, I failed to take into account the fact that I was in a protected trade and that the British army was waiting for me.

'Four days after, I got a little brown envelope saying 'Your presence would be appreciated because we'd like you to cough . . . ' and do all these other things that they ask you to do in army medicals. And that was me – I was in the army.'

Brian was not happy. 'This was the teddy-boy era, so I was used to drain-pipe trousers and a drape jacket and a Tony Curtis haircut. The last thing I needed was to look like everybody else.

Despite the threatened uniformity, Brian now sees his stint in the army as a good thing. 'It gives you an identity. A lot of men benefit greatly from the army because they really don't know who they are. The army gives them the opportunity to investigate themselves. It's a small universe in its own right.'

Although he has only relatively recently become a full-time fantasy author, Brian turned writer while in the army, and had developed an interest in horror much earlier, in his childhood.

'My old man had a couple of books: like the mammoth book of *Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries*, and *Thrills, Crimes and Mysteries*. When they went out I would get them down and curl up in front of a fire. That was my early inspiration as a kid.'

During the mid-Forties he read science fiction, fantasy and horror pulps and collected a monthly dose of *Galaxy* magazine when it was first published. It was, however, in the army that he first discovered he wanted to write.

'I'd already discovered HP Lovecraft through Robert Bloch – I read Bloch's *Notebook Found in a Deserted House*, which is an excellent mythos story. When I later came across Lovecraft it all seemed to tie together and I realised that there were other people as well as Lovecraft who were writing against the same background. August Derleth, Bloch, even Ray Bradbury had written a few Lovcraftian stories.

'The book that really set me going was *Cry Horror* – a paperback

Lovecraft which I found in Germany – and was the first time I had a collection of his. That set me thinking, not necessarily that I want to write stories in that vein, but certainly that I must find out what it was about and that I must collect and read the rest of them.'

SNATCHED MOMENTS

When Brian first started to write he didn't have the luxury of ample time, let alone a typewriter or an office. Work was done under more rigorous – if boring – circumstances, during army nights. 'In Berlin, on the night desk, you can't sleep. There's 15 telephones, a radio telephone. There's all the hook-ups to all the crossing points, the checkpoints. There are people going out on patrol and coming in from patrol.

'You can't sleep. But after one o'clock in the morning, when the last drunk has been shifted off the streets, or the last refugee had attempted to get over the wall, after that time in the morning there's not a great deal to do.

'I'd been reading a great deal of fiction and had said to myself '30 percent of this is rubbish, 50 percent is mediocre, and 20 percent is really good stuff, and I can certainly do as well as the mediocre'.

'But it wasn't with any definite aim of being in print or being paid that I wrote my first stories. But that's where I wrote them – at two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock in the morning in Berlin.'

When Brian had completed two or three short stories, in outline, he approached publisher August Derleth, the American founder of Arkham House whose main interest at that time was in keeping alive the works of HP Lovecraft.

'When I ordered books from him I enclosed in my letters of request a couple of these pastiches which I'd written. It astounded me when he bought two of these and suggested a revision of the third one, and that was me on my way.'

Within a year Derleth suggested they should start to put together a Lumley collection and Brian struck up a distant acquaintance with the man. 'Derleth was brusque, he was bluff. He was boundlessly energetic at that time. He'd been excessive in many things, I think, in many things all of his life.

'He had, according to some – I can't vouch for the truth of it – a dual personality. He had a big ego, but then again to run something like Arkham House one would need a big ego. One thing Derleth seemed to have was a marvelous knack of knowing when he read good stuff. If he got a good story in front of him he *knew* it was good.'

"A good many writers don't come face to face with too much horror. It's not written in their faces"

SECRET LANDSCAPES

Despite his literary success with Arkham House, Brian remained in the army for 22 years. He liked the life and it was giving him experiences of which some writers can only dream. 'Every writer needs travel. That's my opinion, though I think most writers would agree. The more they've seen of the world, the more they've seen of people, the more there is *in* them the ability to portray what they've seen.'

Brian's extensive travels have also allowed him, on occasion, to create authentic descriptions of places he has never even visited. Simply researching detailed travel books, he then transposes a similar landscape he has seen onto the unvisited book location.

He has an old Rumanian book which he used for some of the locations in *Necroscope*. 'I've never been to Rumania, but I have been all over the continent. I've been to the Greek islands and, you know, you get Greek islands with the name of Carpathos. How did it get the name Carpathos? Possibly it had Carpathian settlers there, and you can take a lot of scenery, because it's very similar – certainly the coast is very similar. There are plenty of lavishly illustrated books on Rumania, so I did do some research.

'The interesting thing is I came up with the name of Dragosani – the vile Russian-affiliated necromancer in *Necroscope* – before I knew that there was a town called Dragasani.'

The village is real and so is the place where the 'thing in the ground' is buried. Scope for a piligrimage, perhaps?

LOAVES OF MEAT

The grotesquerie of *Necroscope*, and many of Brian's other works, such as the *Psychomech* trilogy, are lent reality by his knowledge of real human horror, gained in the army. Even his Titus Crow stories – one of which, *The Burrowers Beneath*, has been published by Grafton paperbacks – have a realistic edge to their terror.

'It's possible that a good many of writers, contemporaries in the field, have their own splashes of real horror in their backgrounds, but some of them don't come face to face with too much horror. It's not written in their faces.'

A traffic accident which occurred when Brian was a member of the military police, stationed in West Germany, proves his point.

'The car was a Mercedes and it had been involved with an army Champ which had missed it. The

Mercedes had run off the road and hit a tree. There weren't gonna be any bodies. The Mercedes symbol had buried itself an inch deep in a tree.

'The driver had been a German gentleman. His passenger was a young woman. When they hit the tree she had crashed into the windscreen and then fallen back into her seat. Now their bodies were in the ambulance. Walking round the crashed Mercedes and making a rough sketch of the area, my driver flashed his torch on the windscreen, shut his torch off, stepped behind a hedge and threw up. I flashed my torch on the windscreen. Half the girl's face was on the windscreen, the eye intact.'

A similar tale shows that such horrific incidents are fairly common. 'The German police were cutting a person out of his car and hosing down the area immediately under the car which I thought was to keep it from bursting into flames. It wasn't. It was because his intestines had come out of the car and were on the ground. and they were asking us to keep back with our boots. They were hosing them down to keep the dust off them so that when the doctor came he could stuff them back inside.

'When the doctor arrived he picked these up, turned them over in his hands – the guy was conscious. He rolled them in his hands and then bundled them into his apron, tried to get them in the correct sequence and then put on a bandage – no stitches yet because at the hospital they'd be taken out, examined and cleaned again.

'Now, that is what's called horror. And when I write, in *Necroscope* about Dragosani's rather unorthodox autopsy of the Russian traitor, and when I write about loaves of meat and pipes and conduits of intestines, you don't see them in detail. The mind doesn't want to know what you see. If you're a doctor you have to, but if you're an ordinary viewer you bypass that. I can tell the guy who hasn't seen it and the guy who has seen it, because the guy who hasn't seen it tells you in marvellous detail, where if he had seen it he wouldn't want to.'

WAMPHYRI

Although real-life experience gives Brian an edge on some other horror writers he also has several strong literary influences one of which is Bram Stoker, author of *Dracula*.

'Given all the flowery passages, given all the waffle, take them away from the basic idea of Dracula and you've got a story which is hard to beat. I didn't set out to beat it when I wrote *Necroscope*. I felt that Stoker had a good idea here, he made his characters very, very, real indeed, and I wanted my characters in *Necroscope* to be real with unreal powers and yet come across with believability.'

Necroscope is Brian's most well-known work and, particularly in the US, it's making him into a bestselling author. '*Necroscope* had been building in my head for about five years before I started to write it. When I did I had, with the exception of one character – Max Batu who was spawned by the story, a story that had already written itself.'

Necroscope took five months to complete and contains approximately 150,000 words – as does *Necroscope II: Wamphyri*. The first book has already been reprinted even though it has never been heavily hyped. 'It's word of mouth. There has been no hype. There has been no advanced publicity, not even on the American book. It's a word of mouth thing and it's doing well.'

The horror within the books is the strong selling point and, indeed, many readers have said that they liked the monstrous Dragosani who ripped open human corpses to discover their secrets. But, Brian believes that readers identify with that character because of a love of violence or corruption.

'I deliberately wanted them to like Dragosani and that's why I gave him a rough childhood. I wanted people to pity Dragosani. It was no good having a situation where the two protagonists at the end were coming face to face and the entire audience was going to root for Harry Keogh. I wanted them to root for Harry Keogh but I wanted them to feel a sympathy for Dragosani.'

Most of the characters from *Necroscope* are carried forward to its sequel *Wamphyri*, even though some, like Dragosani and Batu are dead. The second novel takes their story forward but also establishes the history of Tibor Ferenczy and the modus operandi of Brian's Wamphyri, creators of the lesser beings called vampires.

"I deliberately wanted them to like Dragosani and that's why I gave him a rough childhood"

BLOODY ORIGINS

It does not, however, tell who the Wamphyri are and it's left to the third book, *The Source*, which appears from Grafton next year, to hammer home their origins. 'Vampires are the slaves of the Wamphyri and in *The Source* you'll meet the ultimate vampire lord, Shaithis.'

Although Brian would say little about the book he did introduce some of the Wamphyri characters whom you'll meet in *The Source* when you travel to their world. There's Lesk the Glut, who lost an eye in battle and grew another on his shoulder; Menor Maimbite, who salts his food with poison; Belath of the Fleshless Face; Fess Ference who has 18-inch talons; there's Volse Pinescu who loves boils so much that he cultivates a garden of them on his pocked skin; and finally, the lady Karen who may birth a thousand vampires.

You may feel that a meeting with any of these is not an event you want to witness, but the characters in *The Source*, who include Harry Keogh, have to deal with them.

Brian Lumley is also thinking about writing a fourth *Necroscope* novel, but not before he completes his next one, called *The House Of Doors*. 'If I do number four it will be called *Shaithis*. It'll be about a Wamphyri invasion of today's society. It would be the final book as the ending would be so grotesque it would leave no room for any fifth. It would be Armageddon.'

HAVE YOU MISSED OUT ON FEAR?

Fill that gap in your life (or death) by ordering **FEAR** back issues, now available from the dungeons of **FEAR** mail order. Issues One and Two are available at £2.50 each (includes postage and packing). Send a cheque or postal order (payable to *Newsfield Ltd*) to: **FEAR BACK ISSUES, FEAR, PO Box 20, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB.**

FEARSOME VHS VIDEOS

Collecting SCIENCE FICTION movies can lead to nostalgia. Future has a knack of being overtaken by the present and daring and serious predictions mature into future comic relief. Don't keep up to date with technology, collect and watch SF movies out of this hip VHS video collection instead – it's much more fun . . .

SCIENCE FICTION

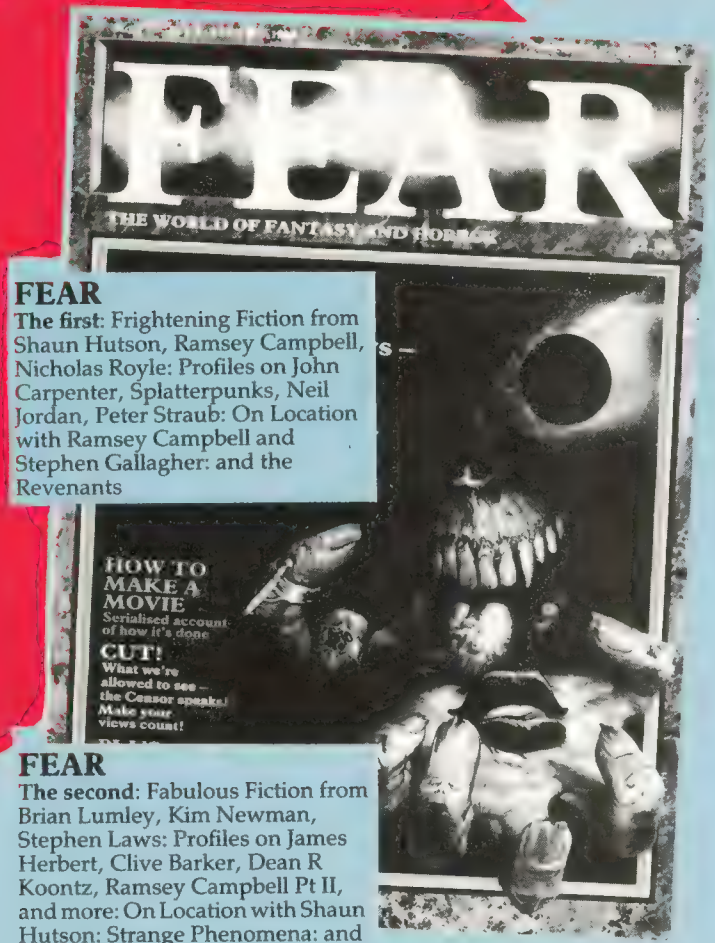
S101 2001: SPACE ODYSSEY £9.95
S102 2010: YEAR WE MAKE CONTACT £14.99
S201 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA £6.95
S202 ALIEN ATTACK £7.99
S203 ALIEN SEX FIEND IN TOKYO £19.99
S103 ALTERED STATES £14.95
S215 ATTACK OF KILLER TOMATOES £9.99
S104 BARBARELLA £9.99
S216 BATMAN £9.99
S105 BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS £14.95
S217 BATTLE FOR PLANET OF APES £9.99
S106 BATTLESTAR GALACTICA £9.99
S218 BENEATH THE PLANET OF APES £9.99
S107 BLADERUNNER £14.95
S108 BUCK ROGERS IN 25TH CENTURY £9.99
S109 CHAIN REACTION £14.95
S110 CONQUEST OF SPACE £9.99
S219 DARK CRYSTAL £14.95
S111 DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS £9.99
S112 DESTINATION MOONBASE ALPHA £7.99
H204 DR WHO AND THE DALEKS £9.99
H205 DR WHO DEATH TO DALEKS £9.99
H206 DR WHO PYRAMIDS OF MARS £9.99
H207 DR WHO REVENGE OF CYBERTRON £9.99
H208 DR WHO SEEDS OF DEATH £9.99
H209 DR WHO BRAIN OF MORBIUS £19.99
H210 DR WHO DAY OF THE DALEKS £9.99
H211 DR WHO FIVE DOCTORS £23.99
H212 DR WHO INVASION EARTH 2150AD £9.99
H213 DR WHO ROBOTS OF DEATH £9.99
H214 DR WHO SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE £9.99
S113 DREAMSCAPE £14.99
S114 DUNE £14.99
S115 EMPIRE STRIKES BACK £14.95
S116 ERASERHEAD £9.99
S117 ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK £9.95
S220 ESCAPE FROM PLANET OF APES £9.99
S118 FORBIDDEN PLANET £14.99
S119 FUTUREWORLD £7.99
S120 HELL FIRE £14.95
S121 INVASION UFO £7.99
S122 LAST STARFIGHTER £9.99
S123 LOGANS RUN £14.99
S124 MAD MAX 1 £14.95
S125 MAD MAX 2 £14.95
S126 MAD MAX 3:BEYOND THUNDERDOME £14.95
S127 MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH £14.99
S128 MAN WHO SAW TOMORROW £14.95
S129 METAL STORM £14.95
S221 METROPOLIS £9.99
S130 OUTLAND £14.95
S222 PLANET OF THE APES £9.99
S131 QUATERMASS AND THE PIT £9.99
S223 QUATERMASS CONCLUSION £7.99
S132 RETURN OF THE JEDI £14.95
S133 ROLLERBALL £14.95
S134 SATURN 3 £9.99
S135 SOYLENT GREEN £14.99
S224 SPACE 1999/COSMIC PRINCESS £7.99
S225 SPACEHUNTER £28.95
S226 SPIDERMAN £17.95
S136 STAR TREK: THE MOVIE £9.99
S137 STAR TREK: BALANCE OF TERROR £9.99
S138 STAR TREK: GALILEA 7 £9.99
S139 STAR TREK: MANTRAP/NAKED TREE £9.99
S140 STAR TREK: MIRI/CONSCIENCE £9.99
S141 STAR TREK: MUDDS WOMEN/ENEMY £9.99
S142 STAR TREK: THE CAGE £9.99
S143 STAR TREK: WHAT ARE LITTLE £9.99
S144 STAR TREK: WHERE NO MAN £9.99
S145 STAR WARS £14.99
S227 STARCRASH £8.99
S228 SUPERMAN 2 £14.95
S146 THINGS TO COME £8.99
S147 THIS ISLAND EARTH £9.99
S148 THX 1138 £14.95
S149 TRANCERS £14.99
S229 TRON £12.99
S232 UFO VOL1 INVASION UFO £7.99
S233 UFO VOL2 EXPOSED/SURVIVAL £7.99
S150 ULTIMATE WARRIOR £14.95
S230 WAR GAMES £14.95
S151 WAR OF THE WORLDS £9.99
S231 WARLORDS OF ATLANTIS £9.99
S152 WESTWORLD £14.99
S153 WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE £9.99
S154 ZONE TROOPERS £14.95

FEARSOME HIDEOUS VHS VIDEOS

If you can't resist collecting those classic horror experiences from the movies, you can indulge again and again in exposing yourself to the most nasty, spine-tingling, blood-curdling and nauseating moments with this tasteful selection of HORROR classics on VHS video. Make sure your kitchen knives are locked away . . .

HORROR

H201 AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON £9.99
H101 AMITYVILLE HORROR £7.99
H102 AUDREY ROSE £14.95
H103 AWAKENING £9.99
H104 BEAST WITHIN £14.99
H105 BEYOND £14.95
H106 BIRDS £9.99
H107 BLOOD RELATIVES £8.99
H108 BLOODTRACKS £14.95
H202 BLOODY WEDNESDAY £14.95
H109 BUTCHER £9.95
H110 CARRIE £14.95
H111 CHRISTINE £14.95
H112 CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD £9.99
H113 CORRIDORS OF BLOOD £8.99
H203 COUNTESS DRACULA £7.99
H114 CREEPSHOW £8.99
H115 CRUCIBLE OF TERROR £14.95
H116 CUJO £9.99
H117 DEMONS 1 £14.99
H204 DREAMSCAPE £14.99
H205 DUEL £9.99
H118 EATEN ALIVE £14.95
H206 ELEPHANT MAN £14.99
H207 ERASERHEAD £9.99
H119 EXORCIST 2 £14.95
H208 EXTERMINATOR THE £8.99
H120 EYES OF A STRANGER £14.95
H121 FOG £9.99
H209 FRANKENSTEIN £9.99
H122 FRIDAY 13TH PT 1 £14.99
H210 GHOSTBUSTERS £14.95
H211 GREMLINS £14.95
H212 GUARDIAN £9.99
H123 HALLOWEEN 1 £9.99
H124 HALLOWEEN 2 £14.99
H125 HALLOWEEN 3 £14.99
H126 HAND £14.95
H127 HANDS OF THE RIPPER £8.99
H128 HE KNOWS YOU'RE ALONE £14.99
H129 HILLS HAVE EYES 1 £14.99
H130 HILLS HAVE EYES 2 £14.99
H213 HITCHER £14.99
H131 HORROR CONVENTION £9.99
H132 HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES £14.95
H133 HOUSE BY THE CEMETRY £14.95
H134 HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS £14.99
H135 HOUSE WHERE EVIL DWELLS £14.99
H136 HOWLING THE £9.99
H214 HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME £7.99
H215 INCUBUS £7.95
H216 INHUMANOIDS MOVIE £7.99
H137 INVASION OF THE BODYSNATCHERS £14.95
H138 ISLE OF THE DEAD £7.99
H139 IT LIVES AGAIN £14.95
H140 IT'S ALIVE £14.95
H217 JAWS 2 £9.99
H218 JAWS £9.99
H141 KILLER PARTY £14.99
H219 LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS £9.99
H220 MICHAEL JACKSON THRILLER £9.99
H142 MONSTER £14.99
H143 MOTEL HELL £14.99
H144 MUTANT 1 £14.95
H145 NIGHT CREATURE £14.95
H146 NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD £9.99
H221 NIGHTCOMERS £9.99
H147 NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST 2: FRED £14.99
H148 PIRANHA 1 £14.95
H149 PIRANHA 2 £14.95
H150 PIT & THE PENDULUM £8.99
H151 POLTERGEIST 1 £12.99
H152 POSSESSED £14.95
H153 PROM NIGHT £14.95
H154 PSYCHO 1 £9.99
H155 PSYCHO 2 £9.99
H222 RATS £9.99
H156 RAZORBACK £14.99
H157 RETURN OF THE DEMONS £9.99
H158 SALEMS LOT £14.95
H223 SPIRAL STAIRCASE £7.99
H159 STORMBRINGER £14.95
H160 TERROR IN THE AISLES £9.99
H161 TOO SCARED TO SCREAM £14.99
H162 TWILIGHT ZONE £14.95
H163 TWINS OF EVIL £8.99
H225 TWO FACES OF EVIL £9.99
H226 UNCANNY £7.99
H164 VAMPIRE CIRCUS £7.99
H227 VAMPIRE CIRCUS/COUNTESS DRACULA £9.99
H165 VISITOR £14.95
H224 WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE £9.99
H228 WITCHMAKER £14.95
H166 WOLFEN £14.95


FEAR
THE WORLD OF FANTASY AND HORROR
HOW TO MAKE A MOVIE
Serialised account of how it's done
CUT!
What we're allowed to see – the Censor speaks!
Make your views count!

FEAR
The first: Frightening Fiction from Shaun Hutson, Ramsey Campbell, Nicholas Royle: Profiles on John Carpenter, Splatterpunks, Neil Jordan, Peter Straub: On Location with Ramsey Campbell and Stephen Gallagher: and the Revenants

FEAR
The second: Fabulous Fiction from Brian Lumley, Kim Newman, Stephen Laws: Profiles on James Herbert, Clive Barker, Dean R Koontz, Ramsey Campbell Pt II, and more: On Location with Shaun Hutson: Strange Phenomena: and the Revenants

BUY 3 BOOKS, GET A 4TH BOOK OF YOUR CHOICE FREE!

FEARSOME CHOICE

How could you ever make up your mind which book will influence your next state of mind? Alas, there is no freedom, whatever your choice, your mind, body and soul will be whisked away to the misty interzone where fiction and reality fight for the control of the minutest part of your awareness. Do not despair, however you toss the coin, fiction will control your destiny . . . for better or for worse!

HORROR

F192 ANDREWS VIRGINIA **DARK ANGEL** £3.50
F193 ANDREWS VIRGINIA **FLOWERS IN THE ATTIC** £3.50
F194 ANDREWS VIRGINIA **HEAVEN** £3.50
F195 ANDREWS VIRGINIA **IF THERE BE THORNS** £3.50
F196 ANDREWS VIRGINIA **MY SWEET AUDRINA** £3.50
F197 ANDREWS VIRGINIA **PETALS ON THE WIND** £3.50
F198 ANDREWS VIRGINIA **SEEDS OF YESTERDAY** £3.50
F199 ANDREWS VIRGINIA **THE GARDEN OF SHADOWS** £3.50
F200 BARKER CLIVE **BOOKS OF BLOOD FIRST OMNIBUS** £4.99
F201 BARKER CLIVE **BOOKS OF BLOOD SECOND OMNIBUS(40)** £4.99
F202 BARKER CLIVE **THE DAMNATION GAME(50)** £3.50
F603 BARKER, CLIVE **WEAVEWORLD** £3.95
F203 BILLSON ANNE **DREAM DEMON** £2.50
F560 BINGLEY, MARGARET **AFTER ALICE DIED** £2.95
F559 BINGLEY, MARGARET **THE UNQUIET DEAD** £2.95
F561 BLACK, CAMPBELL **LETTERS FROM THE DEAD** £2.95
F562 BLOCH, ROBERT **THE NIGHT OF THE RIPPER** £2.50
F204 CLARK MARY HIGGINS **A CRY IN THE NIGHT** £2.95
F205 CLARK MARY HIGGINS **A STRANGER IS WATCHING** £2.50
F206 CLARK MARY HIGGINS **STILLWATCH** £2.95
F207 CLARK MARY HIGGINS **THE CRADLE WILL FALL** £2.95
F208 CLARK MARY HIGGINS **WEEP NO MORE,MY LADY** £2.95
F209 CLARK MARY HIGGINS **WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?** £2.50
F210 DORNER MARJORIE **A CHOICE OF NIGHTMARES** £2.99
F211 DOUGLAS GREGORY A **THE UNHOLY SMILE** £2.50
F212 FARRIS JOHN **MINOTAUR** £2.95
F213 FARRIS JOHN **WILDWOOD** £2.95
F214 FELITTA FRANK DE **FOR LOVE OF AUDREY ROSE** £3.50
F215 FELITTA FRANK DE **GOLGOTHA FALLS** £2.95
F216 GALLAGHER STEPHEN **VALLEY OF LIGHTS** £1.95
F217 HERBERT JAMES **DOMAIN** £3.50
F218 HERBERT JAMES **FLUKE** £2.50
F219 HERBERT JAMES **LAIR** £2.50
F220 HERBERT JAMES **MOON** £2.95
F221 HERBERT JAMES **SEPULCHRE** £3.50
F222 HERBERT JAMES **SHRINE** £3.50
F223 HERBERT JAMES **THE DARK** £2.95
F224 HERBERT JAMES **THE FOG** £2.50
F225 HERBERT JAMES **THE JONAH** £2.50
F226 HERBERT JAMES **THE MAGIC COTTAGE** £2.95
F227 HERBERT JAMES **THE RATS** £1.95
F228 HERBERT JAMES **THE SPEAR** £2.50
F229 HERBERT JAMES **THE SURVIVOR** £2.50
F230 HITCHCOCK ALFRED **A.HITCHCOCK BK HORROR STORIES:8** £1.95
F231 HITCHCOCK ALFRED **A.HITCHCOCK BK OF HORROR STORES:5** £1.95
F232 HITCHCOCK ALFRED **A.HITCHCOCK BK OF HORROR STORES:6** £1 95
F233 HITCHCOCK ALFRED **A.HITCHCOCK BK OF HORROR STORES:7** £1.95
F234 HUTSON SHAUN **DEATH DAY** £2.75
F235 HUTSON SHAUN **EREBUS** £2.95
F236 HUTSON SHAUN **RELICS** £2.95
F237 HUTSON SHAUN **SHADOWS** £3.50
F238 HUTSON SHAUN **SLUGS** £2.50
F239 HUTSON SHAUN **SPAWN** £2.95
F240 HUTSON SHAUN **TERMINATOR** £2.50
F241 HUTSON SHAUN **THE BREEDING GROUND** £2.50
F242 KABEL AM **THE ADVERSARY** £2.75
F243 KING STEPHEN **CARRIE** £2.50
F244 KING STEPHEN **CHRISTINE** £3.50
F245 KING STEPHEN **IT** £4.50
F246 KING STEPHEN **NIGHTSHIFT** £3.50
F247 KING STEPHEN **PET SEMETARY** £3.50
F248 KING STEPHEN **SALEM'S LOT** £3.50
F249 KING STEPHEN **THE BACHMAN BOOKS** £4.50
F250 KING STEPHEN **THE RUNNING MAN** £2.50
F251 KING STEPHEN **THE SHINNING** £2.95
F252 KING STEPHEN **THE STAND** £3.95
F253 KING STEPHEN **THINNER** £2.50
F254 KOONTZ DEAN R **WATCHERS** £3.50
F255 LAWS STEPHEN **GHOSTTRAIN** £2.95
F256 LAWS STEPHEN **SPECTRE** £3.50
F257 LAYMON RICHARD **ALL HALLOWS EVE** £2.50
F258 LAYMON RICHARD **THE BEAST HOUSE** £2.50
F566 LOVECRAFT, H P **AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS** £3.50
F567 LOVECRAFT, H P **DAGON AND OTHER MACABRE TALES** £3.95
F568 LOVECRAFT, H P **THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK** £3.50
F570 LUMLEY, BRIAN **DEMOGORGON** £2.95
F571 LUMLEY, BRIAN **NECROSCOPE** £3.50
F572 LUMLEY, BRIAN **NECROSCOPE 2:WAMPHYRI!** £3.50
F573 LUMLEY, BRIAN **PSYCHAMOK** £2.50
F574 LUMLEY, BRIAN **PSYCHOMECH** £1.95
F575 LUMLEY, BRIAN **PSYCHOSPHERE** £1.95
F569 LUMLEY, BRIAN **THE BURROWERS BENEATH** £2.50
F259 MASTERTON GRAHAM **CHARNEL HOUSE** £2.50
F260 MASTERTON GRAHAM **DEATH TRANCE** £2.99
F261 MASTERTON GRAHAM **MANITOU** £1.80
F262 MASTERTON GRAHAM **NIGHT WARRIORS** £2.95
F263 MASTERTON GRAHAM **PLAGUE** £2.95
F264 MASTERTON GRAHAM **REVENGE OF THE MANITOU** £2.50
F265 MASTERTON GRAHAM **TENGU** £2.50
F266 MASTERTON GRAHAM **THE DEVIL OF D-DAY** £2.50
F267 MASTERTON GRAHAM **THE DJINN** £1.50
F268 MASTERTON GRAHAM **THE HEIRLOOM** £2.50
F269 MASTERTON GRAHAM **THE PARIAH** £2.25
F270 MASTERTON GRAHAM **THE SPHINX** £2.50
F271 MASTERTON GRAHAM **THE WELLS OF HELL** £2.50
F272 MC CAMMON ROBERT R **BAAL** £2.50
F273 MC CAMMON ROBERT R **BETHANY'S SIN** £2.99
F274 MC CAMMON ROBERT R **THE NIGHTBOAT** £2.95
F275 MC CAMMON ROBERT R **THEY THIRST** £3.50
F276 RUSSELL RAY **INCUBUS** £2.50
F277 RYAN ALAN **CAST A COLD EYE** £2.99
F278 SAUL JOHN **(12 PACK)** £32.25
F279 SAUL JOHN **COMES THE BLIND FURY** £2.95
F280 SAUL JOHN **CRY FOR THE STRANGERS** £2.95
F281 SAUL JOHN **PUNISH THE SINNERS** £2.95
F282 SAUL JOHN **SUFFER THE CHILDREN** £2.95
F283 SAUL JOHN **WHEN THE WIND BLOWS** £2.95
F284 SHACKLEFORD JOHN **THE SOURCE** £2.50
F285 SHARMAN NICK **THE SWITCH** £2.25
F286 SHARMAN NICK **YOU'RE NEXT** £2.95
F287 SMITH GUY **BATS OUT OF HELL** £1.95
F288 SMITH GUY **CRABS ON THE RAMPAGE** £1.25
F289 SMITH GUY **CRABS:THE HUMAN SACRIFICE** £1.95
F290 SMITH GUY **FIEND** £2.99
F291 SMITH GUY **KILLER CRABS** £0.75
F292 SMITH GUY **SABAT 1:THE GRAVEYARD VULTURES** £1.25
F293 SMITH GUY **SABAT 2:THE BLOOD MERCHANTS** £1.25
F295 SMITH GUY **SABAT4:THE DRUID CONNECTION** £1.25
F296 SMITH GUY **SNAKES** £1.95
F297 SMITH GUY **THE NEOPHYTE** £2.50
F298 SMITH GUY **THE WALKING DEAD** £1.75
F299 SMITH GUY **THIRST** £2.50
F300 SMITH GUY **THIRST II:THE PLAGUE** £1.95
F301 SMITH GUY **WARHEAD** £2.50
F302 SMITH GUY **WOOD** £1.95
F303 STRAUB PETER **FLOATING DRAGON** £2.95
F304 STRAUB PETER **SHADOWLAND** £3.95
F550 TEPPER, SHERI S **BLOOD HERITAGE** £2.95
F551 TEPPER, SHERI S **THE BONES** £2.95
F305 TREMAYNE PETER **KISS OF THE COBRA** £1.75
F306 TREMAYNE PETER **NICOR!** £2.50
F307 TREMAYNE PETER **SWAMP!** £2.50
F308 TREMAYNE PETER **THE ANTS** £1.75
F309 TREMAYNE PETER **THE MORGOW RISES!** £1.50
F311 TREMAYNE PETER **TROLLNIGHT** £2.75
F310 TREMAYNE PETER **ZOMBIE!** £2.50
F312 TUTTLE LISA **A NEST OF NIGHTMARES** £2.50
F313 TUTTLE LISA **GABRIEL** £2.99
F314 WATSON IAN **THE POWER** £2.50
F315 WEBER NANCY **THE PLAYGROUP** £2.50
F316 WILLIAMSON CHET **ASH WEDNESDAY** £3.50
F317 WILLIAMSON CHET **SOULSTORM** £2.95
F318 WILSON F PAUL **THE KEEP** £2.95
F319 WILSON F PAUL **THE TOMB** £3.50
F320 WILSON F PAUL **THE TOUCH** £2.95

SCIENCE FICTION

F579 ALDISS, BRIAN W **HELLICONIA SPRING** £3.50
F580 ALDISS, BRIAN W **HELLICONIA SUMMER** £3.50
F581 ALDISS, BRIAN W **HELLICONIA WINTER** £2.95
F321 ANDERSON POUL **THE EARTHBOOK OF STORMGATE:1** £1.95
F322 ANDERSON POUL **THE EARTHBOOK OF STORMGATE:2** £2.25
F323 ANDERSON POUL **THE EARTHBOOK OF STORMGATE:3** £2.25
F324 ANTHONY PIERS **MUTE** £3.50
F325 ASIMOV ISAAC **BUY JUPITER** £2.95
F326 ASIMOV ISAAC **ROBOT DREAMS** £3.95
F583 ASIMOV, ISAAC **FOUNDATION** £2.95
F582 ASIMOV, ISAAC **FOUNDATION AND EARTH** £3.50
F584 ASIMOV, ISAAC **FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE** £2.95
F586 ASIMOV, ISAAC **FOUNDATION'S EDGE** £2.95
F587 ASIMOV, ISAAC **ROBOTS AND EMPIRE** £2.95
F585 ASIMOV, ISAAC **SECOND FOUNDATION** £2.95
F589 ASIMOV, ISAAC **THE CAVES OF STEEL** £2.50
F590 ASIMOV, ISAAC **THE NAKED SUN** £2.50
F588 ASIMOV, ISAAC **THE ROBOTS OF DAWN** £3.50
F604 BATES, BRIAN **THE WAY OF WYRD** £3.50
F327 BEAR GREG **HEGIRA** £2.95
F328 BEAR GREG **STRENGTH OF STONES** £2.95
F605 BEAR, GREG **BLOOD MUSIC** £2.95

F606 BEAR, GREG **EON** £4.95
F607 BEAR, GREG **THE INFINITY CONCERTO** £3.50
F608 BLISH, JAMES **CITIES IN FLIGHT** £3.95
F329 BRADLEY MARION **WEB OF DARKNESS** £3.95
F330 BRADLEY MARION ZIMMER **CATCH TRAP** £3.99
F601 BRADLEY MARJORIE **THE WAVE AND THE FLAME** £3.50
F610 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **CITY OF SORCERY** £3.50
F611 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **DARKOVER LANDFALL** £2.50
F612 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **FALCON'S OF NARABEDLA** £2.50
F617 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **SHARRA'S EXILE** £1.95
F466 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **SWORD AND SORCERESS 1** £2.95
F460 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **SWORD AND SORCERESS 2** £2.99
F609 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **THE BLOODY SUN** £3.50
F613 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **THE FORBIDDEN TOWER** £3.50
F615 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **THE HERITAGE OF HASTUR** £2.95
F616 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **THE RUINS OF ISIS** £2.99
F618 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **THE SHATTERED CHAIN** £2.50
F619 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **THE SPELL SWORD** £2.50
F622 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **THE WINDS OF DARKOVER** £2.25
F623 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **THE WORLD WRECKERS** £2.25
F620 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **THENDARA HOUSE** £3.50
F621 BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER **WARRIOR WOMAN** £2.50
F624 BROWN, MARY **THE UNLIKELY ONES** £3.50
F625 BRUNNER, JOHN **STAND ON ZANZIBAR** £3.99
F331 BUTLER OCTAVIA **DAWN** £2.95
F626 CALDECOTT, MOYRA **GUARDIANS OF THE TALL STONES** £4.95
F627 CALDECOTT, MOYRA **THE SILVER VORTEX** £2.95
F628 CALDECOTT, MOYRA **WOMEN IN CELTIC MYTH** £3.99
F629 CAMPBELL, BARKER, TUTTLE **NIGHT VISIONS** £2.95
F631 CARD, ORSON SCOTT **ENDER'S GAME** £3.50
F630 CARD, ORSON SCOTT **SPEAKER FOR THE DEAD** £2.95
F632 CARD, ORSON SCOTT **WYRMS** £3.50
F332 CARR TERRY **BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR 15** £3.95
F333 CARR TERRY **BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR 16** £3.95
F633 CARROLL, JONATHAN **BONES OF THE MOON** £2.50
F634 CARROLL, JONATHAN **THE LAND OF LAUGHS** £2.50
F334 CHALKER JACK **RINGS OF MASTER V.1:LORDS OF MID.DA** £3.50
F335 CHERRYH C J **ANGEL WITH THE SWORD** £2.95
F336 CHERRYH C J **HESTIA** £2.95
F337 CHERRYH C J **THE DREAMSTONE** £2.50
F338 CHERRYH C J **THE TREE OF SWORDS AND JEWELS** £2.95
F339 CLARKE ARTHUR C **RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA** £2.95
F340 CLARKE ARTHUR C **THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SKY** £2.95
F635 CLARKE, ARTHUR C **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY** £1.95
F341 CLEMENT HAL **MISSION OF GRAVITY** £2.50
F342 CROWLEY JOHN **BEASTS** £3.95
F343 DELANY SAMUEL R **BABEL-17** £3.95
F344 DELANY SAMUEL R **NOVA** £2.95
F345 DICK PHILIP K & ZELAZNY R **DEUS IRAE** £2.99
F638 DICK, PHILIP K **DR BLOODMONEY** £2.50
F637 DICK, PHILIP K **EYE IN THE SKY** £2.25
F636 DICK, PHILIP K **SOLAR LOTTERY** £2.25
F639 DICK, PHILIP K **THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER** £2.50
F346 FARREN MICK **CORPSE** £2.50
F347 FARREN MICK **PROTECTORATE** £2.95
F348 FARREN MICK **SONG OF PHAID THE GAMBLER** £3.95
F349 FORWARD ROBERT **DRAGON'S EGG** £2.50
F350 FORWARD ROBERT **FLIGHT OF THE DRAGONFLY** £2.95
F351 FORWARD ROBERT **STARQUAKE** £2.95
F352 FOSTER ALAN DEAN **BLOODHYPE** £2.50
F353 FOSTER ALAN DEAN **CACHALOT** £2.95
F354 FOSTER ALAN DEAN **END OF THE MATTER** £2.25
F355 FOSTER ALAN DEAN **ICERIGGER** £2.95
F356 FOSTER ALAN DEAN **MISSION TO MOULOKIN** £2.50
F357 FOSTER ALAN DEAN **NOR CRYSTAL TEARS** £1.95
F358 FOSTER ALAN DEAN **SENTENCED TO PRISM** £2.50
F359 FOSTER ALAN DEAN **TAR-ALYM KRANG** £2.25
F360 FOSTER ALAN DEAN **THE DELUGE DRIVERS** £2.95
F361 FOSTER ALAN DEAN **VOYAGE TO THE CITY OF THE DEAD** £2.50
F640 GAIMAN, NEIL & NEWMAN, KIM **GHASTLY BEYOND BELIEF** £2.50
F641 GEMMELL, DAVID **THE KING BEYOND THE GATE** £2.95
F642 GEMMELL, DAVID **THE LEGEND** £3.50
F643 GEMMELL, DAVID **WAYLANDER** £3.95
F644 GEMMELL, DAVID **WOLF IN SHADOW** £3.50
F647 GENTLE, MARY **A HAWK IN SILVER** £1.99
F645 GENTLE, MARY **ANCIENT LIGHT** £3.99
F646 GENTLE, MARY **GOLDEN WITCHBREED** £3.50
F362 GRIMWADE PETER **ROBOT** £2.25
F467 HARRIS, RAYMOND **THE BROKEN WORLDS** £2.95
F649 HARRISON, HARRY **IN OUR HANDS THE STARS** £1.95
F650 HARRISON, HARRY **ONE STEP FROM EARTH** £1.75
F363 HAWKE SIMON **THE IVANHOE GAMBIT** £2.50
F364 HAWKE SIMON **THE PIMPERNEL PLOT** £2.50
F365 HAWKE SIMON **THE TIMEKEEPER CONSPIRACY** £2.50
F366 HAWKE SIMON **THE ZENDA VENDETTA:TIME WARS BOOKIV** £2.99
F367 HEINLEIN ROBERT **ASSIGNMENT IN ETERNITY** £2.95
F368 HEINLEIN ROBERT **BETWEEN PLANETS** £2.25
F369 HEINLEIN ROBERT **BEYOND THIS HORIZON** £1.95
F370 HEINLEIN ROBERT **GLORY RD** £2.50
F371 HEINLEIN ROBERT **HAVE SPACE SUIT,WILL TRAVEL** £1.95
F372 HEINLEIN ROBERT **I WILL FEAR NO EVIL** £3.50
F373 HEINLEIN ROBERT **PODKAYNE OF MARS** £1.95
F374 HEINLEIN ROBERT **STARSHIP TROOPERS** £2.50
F375 HEINLEIN ROBERT **STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND** £3.50
F376 HEINLEIN ROBERT **THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON** £2.50
F377 HEINLEIN ROBERT **THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS** £2.95
F378 HERBERT BRIAN **THE GARBAGE CHRONICLES** £2.25
F379 HERBERT FRANK **EYES OF HEISENBERG** £1.95
F380 HERBERT FRANK **GODMAKERS** £2.25
F381 HERBERT FRANK **SANTAROGA BARRIER** £2.50
F382 HERBERT FRANK **THE GREEN BRAIN** £1.95
F383 HERBERT FRANK **THE WHITE PLAGUE** £3.50
F651 HOGAN, JAMES P **THE PROTEUS OPERATION** £3.50
F384 HOLDSTOCK ROBERT **EARTHWIND** £2.95
F385 HOLDSTOCK ROBERT **EYE AMONG THE BLIND** £2.50
F386 HOLDSTOCK ROBERT **IN THE VALLEY OF THE STATUES** £2.95
F652 JACQUES, BRIAN **REDWALL** £2.95
F388 KENDALL GORDON **WHITE WING** £2.95
F653 KILIAN, CRAWFORD **THE EMPIRE OF TIME** £2.50
F654 KILIAN, CRAWFORD **THE FALL OF THE REPUBLIC** £2.99
F389 KING BERNARD **SKYFIRE** £3.50
F390 LEGUIN URSULA **PLANET OF EXILE & ROCANNON'S WORLD** £1.95
F391 MARTIN GEORGE R R **TUF VOYAGING** £3.50
F669 MAXIM, JOHN R **TIME OUT OF MIND** £4.50
F392 MCCAFFREY ANNE **TO RIDE PEGASUS** £2.50
F670 MCDOWELL, MICHAEL KUBE-**EMPRISE** £3.50
F671 MCDOWELL, MICHAEL KUBE-**ENIGMA** £2.99
F393 MILAN VICTOR **THE CYBERNETIC SAMURAI** £2.95
F394 MOFFITT DONALD **SECOND GENESIS** £3.50
F395 MOFFITT DONALD **THE GENESIS QUEST** £3.50
F396 MOORCOCK MICHAEL **WIZARDRY AND WILD ROMANCE** £5.95
F672 MORROW, JAMES **THE CONTINENT OF LIES** £2.99
F673 MORROW, JAMES **THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS** £4.99
F397 NORMAN JOHN **GHOST DANCE** £1.95
F398 NORMAN JOHN **TIMESLAVE** £1.95
F399 NORTON ANDRE **SORCERESS OF THE WITCH WORLD 6** £2.50
F400 NORTON ANDRE **STAR GATE** £2.50
F401 NORTON ANDRE **STAR MANS SON** £2.50
F402 NORTON ANDRE **THREE AGAINST THE WITCH WORLD 4** £2.50
F404 NORTON ANDRE **WARLOCKS OF THE WITCH WORLD 5** £2.50
F405 NORTON ANDRE **WEB OF THE WITCH WORLD 2** £2.50
F406 NORTON ANDRE **WITCH WORLD** £2.50
F407 NORTON ANDRE **YEAR OF THE UNICORN 3** £2.50
F408 POHL FREDERIK **MAN PLUS** £2.95
F409 POHL FREDERIK & KORNBLUTH C M **GLADIATOR-AT-LAW** £3.95
F410 POHL FREDERIK & KORNBLUTH C M **WOLFBANE** £2.95
F411 PRIEST CHRISTOPHER **INVERTED WORLD** £3.50
F412 PRIEST CHRISTOPHER **THE SPACE MACHINE** £2.95
F413 REAVES MICHAEL & PERRY STEVE **DOME** £2.95
F681 ROWLEY, CHRISTOPHER **GOLDEN SUNLANDS** £3.50
F682 ROWLEY, CHRISTOPHER **STARHAMMER** £2.50
F680 ROWLEY, CHRISTOPHER **THE BLACK SHIP** £2.50
F683 SAGAN, CARL **CONTACT** £3.50
F414 SHAW BOB **A WREATH OF STARS** £2.95
F415 SHAW BOB **MEDUSA'S CHILDREN** £2.50
F416 SHAW BOB **NIGHT WALK** £2.50
F417 SHAW BOB **WHO GOES HERE?** £2.95
F418 SHECKLEY ROBERT **JOURNEY BEYOND TOMORROW** £3.50
F468 SHEFFIELD, CHARLES **THE NIMROD HUNT** £3.50
F419 SILVERBERG ROBERT **A TIME OF CHANGES** £2.95
F420 SILVERBERG ROBERT **HAWKSBILL STATION** £1.50
F421 SILVERBERG ROBERT **SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE** £2.95
F422 SILVERBERG ROBERT **THE BOOK OF SKULLS** £2.50
F423 SILVERBERG ROBERT **THE MASKS OF TIME** £2.95
F424 SILVERBERG ROBERT **THE TIME HOPPERS** £2.95
F425 SILVERBERG ROBERT **TO LIVE AGAIN** £2.95
F426 SILVERBERG ROBERT **UP THE LINE** £2.95
F427 SLADEK JOHN **THE REPRODUCTION SYSTEM** £2.95
F428 SMITH CORDWAINER **NORSTRILIA** £2.95
F429 SMITH CORDWAINER **QUEST OF THE THREE WORLDS** £2.50
F430 SMITH CORDWAINER **THE REDISCOVERY OF MAN** £3.50
F431 STEWART MICHAEL **FAR CRY** £1.95
F432 STRIEBER WHITLEY & KUNETKA JAMES **WARDAY** £2.50
F685 STRIEBER, WHITLEY **COMMUNION** £3.50
F433 STURGEON THEODORE **MORE THAN HUMAN** £2.95
F434 TILLEY PATRICK **THE AMTRAK WARS BK 1:CLOUD WARRIOR** £2.95
F435 TILLEY PATRICK **THE AMTRAK WARS BK 2:FIRST FAMILY** £2.99
F436 TILLEY PATRICK **THE AMTRAK WARS BK 3:IRON MASTER** £3.50
F686 TUBB, E C **DERAI (NO.2)** £1.15
F687 TUBB, E C **EARTH IS HEAVEN** £1.95
F690 TUBB, E C **IDUNA'S UNIVERSE (NO.21)** £1.75
F688 TUBB, E C **KALIN** £1.75
F691 TUBB, E C **MELOME AND ANGADO (NOS.28&29)** £2.75
F692 TUBB, E C **NECTAR OF HEAVEN (NO.24)** £1.75
F693 TUBB, E C **TERRIDAE (NO.25)** £1.95
F694 TUBB, E C **THE COMING EVENT (NO.26)** £1.75
F689 TUBB, E C **TOYMAN** £1.75
F437 TURTLEDOVE HARRY **AGENT OF BYZANTIUM** £2.95
F438 VANCE JACK **BIG PLANET** £2.95
F439 VANCE JACK **THE ASUTRA** £2.50
F440 VANCE JACK **THE BRAVE FREE MEN** £2.50
F441 VANCE JACK **THE FACELESS MAN** £2.50
F442 VARDEMAN R & MILAN V **THE WAR OF POWERS** £3.95
F443 VARDEMAN R & MILAN V **THE WAR OF POWERS 2:ISTU AWAKENED** £3.95
F444 VOGT A E VAN **NULL-A THREE** £1.95
F445 VOGT A E VAN **THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER/WEAPON MA** £2.50
F446 VOGT A E VAN **THE WORLD OF NULL-A** £1.95
F447 VOGT A E VAN **TYRANOPOLIS** £2.99
F448 VONNEGAT KURT **THE SIRENS OF TITAN** £3.50
F449 ZELAZNY ROGER **BLOOD OF AMBER** £2.75
F450 ZELAZNY ROGER **EYE OF CAT** £2.50
F451 ZELAZNY ROGER **MY NAME IS LEGION** £2.75
F452 ZELAZNY ROGER **NINE PRINCES IN AMBER** £2.50
F453 ZELAZNY ROGER **SIGN OF THE UNICORN** £2.50
F454 ZELAZNY ROGER **THE COURTS OF CHAOS** £2.50
F455 ZELAZNY ROGER **THE GUNS OF AVALON** £2.50
F456 ZELAZNY ROGER **THE HAND OF OBERON** £2.50
F457 ZELAZNY ROGER **THE LAST DEFENCE OF CAMELOT** £2.75
F458 ZELAZNY ROGER **TRUMPS OF DOOM** £2.75
F459 ZELAZNY ROGER **UNICORN VARIATIONS** £2.50

FANTASY

F463 ABBEY, LYNN **UNICORN AND DRAGON** £2.99
F101 ALEXANDER LLOYD **THE 2ND CHRONICLES OF PRYDAIN** £4.95
F102 ALEXANDER LLOYD **THE FIRST CHRONICLES OF PRYDAIN** £4.95
F103 ANDERSON PAUL **CONAN THE REBEL** £2.75
F104 ARNASON ELEANOR **DAUGHTER OF THE BEAR KING** £2.95
F105 BEAGLE PETER **THE FOLK OF THE AIR** £4.95
F471 BENFORD, GREGORY & BRIN, DAVID **THE HEART OF THE COMET** £2.95
F106 BISHOP MICHAEL **WHO MADE STEVIE CRYE?** £4.95
F107 BISSON TERRY **TALKING MAN** £2.50
F108 BISSON TERRY **WYRLDMAKER** £2.50
F472 BOYER, ELIZABETH H **THE ELVES AND THE OTTERSKIN** £2.95
F473 BOYER, ELIZABETH H **THE SWORD AND THE SATCHEL** £2.95
F474 BOYER, ELIZABETH H **THE THRALL AND THE DRAGON'S HEART** £2.50
F475 BOYER, ELIZABETH H **THE TROLL'S GRINDSTONE** £2.95
F476 BOYER, ELIZABETH H **THE WIZARD AND THE WARLORD** £2.95
F479 BRIN, DAVID **RIVER OF TIME** £2.50
F480 BRIN, DAVID **STARTIDE RISING** £3.50
F481 BRIN, DAVID **SUNDIVER** £2.95
F477 BRIN, DAVID **THE POSTMAN** £2.95
F478 BRIN, DAVID **THE PRACTICE EFFECT** £1.95
F482 BRIN, DAVID **UPLIFT WAR** £3.50
F470 BUJOLD, LOIS MCMASTER **SHARDS OF HONOUR** £2.95
F109 CAMP L SPRAGUE DE **CONAN AND THE SPIDER GOD** £1.95
F111 CAMP L SPRAGUE DE & CARTER LIN **CONAN THE BARBARIAN** £1.25
F112 CAMP L SPRAGUE DE & CARTER LIN **CONAN THE BUCCANEER** £2.75
F113 CAMP L SPRAGUE DE & CARTER LIN **CONAN THE LIBERATOR** £2.50
F114 CAMP L SPRAGUE DE & NYBERG B **CONAN THE SWORDSMAN** £2.50
F486 COOK, HUGH **THE WALRUS AND THE WARWOLF** £3.95
F483 COOK, HUGH **THE WIZARDS AND THE WARRIORS** £3.50
F485 COOK, HUGH **THE WOMEN AND THE WARLORDS** £2.95
F484 COOK, HUGH **THE WORDSMITHS AND THE WARGUILD** £2.95
F115 DEXTER SUSAN **THE MOUNTAINS OF CHANNADRAN** £2.95
F116 DEXTER SUSAN **THE RING OF ALLAIRE** £2.95
F117 DEXTER SUSAN **THE SWORD OF CALANDRA** £2.95
F118 DONALDSON STEPHEN **DAUGHTER OF REGALS AND OTHER TALES** £3.95
F119 DONALDSON STEPHEN **LORD FOUL'S BANE** £3.50
F120 DONALDSON STEPHEN **MORDANT'S NEED:THE MIRROR OF HER DM** £3.95
F121 DONALDSON STEPHEN **THE ILLEARTH WAR** £3.95
F122 DONALDSON STEPHEN **THE ONE TREE** £3.95
F123 DONALDSON STEPHEN **THE POWER THAT PRESERVES** £3.50
F124 DONALDSON STEPHEN **THE WOUNDED LAND** £3.50
F125 DONALDSON STEPHEN **WHITE GOLD WIELDER** £3.95

F488 EDDINGS, DAVID **BOOK 1 OF THE BELGARIAD:PAWN OF PRO** £2.50
F489 EDDINGS, DAVID **BOOK 2 OF BELGARIAD:QUEEN OF SORCER** £2.95
F490 EDDINGS, DAVID **BOOK 3 OF BELGARIAD:MAGICIAN'S GAMB** £2.95
F491 EDDINGS, DAVID **BOOK 4 OF BELGARIAD:CASTLE OF WIZAR** £2.95
F492 EDDINGS, DAVID **BOOK 5 OF BELGARIAD:ENCHANTER'S END** £2.95
F487 EDDINGS, DAVID **MALLOREON 1:GUARDIANS OF THE WEST** £2.95
F126 EDWARDS CLAUDIA J **A HORSEWOMAN IN GODSLAND** £2.99
F127 EDWARDS CLAUDIA J **TAMING THE FOREST KING** £2.50
F464 EMERSON, RU **TO THE HAUNTED MOUNTAINS** £2.99
F497 FLINT, KENNETH C **CHALLENGE OF THE CLANS** £2.95
F495 FLINT, KENNETH C **CHAMPIONS OF SIDHE** £2.50
F496 FLINT, KENNETH C **MASTER OF SIDHE** £2.50
F494 FLINT, KENNETH C **RIDERS OF SIDHE** £2.50
F493 FLINT, KENNETH C **THE HOUND OF CULAIN** £2.75
F498 FLINT, KENNETH C **THE STORM SHIELD** £2.95
F128 FRIESNER ESTHER **NEW YORK BY KNIGHT** £2.95
F129 GARDNER CRAIG SHAW **A MALADY OF MAGICKS** £2.99
F499 GIPE, GEORGE **BACK TO THE FUTURE** £1.95
F500 GODWIN, PARKE **BELOVED EXILE** £2.95
F501 GRANT, RICHARD **THE SARABAND OF LOST TIME** £2.50
F502 HARDY, LYNDON **MASTER OF THE FIVE MAGICS** £2.95
F503 HARDY, LYNDON **SECRET OF THE SIXTH MAGIC** £2.95
F504 HARRISON, HARRY **THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT GETS DRAFTE** £2.95
F130 HOWARD ROBERT **CONAN** £1.95
F131 HOWARD ROBERT **CONAN OF AQUILONIA** £1.75
F132 HOWARD ROBERT **CONAN OF CIMMERIA** £2.50
F600 HOWARD ROBERT **CONAN OF THE ISLES** £1.75
F133 HOWARD ROBERT **CONAN THE ADVENTURER** £1.95
F134 HOWARD ROBERT **CONAN THE AVENGER** £1.95
F135 HOWARD ROBERT **CONAN THE CONQUEROR** £2.75
F136 HOWARD ROBERT **CONAN THE FREEBOOTER** £1.75
F137 HOWARD ROBERT **CONAN THE USURPER** £2.50
F138 HOWARD ROBERT **CONAN THE WANDERER** £1.75
F139 HOWARD ROBERT **CONAN THE WARRIOR** £2.75
F505 HUGHART, BARRY **BRIDGE OF BIRDS** £2.50
F140 HUGHES ROBERT DON **THE POWER AND THE PROPHET** £2.95
F141 HUGHES ROBERT DON **THE PROFIT OF LAMATH** £2.95
F142 HUGHES ROBERT DON **THE WIZARD IN WAITING** £2.95
F143 JAKES JOHN **BRAK THE BARBARIAN** £1.95
F144 JAKES JOHN **BRAK THE BARBARIAN 2:THE SORCERESS** £1.95
F145 JAKES JOHN **BRAK THE BARBARIAN 3:MARK OF DEMONS** £1.99
F506 JAMES, JOHN **NOT FOR ALL THE GOLD IN IRELAND** £2.95
F507 JAMES, JOHN **VOTAN** £2.75
F146 JEFFERIES MIKE **PALACE OF KINGS** £2.95
F147 JEFFERIES MIKE **THE ROAD TO UNDERFALL** £2.95
F148 JORDAN ROBERT **CONAN THE DEFENDER** £1.75
F149 JORDAN ROBERT **CONAN THE INVINCIBLE** £2.50
F150 JORDAN ROBERT **CONAN THE MAGNIFICENT** £2.50
F151 JORDAN ROBERT **CONAN THE TRIUMPHANT** £1.95
F152 JORDAN ROBERT **CONAN THE UNCONQUERED** £2.50
F154 JORDAN ROBERT **CONAN THE VICTORIOUS** £2.50
F655 KURTZ, KATHERINE **VOL1: THE BISHOP'S HEIR** £2.95
F656 KURTZ, KATHERINE **VOL2: THE KING'S JUSTICE** £3.50
F657 KURTZ, KATHERINE **VOL3: THE QUEST FOR ST CAMBER** £3.95
F663 LEE, TANITH **COMPANIONS ON THE ROAD** £1.99
F658 LEE, TANITH **DEATH'S MASTER** £2.50
F659 LEE, TANITH **DELIRIUM'S MISTRESS** £3.50
F660 LEE, TANITH **DELUSION'S MASTER** £2.50
F664 LEE, TANITH **EAST OF MIDNIGHT** £1.99
F661 LEE, TANITH **NIGHT'S MASTER** £2.50
F662 LEE, TANITH **NIGHT'S SORCERIES** £2.99
F665 LEE, TANITH **VOLKHAVAAR** £2.50
F469 LEIGH, STEPHEN **SLOW FALL TO DAWN** £2.50
F465 LEIGH, STEPHEN **THE BONES OF GOD** £2.95
F508 LINDHOLM, MEGAN **WIZARD OF THE PIGEONS** £2.50
F155 LUSTBADER ERIC VAN **DAI-SAN** £2.25
F156 LUSTBADER ERIC VAN **SHALLOWS OF NIGHT** £2.25
F157 LUSTBADER ERIC VAN **SUNSET WARRIOR** £2.25
F666 LYNN, ELIZABETH A **THE DANCERS OF ARUN** £2.95
F667 LYNN, ELIZABETH A **THE NORTHERN GIRL** £3.50
F668 LYNN, ELIZABETH A **WATCHTOWER** £2.95
F510 MACAVOY, R A **DAMIANO** £1.95
F511 MACAVOY, R A **DAMIANO'S LUTE** £2.50
F512 MACAVOY, R A **RAPHAEL** £1.95
F514 MACAVOY, R A **TEA WITH THE BLACK DRAGON** £1.95
F509 MACAVOY, R A **THE BOOK OF KELLS** £2.95
F513 MACAVOY, R A **THE GREY HORSE** £2.95
F515 MACAVOY, R A **TWISTING THE ROPE** £2.50
F517 MACCAFFREY, ANNE **DRAGONQUEST** £2.95
F158 MARLEY STEPHEN **SPIRIT MIRROR** £3.50
F527 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **DECISION AT DOONA** £2.50
F521 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **DRAGONDRUMS** £2.50
F516 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **DRAGONFLIGHT** £2.75
F520 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **DRAGONSINGER:HARPER OF PERN** £2.50
F519 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **DRAGONSONG** £1.95
F524 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **GET OFF THE UNICORN** £2.75
F526 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **KILLASHANDRA** £2.95
F522 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **MORETA:DRAGONLADY OF PERN** £2.95
F523 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **NERILKA'S STORY & THE COELURA** £1.95
F528 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **RESTOREE** £1.95
F530 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **STITCH IN SNOW** £1.75
F525 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **THE CRYSTAL SINGER** £2.95
F529 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **THE SHIP WHO SANG** £1.95
F518 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **THE WHITE DRAGON** £2.95
F531 MCCAFFREY, ANNE **THE YEAR OF LUCY** £2.95
F532 MILLER, WALTER **A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ** £3.50
F676 MORWOOD, PETER **THE DEMON LORD** £2.95
F674 MORWOOD, PETER **THE DRAGON LORD** £2.95
F675 MORWOOD, PETER **THE HORSE LORD** £3.95
F159 MURPHY PAT **THE FALLING WOMAN** £2.95
F602 MURPHY, PAT **THE SHADOW HUNTER** £2.50
F533 NELSON DOUGLAS, CAROLE **EXILES OF THE RHYNTH** £2.95
F534 NELSON DOUGLAS, CAROLE **SIX OF SWORDS** £2.95
F160 NORMAN JOHN **ASSASSIN OF GOR** £2.50
F161 NORMAN JOHN **BEASTS OF GOR** £2.60
F162 NORMAN JOHN **BLOOD BROTHERS OF GOR** £2.95
F163 NORMAN JOHN **CAPTIVE OF GOR** £2.35
F164 NORMAN JOHN **DANCER OF GOR** £2.95
F165 NORMAN JOHN **EXPLORERS OF GOR** £2.50
F166 NORMAN JOHN **FIGHTING SLAVE OF GOR** £2.50
F167 NORMAN JOHN **GUARDSMAN OF GOR** £2.50
F168 NORMAN JOHN **HUNTERS OF GOR** £2.25
F169 NORMAN JOHN **KAJIRA OF GOR** £2.50
F170 NORMAN JOHN **MARAUDERS OF GOR** £2.50
F171 NORMAN JOHN **MERCENARIES OF GOR** £2.50
F172 NORMAN JOHN **NOMADS OF GOR** £2.25
F173 NORMAN JOHN **OUTLAW OF GOR** £1.85
F174 NORMAN JOHN **PLAYERS OF GOR** £2.50
F175 NORMAN JOHN **PRIEST-KINGS OF GOR** £2.25
F176 NORMAN JOHN **RAIDERS OF GOR** £2.25
F177 NORMAN JOHN **RENEGADES OF GOR** £3.50
F178 NORMAN JOHN **ROGUE OF GOR** £2.25
F179 NORMAN JOHN **SAVAGES OF GOR** £2.25
F180 NORMAN JOHN **SLAVE GIRL OF GOR** £2.50
F181 NORMAN JOHN **TARNSMAN OF GOR** £1.80
F182 NORMAN JOHN **TRIBESMEN OF GOR** £2.35
F183 NORMAN JOHN **VAGABONDS OF GOR** £3.95
F184 OFFUTT A J **CONAN THE MERCENARY** £1.75
F185 OFFUTT A J **CONAN:THE SWORD OF SKELOS** £2.25
F186 PERRY STEVE **CONAN THE FEARLESS** £2.75
F535 POHL, FREDERIK **CHERNOBYL** £3.95
F536 PRATCHETT, TERRY **EQUAL RITES** £2.50
F539 PRATCHETT, TERRY **STRATA** £2.50
F538 PRATCHETT, TERRY **THE COLOUR OF MAGIC** £2.50
F540 PRATCHETT, TERRY **THE DARK SIDE OF THE SUN** £2.50
F537 PRATCHETT, TERRY **THE LIGHT FANTASTIC** £2.50
F677 RESNICK, MIKE **DARK LADY** £2.99
F678 RESNICK, MIKE **SANTIAGO** £3.50
F679 RESNICK, MIKE **STALKING THE UNICORN** £2.95
F541 ROBERSON, JENNIFER **CHRONICLES OF THE CHEYSULI 1:SHAPEC** £2.50
F542 ROBERSON, JENNIFER **CHRONICLES OF THE CHEYSULI 2:SONG O** £2.95
F543 ROBERSON, JENNIFER **CHRONICLES OF THE CHEYSULI 3:LEGACY** £3.50
F188 ROBERTS JOHN MADDOX **CONAN THE VALOROUS** £2.50
F546 SCARBOROUGH, ELIZABETH **BRONWYN'S BANE** £2.95
F544 SCARBOROUGH, ELIZABETH **SONG OF SORCERY** £1.95
F545 SCARBOROUGH, ELIZABETH **THE UNICORN CREED** £2.95
F189 SIMMONS DAN **SONG OF KALI** £2.95
F190 SOMTOW S P **THE SHATTERED HORSE** £3.50
F684 SPRINGER, NANCY **WINGS OF FLAME** £2.95
F547 TARR, JUDITH **ISLE OF GLASS** £2.50
F548 TARR, JUDITH **THE GOLDEN HORN** £2.75
F549 TARR, JUDITH **THE HOUNDS OF GOD** £2.95
F462 TAYLOR, ROGER **THE CALL OF THE SWORD** £2.99
F553 TEPPER, SHERI S **JINIAN FOOTSEER** £2.50
F552 TEPPER, SHERI S **THE CHRONICLE OF MAVIN MANYSHAPED** £4.95
F554 TEPPER, SHERI S **THE REVENANTS** £2.95
F555 TEPPER, SHERI S **THE TRUE GAME** £4.95
F191 WAGNER KARL E **CONAN:THE ROAD OF KINGS** £2.50
F556 WYLIE, JONATHAN **SERVANTS OF ARK 1:THE FIRST NAMED** £2.95
F557 WYLIE, JONATHAN **SERVANTS OF ARK II:THE CENTRE OF TH** £2.95
F558 WYLIE, JONATHAN **SERVANTS OF ARK III:THE MAGEBORN CH** £2.95

BUY THREE, GET A FREE BOOK OF YOUR CHOICE!

Yes, I do need food for relaxation, please send me the following books. To order, simply enter the code numbers in the code boxes below, and fill in your name and address. We regret that we cannot accept orders from outside UK or Europe.

☐☐☐☐	code	price: £	☐.☐☐
☐☐☐☐	code	price: £	☐.☐☐
☐☐☐☐	code	price: £	☐.☐☐
☐☐☐☐	code	price: £	☐.☐☐
☐☐☐☐	code	price: £	☐.☐☐
☐☐☐☐	code	price: £	☐.☐☐
☐☐☐☐	code	price: £	☐.☐☐
☐☐☐☐	code	price: £	☐.☐☐

FEAR one ☐ **at £2.50 each:**
FEAR two ☐ £ ☐.☐☐

VISA

Access

Name: .....
Address: .....
.....
.....
Postcode .....

☐ **I enclose cheque/p.o. for £** .....
☐ **I wish to pay by VISA/ACCESS** (Delete as appropriate)
Please debit my VISA/ACCESS ACCOUNT £ .....
Please charge my account No.

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiry Date .....**Signature** .....

Return this coupon with your payment in an envelope to:
FEAR MAIL ORDER OFFER, PO BOX 20, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB

CHAINS OF LOVE

Clive Barker has big plans for next year: new horror in the form of CABAL and THE ART plus potentially five more films. Matt Salisbury continues his exclusive, and revealing, interview with the multitalented man

Let's talk about the future, movies and the adaptation of your detective character Harry D'Amour.

CB: There's more than just Harry. There's actually a whole bunch of pictures which we're working to develop at the moment.

Harry D'Amour is a very elaborate screenplay with a lot of creatures in it, which may now not be my next movie. Certainly from our company [Film Futures] will come at least one movie based on the new novel *Cabal*, maybe two, and an adaptation of *Son of Celluloid* [from Volume Three of *The Books of Blood*], which will be very outrageous. The script is being written at the moment for *Hellraiser III*, which will be as different from *Hellraiser II* as two was from one. Again it's a story by me, and an outrageous story. I'm really delighted by it.

So, there's a bunch of things. Maybe five pictures including *Hellraiser III – Harry* is the largest and the most extensive special effects-wise. It's also the most expensive because it's set in New York, and obviously some work has to be done there.

The rest of the stuff can be made exclusively here. Maybe for the first *Nightbreed* picture, which is the first of the *Cabal* pictures, we might do a little bit of shooting in Canada, but essentially we want to work with the same team that has done such extraordinary work here. Bob [Keen] and his team; Cliff Culley and his team, who are doing extraordinary matte paintings and optical work on *Hellraiser II;* the repertory company of actors. Just the sense that we've got a whole bunch of talents who are pulling together. It's all very exciting.

CREATIVE JUICES

MS: Can you reveal plot details of any of the movies?

CB: In the *Nightbreed* pictures, I will say I think there'll be more monsters per inch of screen than probably ever seen before. I mean this is a major, major, number of monsters.

It may even be three movies eventually. As long as it's planned, I like the idea of a series. The only time it doesn't work, it seems to me, is when – as in the *Nightmare [on Elm Street*] pictures – there isn't planning. So the second picture almost undercuts the work that's been done on the first one. I think the third one gets back onto the rails again. Although it has to work hard because of the effect of the second one.

In fact horror movies have always lent themselves to series in part because it doesn't matter if you kill people, you can always bring them back from the dead. Go back to the Universal series, they ran picture after picture, and it wasn't always the first in the series which was the best. *Bride of Frankenstein* is clearly a superior *Frankenstein*. *Harry D'Amour* I guess we have to describe as a fantasy rather than a horror movie.

MS: Is it based on the character or on the story *The Last Illusion*?

CB: It's based on the character but *The Last Illusion* will essentially be a sequel. Again, it's a series of pictures rather than a single picture. *The Last Illusion* will probably be the second of the pictures about Harry. The first one sets up a whole series of events which will be dealt with through the subsequent pictures.

MS: Will that be what happened to Harry at the Hess house?

CB: No, it's something much, much, weirder than that. Even by my own standards the events in the first *Harry D'Amour* screenplay are deeply weird. I was in LA a couple of weeks ago taking the material round and there were certain people who said 'This is simply too

"Horror movies have always lent themselves to series because if you kill people, you can always bring them back from the dead."

weird', and I thought I must be doing something right. Particularly given the fact that I think a few hits of late have really put heavy emphasis upon the weird. The strongest example I would say is *Beetlejuice*. A tremendously clever picture.

JUICIER YET?

MS: Is it going to be weirder than *Beetlejuice*?
CB: No, I don't think it'll be weirder, but it's certainly up there. And I'm reassured by that, because so much Hollywood product of late has been so bland. It's this great Hollywood disease of needing to recycle stale ideas or used ideas. There are lots of other examples where the rule is broken, but they're not always successful.

It gives me great satisfaction that the audience for that kind of picture is out there. I think that the great thing about low budget picture-making is that you've got the freedom you wouldn't have if you were making a massively expensive picture in which there were a lot of creative forces.

The great value of modestly-budgeted pictures is the freedom to take the imagination in quite radical directions, and we will always use the freedom to its utmost, even though the MPAA [Motion Picture Association of America] and the BBFC [British Board of Film Classification] will probably have some words to say to us. They'll certainly have some words to say to us on *Hellraiser II*.
MS: *Hellraiser III*?
CB: Pete Atkins who wrote *Hellraiser II* is also writing *Hellraiser III*, and if he isn't doing it now, why not? Again, it's part of this policy of bringing people in and making them part of the team. It's worked so far. I think you've got to trust people, and I think it's also one of the best ways to make sure the work has a kind of cogency.

Instead of people pulling in opposite directions you have actually got a situation which the images, the ideas, are being supported, and people are supporting each other's vision. I think that's very important. It's certainly worked for us on the first two pictures and I'd like to see it work right down the line.

TIGER, TIGER

MS: How is the world going to see Clive Barker over the next year?
CB: We will have *Hellraiser II* in March. We will have *Cabal* published in America with Volume Six of the *Books of Blood*, which has not yet been published in America, as a single volume in September. We'll have *Cabal*, a novel in its own right as a paperback original, from Fontana in January of next year.

I will have hopefully at that point delivered *The Art* which is a big fantasy set in Hollywood about sex, Armageddon, and the movies, which will be of a size with *Weaveworld*. I will be onto my next movie, which might be the first *Nightbreed* picture, it might be *Harry D'Amour*. [In fact *Cabal* has since started preproduction.]

The Art will come out in America and Britain autumn of '89. There's a follow-up *Nightbreed* book – *Cabal II* if you like. There will also be, if the first *Nightbreed* picture is successful, a follow-up to that too. There will also be *Son of Celluloid* on screen. In addition I'm doing a pilot for a TV series working with Mick Garris, story editor on *Amazing Stories* – he directed a couple of segments himself, which were really quite tremendous. The chances are Mick and I'll be working on one, maybe two, TV pilots. I would executive produce and again provide the stories. Neither of them are out-and-out horror; both of them are dark fantasy. It's part of the attempt on my part to get access to a larger audience with watering the material down, without the material becoming bland.

There will also be a book called *Shadows of Eden* which is the Clive Barker compedium, if you like, in the sense that it's part biography, part essays, part interviews. There's a lot of stuff about the theatre work, a lot of stuff about the paintings. *Steve Jones* is editing.

It will be a very big, very lavish, book with a lot of drawings in it – some of my drawings in it, a lot of hitherto unpublished visual material, a lot of work on the *Hellraiser* pictures. A nice project, a very exciting project. And that'll be out early next year as well. So it'll be difficult to miss me for a little time!

Cabal I'm very pleased with. It's a form of short novel that I've never tried before and I'm very excited by it. It's a romance for dead people!
MS: Can you elaborate on that?
CB: [Laughs]. I'm not sure I can. It's my hymn of praise to the monstrous. It's a book in love with monsters. What I've got in *Cabal* is a running character who will continue through a series of short novels like Phillip Marlowe continues through Chandler. He's dead, he looks like James Dean and he fucks like a tiger!.

The modern renaissance man? Author, script writer and film-maker, Clive Barker is also an accomplished artist, whose work (like James Herbert's) can sometimes be seen adorning his own bookcovers (*The Books of Blood*). The two very different examples on these two pages nevertheless share the frenzied line-and-colour style he prefers

CREATIVE CONTROL

MS: How much 'hands on' input will you have in future movies? Will you be directing or will you relinquish it as with *Hellraiser II*?
CB: It's not so much that one relinquishes as changes function. It is possible to exercise solid, positive, creative control from that position and shape the material accordingly. If I was just woking in movies it would be very easy for me to do that. Obviously I've got other responsibilities, so it may be difficult for me to do that forever and a day, but at the moment it seems to be quite possible. So I don't strictly think of it as relinquishing. I think of it as being a different way to have a creative hand in the structure.

I would certainly like to direct the first *Nightbreed* [which is *Cabal* – and indeed he is] because I think it's a horror movie with a very new angle. And it has all these creatures in it, and it can be very imaginative, and immense fun to do.

One of the things that Chris [Figg, Clive's partner in Film Futures] and I are trying to do is reestablish that tradition in this country. Nobody else is doing it.
MS: Are we going to see movie adaptations of *The Damnation Game* and *Weaveworld*?
CB: Well with *The Damnation Game* we're about to sign contracts, we may even sign contracts to do a TV mini series. That remains a little bit up in the air.

Weaveworld. I've turned down any overtures, simply because if and when it gets made I want to be at the helm. It's a large-scale, expensive, project and if and when it gets made it'll get made when I've got another three movies under my belt, at least.
MS: Wasn't there talk of a team-up between you and John Skipp and Craig Spector?
CB: Well yes, absolutely, somewhere down the line. We splatterpunks should get together, I suppose. I'm trying at the moment to get deals set in this country which will give us the freedom to encourage and embrace visions like Skipp and Spector's. That would certainly excite me, and they have certainly got ambitions where movies are concerned. I think they would make great movies.

NEW BOY?

MS: How would you say horror has changed since you entered the business?
CB: Well, I'm four years into this business as a professional so I'm a new boy on the block. In that time I think what we have seen is a tightening up of censorship, certainly where movies are concerned.

I think that the edge has gone off the video market where horror is concerned. It's not quite as lucrative as it was, and I'm rather glad about it in a way because an awful lot of bandwaggon people suddenly decided to make a buck from this, and you would go into your videostore and see title after title of horror movies you'd never heard of. And when you actually ran them you realised why you hadn't heard of them – they were quite terrible.

I think there's less of that than there was; a consequence of audiences getting wise to it. The last thing I want to see is a market which is so awash with bad pictures that nobody can decide what they want to go and see, so they decide to see nothing at all. I certainly think it was getting that way.

In horror fiction we are seeing obviously a very strong emergence of the British contingent. Actually not just in horror fiction but in fantastic fiction in general and in comic books – Alan Moore. We're seeing a rise in the British imagination.

Ramsey's been fighting a good fight alone for too long. He has allies now and I still look to Ramsey as being the Godfather, but I would like to think of myself as being at least a minor hitman on his team. For me it's very important that we say there is this team. And we are making inroads into a market both in cinema and books which has been pretty much dominated by Americans.
MS: What can you tell us about *The Art*?
CB: It's set in Ventura County, California, just a little way outside Los Angeles. It's a large-scale, ambitious fantasy about good and evil in America which is shaping up very well, and I'm looking to do a book which will do for the American scene what *Weaveworld* did for the British. In the sense that *Weaveworld* was about certain uniquely British attitudes; and social circumstances which, if not uniquely British, were part of the British texture.

I want to do for a particularly attractive part of America – California – something similar. I have a love-hate relationship with California. I don't like it that much until I've gone from it. Then I wish I was back there. I'm writing as an outsider looking in, which is a particular angle I think's going to be of interest.

It will have the same mixture of the fantastical and the strange and the sexual and the weird and the magical and the visceral as *Weaveworld*. The kind of fiction which is in a lot of categories and so probably is in no category except imaginative fiction. I want people to buy a Clive Barker book and say 'Well, what's Barker cooked up for us this time?' And that becomes a more interesting challenge in a way than trying to write it for a particular slot.

OVER £2,000

YOUR CHANC

John Ca

PRINCE OF D

FEAR and Guild Home Video's fabulous prizes include:

- **£500 of horror videos (any titles, not just from Guild), Prince Of Darkness, Prince Of Darkness T-shirt and a copy of the soundtrack on tape for each of THREE WINNERS!**
- **Ten runners up receive Prince Of Darkness on video, a T-shirt and soundtrack**
- **AND John Carpenter assesses the three winning storylines – you never know...**

FEAR joins Guild Home Video in one of the most unique horror competitions ever staged!

We want you to write the storyline for the sequel to *Prince Of Darkness*, one of this year's most successful horror movies, and then add a subtitle which best sums up your story (*Prince of Darkness II: Satan's Horde* for instance).

The story so far: the Roman Catholic church has a dread secret in one of its Los Angeles churches guarded by a breakaway sect called The Brotherhood Of Sleep. It's a vile green liquid, the chemical essence of Satan who was captured in a canister when his father, The Anti-God was cast into the darkness by the forces of good.

The last keeper dies, a shadow is cast over the son and insects start to swarm over Los Angeles. The priest to whom the canister is entrusted approaches a university researcher in Quantum Physics, Professor Birak. The professor takes his team of graduate researchers and scientists, including Brian and his girlfriend Catherine, to examine the mystery.

As they enter the church they notice a gathering of zombie-like vagrants and bag ladies who quickly surround the building. When research begins the canister unlocks from the inside, spraying fluid onto one of the students, turning her into a zombie. The team starts to have nightmares about a shadowy figure emerging from the church some time in the distant future, a nightmare projected into their subconscious minds by future scientists.

Some members of the group want to leave but the vagrants kill anyone who tries to sneak out of the church. The zombified student infects nearly all the other researchers, squirting the virulent green liquid down their throats . . . it's almost time for the rebirth of The Anti-God.

Eventually one of the students, Kelly, becomes Satan's host, her skin running with sores and blood. The key to her father's release lies through the mirror, but as she reaches into it for her emerging father's hand, Catherine grabs her and leaps through the mirror instead.

The survivors of the

OF VIDEOS!

FEAR competition

E TO SCRIPT

rpenter's

ARKNESS II

massacre include the old Priest, Professor Birak and a Chinese student called Walter. Brian has lost a girlfriend and continues to have nightmares about the shadowy figure leaving the church. He realises that it could be Catherine and that she is still alive, lost in the netherland that is the Anti-God's prison. Now write on . . .

Your winning entry should be no more than 700 words long, so you'll need to be as concise as possible. Ideally it should be typed, using double spacing, but we will accept hand-written entries as long as they are very legible and neatly presented. It can include any of the characters in the original film and may take place in any setting you can imagine. You should, however, remember that such a film, should it ever be made, would have a low- to medium-budget and storylines should fit in with such limitations.

Once the 13 winning entries have been chosen, the three best winning submissions will be flown to the States where John Carpenter himself will assess them. The three winners of the £500 of videos will be notified in due course in order for their choice of titles to be organised. They will also later receive a personal report from John Carpenter on the suitability of their story for further script development and film-making.

The film business is, unfortunately, very fickle. It's difficult for even the best producers to raise capital for movies and even then projects can crumble at the last moment. Neither FEAR nor Guild Home Video can guarantee that a winning entry would be made into a film, but with £500 of videos each up for grabs who's complaining?

All entries should be accompanied by the original form below, to reach FEAR no later than November 15. No employees of Newsfield, Guild Home Video, or FEAR may take part, and all participants must be aged 18 or over.

FEAR/GUILD HOME VIDEO COMPETITION

I wish to enter the **FEAR**/Guild Home Video Prince of Darkness II competition, and I have attached my story synopsis to this form. My subtitle is:

Prince of Darkness II: .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....*Postcode* .....

Please tick your video format: **VHS** ☐ **Beta** ☐

Send to: Prince Of Darkness II Competition, FEAR, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB

INVADE FORBIDDEN PLANET

At last the one-stop shop for all the things you love is near you. Britain's biggest and best comic shops are now all over the country. We provide a dazzling array of comic and fantasy material to astound the hardened fan and casual browser alike.

LONDON

71 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON WC1A 1DG. (01) 836 4179 AND (01) 379 6042.
The galaxy's BIGGEST specialist store for American comics, *2000 AD*, back issues, graphic novels, badges, T-shirts, toys, videos, horror, science fiction and fantasy hardbacks and paperbacks, film and TV memorabilia and a great deal more!

GLASGOW

168 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW G1 2LW. (041) 331 1215.
Scotland's largest specialist comic and book shop. The pride of the North.

CAMBRIDGE

60 BURLEIGH STREET, CAMBRIDGE CB1 1DJ. (0223) 66926.
The latest addition to the F.P. group. At last you can get a REAL education in Cambridge.

NEWCASTLE

TIMESLIP, 17 PRUDHOE PLACE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE NE1 7PE. (091) 261 9173.
Serving the North East area, home of the VIZ culture. DO NOT SPILL ANYONE'S PINT HERE!

BRIGHTON

29 SYDNEY STREET, BRIGHTON BN1 4EP. (0273) 687620.
Recently re-fitted and refurbished, the jewel of the South coast now has more space, more comics, more books and more style.

MILTON KEYNES

7 DEER WALK, SPECIALIST ARCADE, CENTRAL MILTON KEYNES MK9 3AB. (0908) 677556.
The shop of the future in the shopping centre of the future.

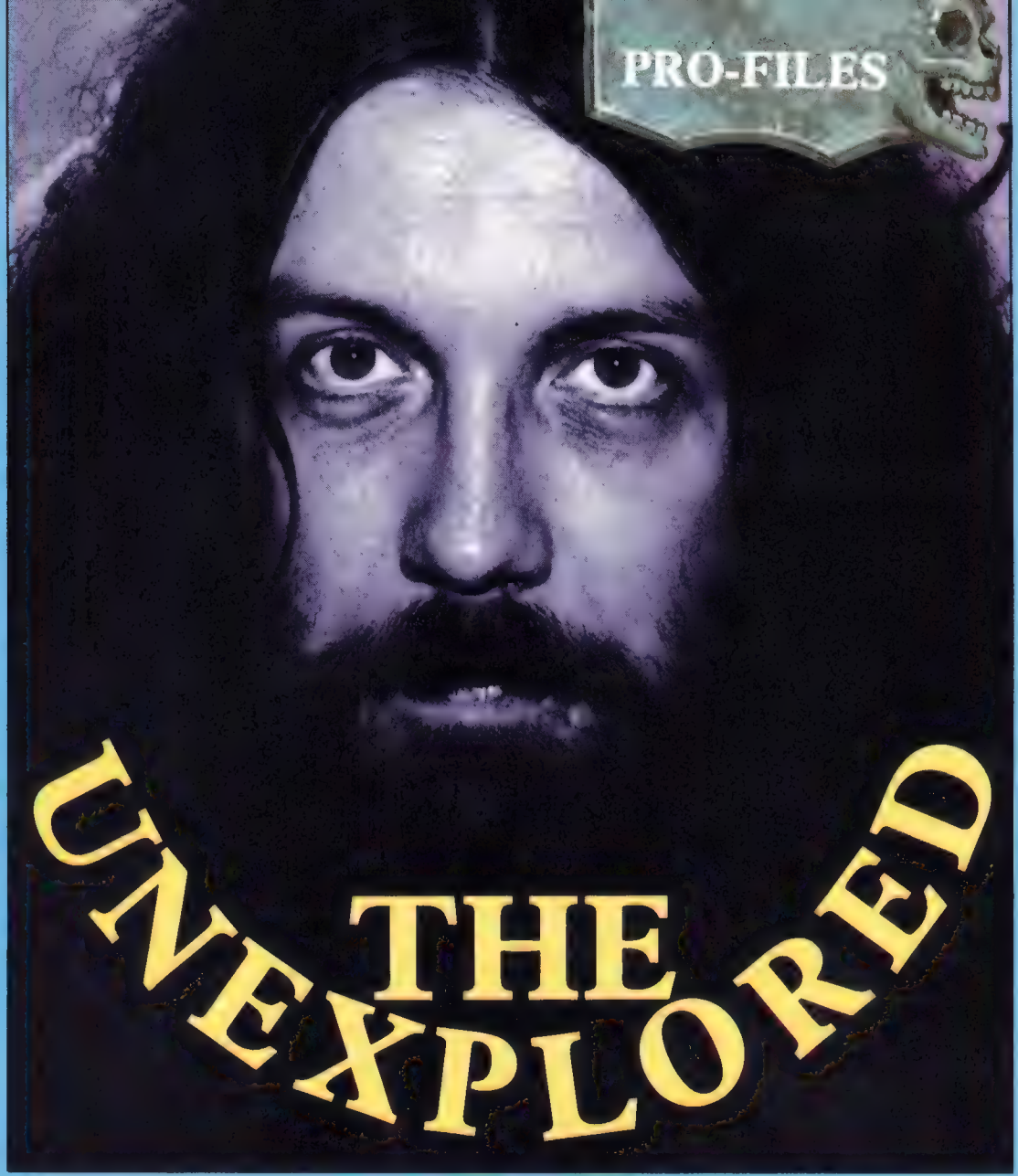
MAIL ORDER

P.O. BOX 378, 42 COPPERFIELD RD, LONDON E3 4RD. (01) 980 9711.
Don't despair if you can't get to your nearest Forbidden Planet — we can deliver the goodies to your door. Full monthly US comic list and a giant *2000 AD*/Titan Books catalogue. Send a large SAE and 25p in stamps for details.

murder one

The Crime and Mystery Bookshop
23 Denmark Street London WC2H 8NN 01-497 2200

In the mean streets of central London, on the site of the original Forbidden Planet, lurks MURDER ONE, Britain's first crime and mystery bookshop. All you ever needed to know about crime and punishment both fact and fiction. The stuff dreams are made of...



THE UNEXPLORED

"Comics seem to have so much more unexplored potential than some of the more widely accepted media"

Photo by Dick Jude for Forbidden Planet

With WATCHMEN and SWAMP THING behind them, comics are still a virgin territory, say Britain's most famous comic-strip creators, Alan Moore and David Lloyd. In the first of two interviews, Alan Moore, the writer of the team, gives David Keep the low-down on mythology, superheroes and fame

Comic-stip artists are the ones who become famous; writers tend to remain in the background, but Alan Moore is an exception. He's enjoyed a cult-status for many years, ever since his work first appeared in the IPC comic *2000 AD*, a regular slot of two- to six-page one-off stories under the heading of *Tharg's Future Shocks*, illustrated by a variety of artists.

Ideas developed in this two-year period, which he once described as 'one of the most educational and creatively rewarding times' of his career, led directly to the longer stories featuring characters such as Halo Jones and the hysterical future-punk pair D.R. and Quinch.

Together, Moore and Lloyd have cooperated on perhaps the most internationally famous of British comic book stories: *V For Vendetta*, *Watchmen* and, of course, *Swamp Thing*.

DK: How did you become interested in fantasy?
AM: It was a reaction to the extreme normality of life around me as a child. There was a certain tone to the Fifties – more than any other decade they were excruciatingly normal.

In every sense it was possibly the dullest decade in human memory and growing up in Northampton tended to sharpen that. You were surrounded by a landscape of red brick and grey streets, and the British comics available at the time did seem merely to reflect that landscape.

I suppose my first exposure to

sort of fantasy came with my discovery of the Greek and Nordic legends where all of a sudden it was a completely exotic world. It was either the sort of snow-covered and frost-bound world of the Norse gods, or it was some Cretan paradise with the sun shining all day long. And the beings in these stories had incredible powers which, when you're a six-year-old boy, is something which really fires your imagination.

Following on the Greek and Norse gods and Arthurian legends, I moved on to American comics, because here was a landscape supposedly set in the same world that I lived in. But, again, it was incredibly exotic, only this time it was a landscape filled with skyscrapers which seemed to me as bizarre as the fairytale lands of legend.

I can remember coming across my first few copies of *Batman* and *Superman* and realising there was a whole mythology there. The Superman mythology was as intricate and detailed as any of the gods of ancient legends.

I quickly fell in love with that, became fascinated with it and through reading superhero comics became interested in science fiction, horror, and in fantasy in general, something that stayed with me through my teens.

For the first ten years of my career in comics I've been working almost exclusively in fantasy, whether it be superhero, or horror, or the science fiction genre, and I think I've finally reached a point where fantasy just doesn't do it for me in the same way as it used to.

"Hollywood is like a Bermuda triangle for screenplays – a lot of them go in and are never seen again"

FOREVER

I still read fantasy, but my own preoccupations, as far as work goes, have changed somewhat. I've finally reached a point where I'm starting to agree with what JG Ballard said, that this is the last alien planet. It strikes me that in some ways reality has overtaken fantasy.

Reality is, if anything, more fabulous and bizarre than anything we could dream up, and I suppose my work is more concerned with trying to find the elements of the fantastic that are everyday mundane life rather than creating something fantastic out of old cloth. At the same time, that doesn't negate some 30 years of total devotion to the genre in one form or another.

DK: Will the new work be in the comic field or in another medium?
AM: At the moment I intend working in comics for the rest of my life. Comics seem to have so much more unexplored potential than some of the more widely accepted media, such as literature or films. It seems to me to be a virgin, untouched, creative territory to explore.

That said, I may well write a novel one day. I've been promising the dear people at Tor Books to write a novel for something like three years, and they have been incredibly patient.

I did write a screenplay recently [*Fashion Beast*]. It was an enjoyable enough experience but I didn't get anywhere near the same control in working in the movie industry that I do producing comics. Control is the most important thing, so I think the prospect of any films in the near future is a slight one. But that's not to say that I mightn't mess around in various media.

Tharg's Future Shocks© Titan Books 1986

DESIGNER SCRIPTS

DK: Can you tell us about *Fashion Beast*?
AM: I don't know if it will ever be made. Hollywood, to some degree, is like a Bermuda triangle for screenplays – a lot of them go in and are never seen again. I don't know what the odds are of any film being made. The *Watchmen* film might be made or might not. The same goes for *Fashion Beast*.

The idea, as presented to me by Malcolm MacLaren, was to do a reworking of the Beauty and the Beast fable but to tie it in with the life-story of the designer Christian Dior and to come up with something aimed at a very young teenage audience. Malcolm said he wanted the film to have the depth, power and dark resonance of a film like *Chinatown* and the youth appeal of a film like *Flashdance*.

I don't know whether the thing fell through or not. It's something I did for the artistic experience of writing a film, to see what it was like, and I was satisfied, I got out of it what I wanted and I was paid reasonably handsomely.

DK: What decided you on a career as a writer in the comic field?
AM: I've always been interested in writing. I couldn't say why I enjoyed it. I suppose it was just the basic pleasure in creation. It was that pleasure at having made something which had the semblance of life and reality in it, if only on a very crude level. And I suppose that as I grew older I tended to become more interested in art as a thing in itself, and during my teens I was involved very much with the Northampton Arts Lab.

The Arts Lab movement was something that was big in the Sixties and I think that most towns had their own Arts Labs during that period. The Arts Labs were just sort of free-form experimental art groups – and pretty anarchic in their structure – which would put out magazines, do poetry readings, concerts, mixed-media stuff in general; and that was a great experience.

I had tried doing comic strips in the past – short little four- or five-panel gag strips for some of the duplicated magazines I was involved with during my teens, and posters for local events.

There are an awful lot of comic strips I started out with grand ideas, but because of lack of discipline and laziness and all the other demands on one's time when you're a teenager, they just never got finished.

Eventually I got more serious about it and realised I had to actually make a move into the comic field. I eventually managed to get work as an artist/writer for the music papers, doing a couple of strips for them which were fairly forgettable. But they did, to some degree, teach me how to tell a story.

Having decided I wasn't nearly talented enough or competent enough to succeed as an artist, I made the decision to let other people handle the pictures and focus more upon what seemed to be my major area of strength. I started out writing short, twist-ending, science fiction stories for *2000 AD* and the British Marvel weeklies, like *Dr Who*. Eventually I was trusted to handle a series where I could develop characters at greater length, develop situations more, and that lead to *V For Vendetta*, *Miracleman*, and finally to America and *Swamp Thing*, *Watchmen* and the rest.

BRITISH DISEASE

DK: What was the inspiration for *V For Vendetta*?
AM: England, in a word. The time when it was written was something like seven years ago, 1981. We were two years into Mrs Thatcher's 1,000-year Reich and the social fabric of Britain was changing drastically. We've got used to drastic social change as just part of continuing British lifestyle, but back then it was still quite violent and sudden.

I think the original intention of the strip was to write a really good pulp adventure series set in the future. It was partly to do with the fact that we were asked to recreate David Lloyd's successful *Night Raven* strip. Dez Skinn was the editor of *Warrior*, and I think he wanted to recreate, more or less, the formula that had proven successful in *Hulk Weekly* with *Warrior*, but perhaps pitch it at a slightly more adult market.

But David was sick to death of drawing 1937 Dusenberger cars and having to go and get all that reference. So we more or less agreed that the main thing about Thirties pulp adventures was that it was set in a fantasy of the past. What I suggested to Dave was, that to avoid him having to do a crippling amount of reference work, why not, instead of setting it in the near past, set it in the near future and Dave thought it sounded great.

It would still be distanced from the present, it would still have a lot of darkness and the shadows and atmosphere of pulp adventures but would eliminate the need for reference.

Once we had started writing the script, we realised that there was a richness to it that suggested more. And that was where we started finding out it was moving in tune with the world we were seeing around us and the headlines of our newspapers.

QUANTUM GODS

DK: Earlier you mentioned how interested you are in mythology, but in *Superman*, *Batman* and the *Swamp Thing* you've taken individual mythologies and twisted them around; and with the *Watchmen* you did this to the whole superhero genre. Why?
AM: Because the old ones don't work anymore, because mythology, as a pure thing in itself, is powerful and potent – but not as much as it was. We can imagine the power that those myths had when they were more current and contemporary.

Doctor Manhatten [from the *Watchmen* series] is an attempt to portray a quantum god in much the same way that *Swamp Thing* was an attempt at portraying an environmental god. They owe a lot of their aura, if you like, to the gods and legends that I read about as a child.

At the same time they're expressed in a way which is wholly modern. Before the atom was split you could not have had a quantum god; quantum thinking is a modern phenomenon.

In the last book of *Miraclemen* I explored that very thoroughly, in that we have a superheroine who is taking on the role of a modern Aphrodite. She runs a cable porn network. As devotional objects she distributes pornographic videos of herself and Miracleman. She has a computer network which is basically a global lonely hearts network which works at 100 percent efficiency and, basically, she's trying to heal the sexual and emotional problems of the entire planet.

It's deities for the Eighties, and if you're working in the superhero genre, it's important to remember that the actual root of the superhero stories is in mythology.

ROSS NOT THE POINT

DK: You've received a lot of adulation. How do you keep your feet on the ground?
AM: It's a problem. At first I only got a small degree of celebrity – when I went to a convention people would know my name and a couple of things I'd written, and some of the more impressionable would ask for my autograph. That was strange because I can't for the life of me see any point of owning a piece of scribble done on a piece of paper. I mean owning someone's name is a bit like owning a piece of the true cross for my liking.

It's something I'm not very comfortable with. I don't like the idea of being a celebrity. I get asked to do a lot of chat shows and quiz shows, things like that, but I turn them down as a matter of course because they're nothing to do with my life or work.

If you go on a chat show, it's going to be light banter for ten minutes if you're lucky. There will be nothing of worth said about your work, the medium you work in, or yourself. It'll be an excuse for the host to tell a couple of hippy jokes about comics.

It trivialises comics, it trivialises the people that it happens to. It's a case, all too often I think, of the people are on those sorts of shows because they are celebrities, and they're celebrities because they are on those shows. They don't actually do anything, they're not actually famous for anything.

When I started writing in comics, a comic writer was the most obscure profession that you could hope to be in. Nobody even knew that people wrote comics. I think that they thought the artists just lettered in the stories as they went along or that the stories were just there and that nobody had to write them, like the verse in greeting cards.

So, really, when I started this job I didn't sign up for all this celebrity business – it's something that's happened over the last five years. People have started to take an interest in comics, and, although I suppose a certain amount of public exposure is inevitable – I do interviews – but the more trivial excesses of the process, like the quiz and chat shows, I don't want to do them.

I don't think there's any need for me to be a big celebrity. I think the only real need for me is to be a better writer and I don't see that the two things are connected in any way. So I'm much happier sitting behind a typewriter than sitting in front of a set of lights in some studio. I've got a blissful home life with a wonderful family, I've got my work which is a tremendous source of pleasure and I've got friends, so I don't really need to be on the *Jonathan Ross* show.

"I get asked to do chat shows, but I turn them down because they're nothing to do with my life or work"

Next Issue: David Lloyd, the arty side of the dazzling duo, gives a guided tour of superhero anatomy.

To David Scarborough, a good friend who died after a vicious campaign of lies by the gutter press.

FIEND FARMING

Panned by the critics, loved by his followers, Guy N Smith's reputation as a controversial horror writer seems at odds with his other activities – interests which would surprise his average reader, as David Whitehead finds out

Whether you love him or loathe him, one thing's for sure; when it comes to horror, Guy Smith pulls no punches. In the book trade his 50-plus horror novels are known as 'nasties' – and (in the main) that's exactly what they are. Just like the paperback equivalent of a *Friday the 13th* movie, he depicts everything from rape and mutilation to torture and crucifixion in all its gory glory.

But to Smith's credit, he doesn't pretend to write anything else. 'It's not my job to educate,' he quickly points out. 'I'm there to *entertain*. Oh certainly, there are times when I try to get the odd point across, perhaps something I feel strongly about, but basically I'm an entertainer, and from the fan mail I receive I'm obviously giving my followers what they want.'

"It was always presumed that pupils at St Chad's would take up holy orders – I ended up studying the occult!"

You can't argue with success, and that's exactly what Smith's books have brought him; for whilst he has been almost universally panned by the critics, today's book-buying public seem more eager than ever to sample the dubious delights of *Bats out of Hell*, *Wolfcurse*, *Blood Circuit* and *The Undead*. Furthermore, an impressive reprint schedule of his earlier titles testifies to his continuing and growing popularity.

Guy Newman Smith – a husky, bearded man with a ready smile, friendly manner and a veritable relief map of laughter lines around his eyes – was born on November 21 1939. Before the Second World War his mother was a successful historical novelist, and his own love of literature – specifically in the realms of horror and fantasy – developed early in life.

Boyhood days at St Chad's Cathedral School in Staffordshire are, however, remembered with less affection. 'It was very strict there, so you got the cane for most misdemeanours, no matter how minor,' he recalls. 'I remember I was caned twice in one week for forgetting to put my football boots away after me and failing a Latin test. In fact, I was constantly having my ear twisted, my hair pulled, my head banged against the desk or a wooden blackboard rubber thrown at me – and this was by my *teachers* don't forget, not my classmates!'

OCCULT REVENGE

But despite all these punishments, Smith was to have the last laugh. 'Oh yes. It was always presumed that most pupils at St Chad's would take up holy orders in later life, you see – but I ended up studying the occult!'

His entrance into the world of horror fiction was still a long way off. In 1956, following something of a family tradition, he went into banking, but continued to show more interest in the idea of writing books than making them balance. Instead of spending his evenings revising for exams, he wrote fiction, and for years regularly churned out up to 20,000 words – about one-third of an average-sized paperback – a week.

In the end he produced a veritable mountain of short stories – 17 of which eventually found a home in the now-defunct *London Mystery Magazine* – and factual features on his two greatest loves, game shooting and the countryside.

The chance to break into horror came in 1973 when his agent heard that New English Library was looking for a werewolf novel. Guy quickly turned out *Werewolf by Moonlight* and the rest, as they say, is history.

The Sucking Pit, *The Slime Beast* and a paperback adaptation of the movie *The Ghoul* all followed in fairly short order, but it was with *Night of The Crabs* (1976) that he was to make his biggest impact. This book – which revolves around the somewhat unlikely premise of giant crustaceans coming out of the sea to wreak havoc on mankind – was written in one week, has sold 160,0000 copies, spawned no less than five sequels and has been optioned for the big screen. Next year it's scheduled for another reprint.

COUNTRY LIFE

A more important repercussion for Guy, however, was that the book's success finally enabled him, his wife Jean and their four children, Ronan, Tara, Gavin and Angus to fulfill a long-time ambition and move to their present home, which, despite its rather sinister name of Black Hill, is actually a beautifully organised seven-and-a-half-acre smallholding situated on the border between Shropshire and Wales.

It's from here that Guy happily gives the rest of us nightmares. He set *Locusts* (1979) in the locale, a story in which the tropical insects arrive in an unseasonally hot summer (it could almost have happened during the incredible summer of '76). They devour his beloved countryside around Knighton, Ludlow and Clun, turn carnivorous and eventually threaten the entire country.

While Guy's dreaming up horrors, Jean – a registered tutor

Photo by David Western

with the Health Education Council – runs Black Hill Books, a 'postal bookshop' specialising in SF, fantasy, horror and crime fiction. She issues impressive catalogues to mail-order customers on a regular basis.

By anyone's standards, Guy has been prolific. *Deathbell*, *The Walking Dead*, *Throwback*, and *Doomflight* all appeared to spring effortlessly from his typewriter. But, in addition to his horror work, he's also found time over the years to produce a string of non-fiction books on country living – including the recommended *Animals of the Countryside* – and four Walt Disney movie adaptations, which include *Snow White* and *Sleeping Beauty*.

POLITICAL TERROR

Even more incredible is that, by necessity, writing takes a back seat to his main concern – the running of Black Hill. 'On a typical day I start work at 8.00 am, tending the live-stock, which includes goats, donkeys, Rhode Island Reds and guineafowl,' says Guy.

By the time he's dealt with his other farming chores – amongst other things, Black Hill boasts a wide range of organically-grown produce as well as a successful tree-donation scheme – most of the day has gone. As a result, he rarely gets to sit in front of the typewriter before 7.00 pm, but once there, is happy to write well into the early hours.

'A book usually takes me between six weeks and two months to complete,' he explains, puffing on a pipe filled with home-cured tobacco. His latest novel, *Fiend*, however, took even longer than that to research. Set in Russia, it deals with the demonic return of Ivan the Terrible, and is a remarkable departure from his more traditional blood and thunder.

'Yes, *Fiend* is a departure,' he agrees. 'And it was something I very much wanted to try. Of course, it's still too early to tell how my readers have reacted to it, but all the signs are that it's doing well.'

Currently his publishers print between 15 and 20 thousand copies of each new book, and when these sell out – which doesn't take long – a reprint with a new cover is undertaken. In this way Guy finds that many of his earlier novels now sell better than they did originally.

He hasn't had it all his own way, though. The *Sabat* series (1983-84) featuring an SAS-trained ex-priest as its hero, folded after just four books, although Guy remains stoic about its demise. 'The problem with *Sabat* was that it came along at a time when readers were getting tired of series.' He shrugs. 'But I still believe that he'll be back one of these days.'

CRABS INFECTIOUS

'One of these days', however, won't be before 1990, because Guy's projects for the next two years are already firmed-up,and boast such tantalising titles as *The Master*, *The Festering*, *Carnivore*, *Mania*, *The Camp*, *Phobia*, *The Resurrected* and *The Unseen*. Completists can also look forward to a collection of some of those earlier short stories.

The Crabs will be back, too. 'Bigger and better than ever,' Guy says with a grin, proudly displaying a bright orange *Crabs* badge which his US publisher, Dell, has just distributed across the States to promote the series there.

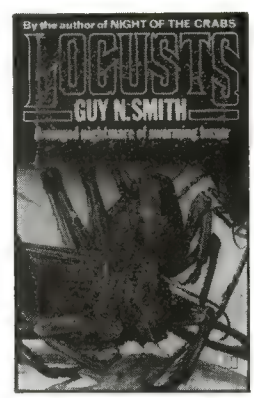
Not that it needs any promotion. Early reports indicated that *The Crabs* have taken America by storm. 'In fact, Dell have just phoned to say they want to contract the next three books in the series,' he adds proudly.

Guy won't say for sure whether or not *Fiend* signifies a permanent change indirection, only that he would like to continue writing the odd 'big' book. Next year, however, he intends to take a long, hard, look at the horror market and decide exactly where he's going.

'Of course, future books hinge on the success of *The Crabs* in America. But if the trend continues, I'll be happy to carry on writing much the same mixture as before – with a few surprises thrown in.'

But when asked what kind of surprises, his reply is only an unsettling chuckle.

'Nasty ones,' he offers with a wink.



It almost happened here: Guy N Smith's beloved Shropshire countryside is eaten alive by locusts

The Divorce

BY DON WEBB

It was to be their last fiction together. They'd had five years of various fictions depending more on courtesy and self-image than passion. The first fiction – or at least the first formally agreed to – was the Open Marriage. (It was his idea, but authorhsip of ideas was never mentioned – they did everything together, the second fiction.) He had thought it was for him alone, a need based on misapprehended biology. She counted her infidelities as crimes, but quietly to herself. Her only remedy, as they say judicially, was her own infidelities. This last fiction, the Friendly Divorce, was also his idea, but came closer to collaboration than any of the others.

Everything would become "final" on next Monday. Both had cars, incomes and apartments. Only money was left to be divided. In the spirit of a true rite of passage they decided to blow it all in Vegas. They went to the bank on Monday, the Monday a week before "final" Monday, and turned everything into cash. They carefully and oh so scrupulously pushed it into two piles. On Wednesday they left. On the road they'd outdone each other in kindness – paying for gas, for picture postcards, for dinner and drinks. Both figured they'd lose their shares in Vegas. going back to GO, starting a new game. They'd been penniless to start and a return to that status would somehow erase the intervening five years.

On Thursday morning they'd hit the desert and conversation had dried up. In the quiet air-conditioned hiss of "his" Wagoneer remarks of the last few months echoed. She was from the "shallow end of the gene-pool". He was as "tender-hearted as a coprolite". The *mot juste* being another example of their common artistry.

Midmorning she spotted a sign: Roy's Rockshop and Restaurant. It promised slot machines, poisonous reptiles, rare desert rocks, cactus candy, and a bottomless coffee cup. The coffee sounded good. The other could provide conversational fodder until they reached Vegas. Five miles later she pulled in. The Rockshop had two concrete teepees out front, no doubt the dwelling place of the tribe that made the rubber tomahawks for souvenirs. It was further adorned with four cow skulls with outdoor Christmas lights for eyes.

When they went in the white-haired proprietor snapped awake. The owner started the coffee, apologised for the lack of poisonous reptiles – some young kids stole all the cages last year – and discussed local politics.

He ordered the Eye Opener: two poached eggs (underdone), orange juice (frozen), whole wheat toast, jelly. she ordered the Rancho Deluxe: scrambled eggs with salsa, biscuits (stale), jelly, bottomless cup of coffee. They sat on green vinyl-covered revolving bar stools, which had they been of an earlier generation, would have called up romantic visions of drugstore dating. The owner asked where they was from? Lubbock,Texas. This led to a discussion of his niece who'd gone to Texas Tech. They didn't teach at the university, did they? No. Well they probably wouldn't know her? Afraid not. Where are you going? Vegas to gamble a little and have fun.

The proprietor reckoned that not many people went through the desert to see its natural beauty. This reckoning lasted three coffee cups.

An ancient black Chevy pickup pulled up. An equally ancient-looking Navajo came in. The proprietor poured him a cup of coffee and introduced him as Tonky. During the next two cups of coffee the owner told Tonky all about them. She wanted the cheque. Tonky was silent. He had left his yolk-covered plate and wandered over to look at the dusty bins of geodes and quartz crystal clusters.

She finally got the cheque. When she paid, Tonky asked her if they were going to Vegas? She said yes.

Her husband walked up carrying an amethyst-filled geode from Brazil. Tonky explained a short-cut. She didn't really understand it, but decided not to ask for clarification. For one thing, her soon-to-be-ex-husband had always thought her small-brained. For another his body language screamed impatience.

He brought the purple geode and gave it to her. She said it was treasure. The proprietor said it was sweet to see married people so much in love. Tonky walked around the counter to pour himself another cup of coffee. They left.

The short cut began – as best she understood – at a two-lane blacktop leaving the highway after a mile and a half. When the two-lane did appear, she decided she had understood Tonky's muddled directions after all. As she turned off the road she watched for his reaction, but he just stared into the violet depths of the geode.

Sixteen miles later she decided she was lost. Reluctantly she admitted it. He told her to turn around. There was a dirt road about two miles back that should intersect the highway. He'd been waiting for this. Preparing to show her up.

The dirt road was noisy and small. She hoped she wouldn't meet any oncoming traffic. He smiled and said it didn't look like there'd been any traffic at all for a long time.

A tiny wooden bridge over a fairly steep arroyo broke as the Wagoneer crossed it going 60 mph. She remembered being airborne for a minute.

When she came to she was sitting upside down hanging by the seat belt harness. The windshield was a spiderweb around a wall of sandstone and gypsum. Blood was running up her face through her hair and onto the ceiling below. He was moaning. He wasn't in the car.

Getting down from the harness was easy after she realised that she could fall sideways against the half-open door. The door opened completely and she fell on to the hot red sand. It took a long time to stand up. Her bleeding seemed to have stopped.

He was lying about two car lengths away. His face was red. He was moaning quietly. She ran over. He reached up she caught his arm. He gasped.

Then he was quiet. Not moving. Not breathing.

She started to release his hand. Then stopped herself. What if she couldn't let go? She'd been trying to let go for five years. What if she failed this time? What a crazy thought – the blood loss must be making her crazy. She laughed. Laughing hurt. She dragged his body over to the shade of the overturned Wagoneer. She decided to hold on a while. It was only right. You couldn't just leave someone so – suddenly.

She had to figure out what to do. She couldn't carry him to the freeway. She didn't know which way was quicker. She squeezed the dead hand as though he would wake up and tell her. Maybe he was right after all. After a long time, after the flies came, she decided what to do.

The Highway Patrol picked her up. It wasn't just her bloody face or agitated manner. It was the severed hand she carried.

DON WEBB was born in the panhandle of Texas – cattle country – but now lives Austin, Texas – silicon chip country. He's little known as a short story writer in the UK, although judging by *The Divorce*, you're likely to find more of his work in **FEAR** in the near future. Unfortunately we can't offer you a photo of the man. It sailed through Hurricane (John) Gilbert but fell foul of the British postal system.

"Blood was running up her face through her hair and onto the ceiling below"

THE SPOOK

Our birthday girl – yes, born on October 31st, (and we've got the proof) has been brushing up on her disguises. This issue they help her get into The Shock Around The Clock exploitation film festival at London's Scala cinema, and drag up the latest gossip on Freddy 'Nightmare' Krueger. She's the ultimate Lady Ligger so be warned, she may have gatecrashed your party. Read on . . .

Such a long wait since last year, but at last *The Shock Around The Clock* film fest came back to London's **Scala**. I must admit I found it difficult, even in my disguise, to hang around in the queue for an hour before the doors were opened without being spotted, *(that's enough preening* **–ED**), but once inside I was in paradise. There's nothing I like better than sitting in the near dark at my favourite cine venue, flicking popcorn down **Shaun** 'Assassin' **Hutson**'s leather-clad neck and swapping jokes with the Salmonella in my homemade sandwiches.

It was the films, though, that I'd come to see – the impressive *Seventh Sign*, the magnificent atmosphere of *Waxworks*, and a hot little work in progress about a family of yuppie vampires, called *Jonathan Of The Night* – but my ears have always been bigger than my eyes and during the short breaks I picked up some juicy gossip. After the screening of *976-Evil* – which has has changed names more often than *Joan Collins*'s ex-hubbie *Peter Holme*, and will probably make more money in the long run – I learned that Freddy Krueger's other part, *Robert Englund*, can be as ferocious off screen as well as on. Robert left a great bash in a downtown San Francisco nightclub only to be confronted by a ruthless gang of muggers! Fortunately Mr Eng had just finished a publicity stint and was made up as Freddy. When he stepped out under the street lights the gang took one look at his ugly mug and ran.

SLUGS FOR TEA

Nekromantik, a film about unnatural lust and a graveyard full of severely decaying people (what's one man's meat is another man's poison) was due for screening. The movie wasn't half as salacious as I'd been led to believe.

Slugs, a lesson in salad dressing and food preparation, was carefully timed for a 5.10pm showing, just about the time everyone got their food for a quick bite. All I can say is that New World Pictures must have picked a good slug wrangler. They must have been bloody intelligent molluscs to find their way from a man's stomach up his neck and into his brain. Either that or the cast must have been dead from the neck down.

Shaun Hutson looked a little green after the showing. When his head came back out of his leather jacket he told me in hushed tones that it looked as if the scriptwriter and director were conspiring to make a sequel. The evidence was all on screen. In the last third of the movie a toilet's lid bumps up and down on the pan – I think it's more likely that the special effects budget ran out! (Send your donations to Lady Lig . . .)

RIPP-OFF

John Gilbert recently showed me an interesting item in *The Sunday Sport*, that guardian of good taste which prefers to use naked women instead of Bingo to bump up its circulation. The item told of **Jonathan Ross**'s punching escapades on the ghost train at a fun fair and went on to interview the great man with a quote ripped right out of **FEAR**.

To add insult to injury the 'story' was used plug the paper on a radio commercial. I wish we could get our stories so easil! But, anyway, thanks sports! The copy of **FEAR** you bought obviously helped with our circulation and it makes us feel real good to know that you really can read . . .

Lady Ligger Next Issue: Even the World Fantasy Convention isn't safe from her big mouth! *(Who is?* **-ED)**

FEAR PERSONAL CLASSIFIED SECTION

Small ads in the FEAR Classified Section are read by literally thousands of people who all share a common interest in the various apsects of Fantasy, Horror and Science Fiction – probably the best available method of reaching other fans.

WANTED

Wanted: Following Haunted Library publications in fine condition: More Ghosts & Scholars 4 and Saints & Relics. No reply means not wanted. Offers to: Michael J. Connolly, Tirgarve, Allistragh, Armagh, N. Ireland BT61 8EZ.

Any material on Clive Barker or Hellraiser. Also wanted any rare VHS Horror videos. D C Hooper, 3 Coppice Avenue, Great Shelford, Cambridge CB2 5AQ

Horror Books wanted, novels and anthologies. Send your sales lists please to J.E. Sheridan, 183 Goldstone Crescent, Hove, Sussex BN3 6BD.

Info on special effects equipment e.g. Latex, Fake Blood, Prosthetics, Limbs etc. Must be in Britain. Contact Shane Parris, 10 Penllwyn, Llanelly Hill nr Abergavenny, Gwent NP7 0PY. Thank you.

New Worlds 184-186, 189,191,193,197,199,212; New Worlds quarterly 4; The Nature of the Catastrophe; Nicholas Roeg Articles and Interviews. Contact Robin Davies, 17 Millstream Close, Hertford, Herts. SG14 1LJ.

Very keen new collector seeks SF, Horror and Fantasy books especially Moorcock, Dick, Dr.Who and old magazines. Write to: Stephen Swan, 6 Top Road, Winterton, Scunthorpe, S. Humberside.

Wanted: Any Occult Hems. For example, books, artefacts etc. Also anything on Demonology or Exorcism and Possession. Contact Paul Oswell, 11 St.Hildas Close, Chorley, Lancs. PR7 3NU. Tel: Chorley 75036 after 5pm.

Out of print horror and weird fiction wanted from Arkham House, Scream Press, D.M.Grant and others. I collect Lovecraft, Smith, Barker, Campbell, ET AL. Mick Lyons, 33 Moorland Ave,Leeds LS6 1AP.

Horror, Sci-fi. New, old, originals or copies – VHS videos. Especially Bedlam, Fahrenheit 451, Evil Dead, Martin, Demon and Argento films. Also film postcards. Lists to Barry Fry, 7c The Drive, Ilford, Essex IG1 3EY.

Horror movie posters wanted for any films, also horror books wanted. Send sale lists. Many thanks. Write to Umran, 37 Carlton Road, Small Heath, B'ham B9 5ED.

FOR SALE

Ghost stories in the M.R. James tradition by A.F. Kidd. Two limited edition booklets for £3.50 from the author at 113 Clyfford Road, Ruislip Gardens, Middx. HA4 6PX. Cheques/PO's payable to A.F.Kidd.

Offers are invited for complete set of fully bound White Dwarf magazines. Also Fantasy/Horror book list available on receipt of SAE. Julie Lewis, 17 Alma Terrace, Aberkenfig, Bridgend, Mid Glamorgan CF32 9AL.

Sci-Fi/Fantasy film memorabilia including Startrek, Masters of the Universe, Flash Gordon, Aliens, 2010, CE3K, Superman, Conan, Blade Runner, Bond, Indiana Jones, Spielberg, Starburst Magazine. SAE stating interests B.Gayler, 45 Park Crescent, Harrow, Middlesex HA3 6ER.

Author Bibliographies, 25 top authors including Aldiss, Anderson, Dick, Farmer, Harrison, McCaffrey, Pangborn and Russell. Prices from 75p to £3. Send SAE for free list to: Phil Stephensen–Payne, 'Imladris', 25a Copgrove Road, Leeds, West Yorkshire LS8 2SP.

For Sale.(a) Fantasy Horror Sci-Fi books (b) Hundreds of same genre rare pulp mags incl.40 'Weird Tales'. Send stamp for each list to Ken Cowley, 'Trinity', 153 Old Church Road, Clevedon, Avon BS21 7TU.

Over 50 recently published SF fantasy horror books. Half price. Mint condition. SAE for list, John Fraser, 37 Hall Drive, Greasby, Wirral, Merseyside L49 1RW.

SWAPLINE

I have loads of horror paperbacks to swap for any back issues of horror magazines (e.g. Famous Monsters, Twilight Zone, American Fantasy, etc.) Contact: Alan Toner, 107 Mason Avenue, Birkenhead, Merseyside L41 7DP.

Mark Stevens, 141 Montague Road, Bilton, Rugby, Warwicks. CV22 6LQ, swap VHS originals of: Reanimator, Return of Living Dead, Rabid, Creepshow, Deep Red, Amityville, City of Living Dead, Rosemary's Killer and others. Swap or sell. Old VHS horror movies wanted, also books, fangorias, posters, stills, anything about the horror genre. Also pen pals who love the Evil Dead movies, King, Barker, Monty Python or anything. Oh, French mags also wanted.

PEN PALS

If interested in Carpenter, King, Barker, Jason and Michael Myers, then write to me. I am 20 years old, Darren Boakes, PO Box 430, Kadina 5554, South Australia.

Lone wolf seeks similar spirits for discussion of mists and snow, graveyards and forests, of magic and the moon. Pallid pre-Raphaelite maidens especially welcomed. Write to John, 30 Guild Road, Erith, Kent.

18 year old male would like to hear from females, age unimportant, into gore films and thrash metal. Write to: Chris, 133 Reedyford Road, Nelson, Lancs. BB9 8ST.

Sincere male writer (20) seeks constructive correspondence with others. Likes old school. Dislikes modern trend for gore and guts. Also likes Godlike Morrissey and Verdi's Requiem. Rhys Williams, 16 Alexandra Road, Aberystwyth, Cards. SY23 1LN.

Hi! I'm a 16 year old, male, intellectual Queen fan, who wants a pen pal who's into good horror and/or writes their own. Contact: Anthony Fyler, 8 Gwendoline Street, Merthyr Tydfil, Mid Glam CF47 9AD.

Male (19) addicted to King, Herbert, Barker, Koontz and the music of Kate Bush and Peter Gabriel seeks female of roughly same age and interests. All letters answered except those from supporters of John Saul. Write to: A Jury, 19 Barbara Avenue, Leicester, L65 2AD.

FAN CLUB/GROUPS

Hello Out There. Are any of you into screen writing or short story writing. If you always watch films, contact me, Maverick Kelly at 7 Tean Hurst Close, Lower Tean, Staffs. ST10 4WN to swop ideas.

Be lulled off to your finest nightmares in privacy of your own bed! 'Dr.Bedlam's Bedtime Terror Tales!' Hour of sheer spine tingling terror. SAE for details to Black Box Tapes, 17 Brynteg Avenue, Pontllanfraith, Gwent NP2 2BY.

Video Club, over 1000 titles, VHS only, for list and free membership send SAE to P. Newley, 3 Richmond Way, Wanstead, London E11 3QT. All videos priced at £20.95.

HOW TO PLACE YOUR SMALL AD

Cut out and send off the form, together with your payment of £2.50 per entry form (cheques or postal orders preferably, made payable to NEWSFIELD LTD). Photocopies of the form are acceptable.

- The maximum is 35 words
- The service is not open to trade/commercial advertisers
- Small ads will be printed in the first available issue
- FEAR reserves the right to alter or refuse ads which do not comply with normal decent practice, or which could be interpreted as encouraging illegalities.

THE CLASSIFIED HEADINGS

FEAR's Reader Classified Section is not open to trade or commercial advertisers, but Fanzines may use it. The headings are self-explanatory: WANTED, FOR SALE, SWAPLINE, FAN CLUBS GROUPS, PEN PALS, FANZINES and EVENTS DIARY (for fan club group news, meetings or planned events). However, be careful about FEAR publishing dates with the last!

FEAR READER CLASSIFIEDS

Send to **FEAR READER CLASSIFIEDS, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB**

Name .....

Address .....

..... Postcode .....

Tick Classified heading:

☐ Wanted ☐ For Sale ☐ Swapline ☐ Pen Pals ☐ Fan Club/Groups ☐ Fanzines ☐ Events Diary ☐ Miscellaneous

Method of payment ☐ Cheque ☐ Postal Order

Write your advertisement here, one word per box, and include name, address and phone number if you want them printed.

A D+D Player seeks company to adventure with. Age 18 and available most nights. Contact James Craig, 1 Trident Way, Renfrew. PA4 0LJ, or phone 886 6224.

Looking for amateur horror film makers and FX artists to form small company. If interested send details of yourself also scripts or FX ideas to Jeff Harrison, 30 Woodrush Way, Chadwell Heath, Romford, Essex RM6 5BL.

Video Club, over 1000 titles VHS only. Horror/Sci-fi and Fantasy all £20.95 for list. Free membership. Send SAE to P. Newley, 3 Richmond Way, Wanstead, London E11 3QT.

FANZINES

The Edge, 20 A4 pages quarterly. 1st issue available now. Horror, Fantasy, Science Fiction contributions welcomed. Fiction, Criticism, Poetry £1.30 incl. postage and packing, 56 Writtle Road, Chelmsford CM1 3BU. Cheques etc to Graham Evans.

William Hope Hodgson: Voyages and Visions. Limited edition 300 copy 72 page booklet of material by and about this noted early author £5.00 post paid from Ian Bell, 5 The Meadows, Watlington, Oxford OX9 5JN.

Nerve Gardens 2, now available from Barry Duggan, 49 Ribbledale Road, Liverpool, L18 5DH at £1 inc. postage. 44 pages of speculative fiction, poetry, artwork, horror, fantasy, science fiction.

Skeleton Crew III: Clive Barker special featuring biography, interview, fiction, film and book reviews, art by McKenna, Carson, Barker plus competitions and new-look presentation. Get yours today, 95p from 104 Highcliffe Road, Wickford, Essex.

'Into the Darkness', the ultimate SF Fanzine, 70 pages – £2.00. First issue: Interview with Gale Ann Hurd, producer of Aliens, Terminator, Bad Dreams! Cheque/PO (pay Andrew Morris) to 140 Astwood Road, Worcester WR3 8EZ.

Binscombe Tales: Volume One available soon. Illustrated macabre fiction set in an English village, at only 90p including P+P. Send cheque or PO to: John Winder, 170 St.Osyth Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex CO15 3HD.

Wes Craven exclusive interview in Nexus – the journal of imaginative media. Also in issue 8 extensive coverage of the Edinburgh Film Festival, features on Doomwatch and Animator Chuck Jones. £1.25 inc. from Nexus Publications, 7A Woodhaw, Egham, Surrey TW20 9AP.

Whiplash Smile (the magazine of monsters and mayhem) No. 5 now available. Includes everything from Hydra to the hidden. All for a mere £1 (inc.P+P) from John Hill, 29 Skirbeck Road, Boston, Lincs. PE21 6DA.

MISCELLANEOUS

Star Marine Hi-Tec Combat PBM set in the 23rd Century. Start-up pack costs £6 (including two free turns), subsequent turns £1.50. Please make cheque/PO payable to: NG Games, PO Box XG27, Leeds LS15 9TA.

Deathzone – a new futuristic PBM, is a game where the aims are to win and to survive. Startup: £1. Further turns 50p. Contact: Jonathan Bell, 26 Chaffers Mead, Ashtead, Surrey KT21 1NG. Tel: Ashtead 72919.

DON'T MISS OUT ON FEAR

To ensure you get your regular copy of FEAR, order it from your local newsagent by handing in this form.

TO THE NEWSAGENT
Please place me a regular order for **FEAR** magazine.

Name: .....

Address: .....

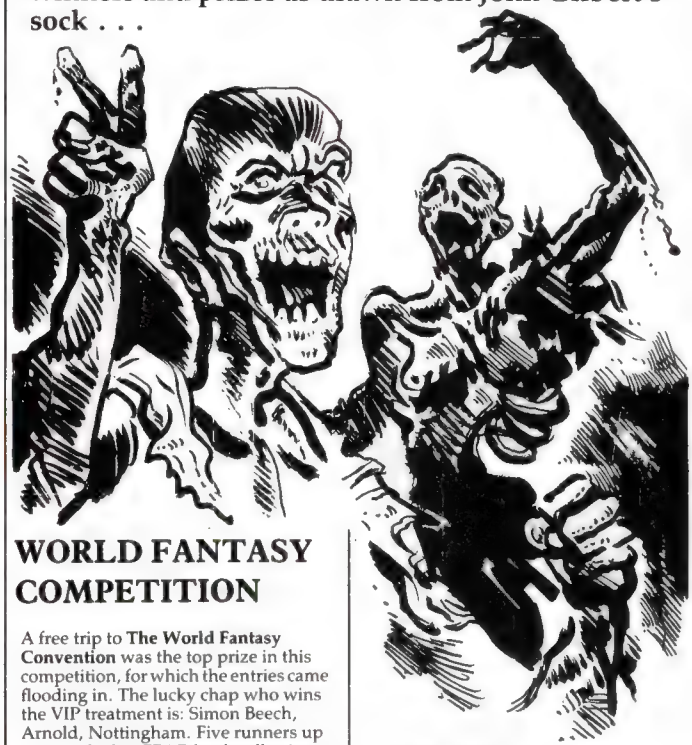
.....

Signature: .....

FEAR is a bi-monthly SOR magazine from Newsfield Publications, Ludlow, Shropshire, distributed by **COMAG**, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex. It is published in the middle of every other month (August, October and December in 1988), price £2.50. Please contact your wholesaler or COMAG for any further information.

FEARFUL WINNERS

From issue one and two FEAR had some horrific, that is to say amazing, prizes up for grabs, and to stop the anguish of waiting here are the lucky winners and prizes as drawn from John Gilbert's sock . . .



WORLD FANTASY COMPETITION

A free trip to **The World Fantasy Convention** was the top prize in this competition, for which the entries came flooding in. The lucky chap who wins the VIP treatment is: Simon Beech, Arnold, Nottingham. Five runners up recieve the hot **FEAR** book collection, signed by the authors, are: David Bell, Ashby De La Zouch, Leicester; Glyn Probert, Gwent, South Wales; Jamie Cooper, Humberstone, Leicester; Steven Maguire, Wakefield, West Yorkshire; Nichola Phillips, Bangor, Gwynedd

CARRIER COMPETITION

The horror video *The Carrier* was the prize for five winners who could come up with a suitably witty caption for the pic, and the five who did are: Jez Hildred, Hatfield, Herts; P Kinsey, Pontypridd, Mid Glamorgan; Mark Lawrence, Hockley, Essex; S Harris, Wolverhampton, West Midlands; Peter Young, Saddlewoth, Lancs.

WEAVEWORLD COMPETITION
FEAR had 20 signed copies of *Weaveworld* to give away if you could tell us where **Clive Barker** was born and bred. The answer was **Liverpool** and the winners are: Lee Cannon, West Hallam, Derbyshire; David Brookes, Brockworth, Glos; John Currie, Leeds, Mr S Wills, Paisley, Scotland; Ian Barker, Derby; Mr S Harris, Wolverhampton, W Midlands; Perry S Buck, Kings Norton, Birmingham; Simon Herbert, Barwell, Leicestershire; Gareth James, Walsall, Staffs; Guy Miller, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs; Dane Baldock, Fulham, London; Jayne Westwood, Dudley, West Midlands; Allen McKay, Co Londonderry, N Ireland; G Wilkie, Tayside, Scotland; Helen Cole, Isle of Wight; Andy Madge, Pympton, Devon; Mr G Rothwell, Mid-Glamorgan, South Wales; Gerard Smith, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk; Piers Beckley, Ilford, Essex; Mr Andrew J Hart, Rugby, Warwickshire

LOST BOYS COMPETITION

Our *Lost Boys Competition* answers were really easy. Dracula's first name is **Vlad**, Anne Rice's vampire is **Lestat**, and **Straker** is Barlow's companion in **Salem's Lot.** Winnners are: Paul Anderson, South Stanley, Co Durham; Mr CM Samms, Pinner, Middlesex; Gary Juggins, Bromsgrove, Worcs; S Mannerson, Lisburn; Robert Cornell, Haverhill, Suffolk; Carol Pooley, Taunton, Somerset

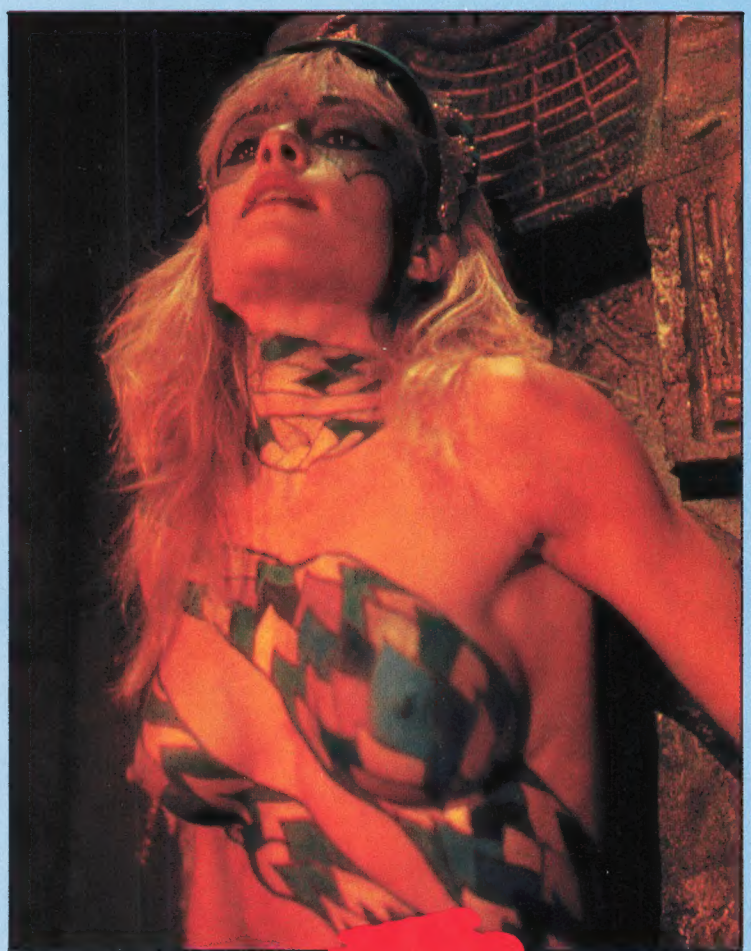
WITCHES OF EASTWICK COMPETITION

A real witches' broom is called a **Beson** and the winners of our *Witches of Eastwick* competition are: Kevin Curtis, Penzance, Cornwall; Mr A Waite, Newcastle, Staffs; Adam Hooper, Hauxton, Cambs; Tricia Bryan, Ware, Herts

HAUNTED COMPETITION

James Herbert designs his own book covers. The winners of a copy a signed copy of *Haunted* are: Andrew Griggs, Southall, Middx; Mr JK Marston, Wimborne, Dorset; Peter Robinson, Seven Kings, Ilford; Sean Hawkins, Plymouth, Devon; Jason P Woodward, Telford, Shropshire; Andrew Bridge, Barton-Le-Clay, Beds; Adrian Hocking, Gwent, S Wales; Sunil Ranmal, Leicester; Mr JP Dordoy, Chelmsford, Essex; Mr J Fulcher, Littlehampton; Mr JJ Audsley, Scarborough, N Yorkshire; Mark Magee, Co Down, N Ireland

CHAINSAW CHAT



"There wasn't anything awful that happened; just slime stuff and rats french kissing me"

Animals and children are difficult to work with, but when it comes to dangerous whirring implements, Linnea Quigley, star of RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, has few qualms. She tells Mark Salisbury it's real-life that scares her

Being in the same room with Linnea Quigley for any length of time is the closest you can get to heaven and remain on this side of the afterlife. On a brief visit to our fair isles to promote her latest epic, *Hollywood (Chainsaw) Hookers*, the star of *Return of the Living Dead* placed her salacious 34-21-32 form next to mine for the best part of an hour as I asked that now famous **FEAR** question: what scares you Linnea . . . ?

Living in LA with all the serial killers, that's what really scares me. Movies that are too real about men killing women, like *When a Stranger Calls*, with Carol Kane; all the movies that Hitchcock made; *Murder in the Rue Morgue*; or Jack The Ripper type movies.

I hate walking alone in the parking lot to my car. I used to be terrified of being in my house alone, but I'm not anymore because I've got an M1 [rifle]. That helps a little, but I wouldn't like to use it, though.

The only reason I got it was because I got scared when I was doing *Return of the Living Dead* because I got this guy calling saying 'I'm going to kill you'.

I had to have some kind of protection, but now I wouldn't want to use it, so I'll probably sell it or get rid of it. Now I'm not afraid like that anymore.

Return of the Living Dead was fun. Nobody expected it to be much of a hit or a cult film when we were working on it. We just did our parts because we thought it was just another movie, but it was interesting because I worked with Dan O'Bannon.

Everything had to be perfect. We argued and argued over different things. He wanted me to cut my hair and dye it but I got away with a wig. He wanted me to shave off my eyebrows. He would get real frantic about how mushrooms were positioned in a shot.

It was fun to do but it was hard; for two weeks we were in the rain and under rain machines at night from five to like six in the morning, and being buried in mud wasn't fun.

Playing a zombie is kind of dull, because all you do is walk around and bite brains, but *Creepozoids* (see **FEAR** Issue 1 for review) was real fun to do and it wasn't that hard. There wasn't anything awful that happened; just slime stuff and rats french kissing me.

Night of the Demons was interesting to do because I got possessed in it and I turned into a demon. The make-up on that was horrible, though, because it took 11 hours sometimes to get into all this horrible face and teeth and contacts. But it had some good effects.

There's a lipstick effect I do in there [pushing it into her breast] which is pretty good. I thought that sounded pretty cool, to tell you the truth, when it was first suggested. I thought that was really bizarre, because I tend to like something that's a little bit bizarre and off-the-wall, instead of something standard like biting someone's neck. I like something that's not been done before and is bizarre.

A ROLE WITH AN IMP

I'm trying to be very careful when choosing my roles. Lately I've been choosing ones that are fun like *Hollywood (Chainsaw) Hookers*. I had fun doing *The Imp*; I had fun doing some recent ones that aren't out

yet, like *The Last Party* and *I was a Teenage Sex Mutant*. Ones that are nicely written, even though they're low-budget – they'll have some humour in them.

I've started not to get killed anymore. *The Imp* is about these kids in a sorority initiation. It's a dare and they go to a bowling alley to steal a trophy and bring it back to prove they've been there. When they go there they find me.

I'm breaking into the place – I'm a punker – and they don't like me and I don't like them, except I kind of like this one guy and we get off, okay. Not as lovers but as kind of friends, a love-hate type of thing.

So they get the trophy, drop it and this little imp comes out which starts granting them wishes. But they get greedy and their wishes start going bad and the imp's after them and making them turn into horrible things; so I have to go around saving everyone. And finally the guy and I ride off into the sunset after trapping the imp in a tobacco can.

CHAINSORE

I think they need the 'Chainsaw' – in *Hollywood . . . Hookers* – because that way it shows it's a chainsaw type of movie. A chainsaw fun movie.

Fred [Fred Olen Ray, *Hooker*'s director] is a really funny guy to work with. His son is in it and so is his wife – she's the one with the blonde wig at the beginning. It's a family picture [Laughs].

It was a five day shoot and we just really, really, worked hard. We did the chainsaw fights, the dance of the double chainsaws and the blood stuff all in one day.

There's this spot in the film where there's this really long dialogue scene between the detective and I, and Fred said in front of the whole cast, 'I bet you can't get through this scene in one take. I'm going to bet you a quarter'.

And right before you go for it he said, 'Okay Linnea, let's see if you can do it', which makes you nervous. I eventually won the quarter, which was nice.

The dance of the double chainsaws *(which you've gotta see to believe* **–ED**) was like a real work out it was so hard. First of all I was being asphyxiated by the fumes, and they're telling you to dance sexy. I'm going 'I can't lift these things'. They had this really fun music going and I'm dancing with these things going *vrrrm, vrrrm*.

REMOVAL WORK

Depending on the film I don't mind taking off my clothes. In *(Chainsaw) Hookers* it didn't seem like that much nudity because I had all that paint on me. If it is a scene where it's really long and you're nude forever and ever and ever, and there's no sense to it, it gets to be weird. I did one film, *Silent Night, Deadly Night*, where I was impaled on antlers, and I had to be impaled topless. I didn't like that. That didn't make sense.

I have my limits. I'm not going to have somebody touching around on me. I'm not going to have harm come to animals in anything I work in. I won't do those films, now, where you go into the show and get killed. I'll stick lipstick in my breast but I won't go in the shower and be killed. I don't like [violence to women in films] because it's just going in the shower and having a senseless killer go around killing girls in the nude. I don't like that.

That's why I haven't been doing anything like that because it's kind of degrading in a way.

"I'll stick lipstick in my breast but I won't go in the shower and be killed"

FEAR FACTOR CUTS

Or, the parts of the interview we weren't going to print . . .

On moving in with make-up man Steve Johnson and upsetting her fans: **Oh God, I feel bad but I can't marry them all. I can't stay without a boyfriend.**

On being a sex symbol: **I think it's nice if people consider me that. I would rather be a screaming, cult, sex queen than be a soap opera queen.**

Working out: **I love swimming. I do some gymnastics. I work out with chainsaws. I've always been physically active. I do my own stunts in the films.**

Chainsaws: *(is that a question?* **–ED.***)* **They're real frightening. I was scared I was going to hurt someone.**

Nightmare on Elm Street IV: **I just got to work on** *Nightmare . . .* **which was fun. I play one of the souls on Freddy's chest trying to get out at the very end. My body was painted and I was inside stretching and pulling.**

On her rock band and skirts: **We always wear skirts or torn slips.**

Plans: **I'm working with Mick (***Critters 2***) Garris's wife. Both of us are into animal rights and we're writing a couple of scripts: one serious, one campy.** *Doctor Boctor's House of Suffering Suburbanites* **is the silly one. The reason I have been around films is because I want to learn the tricks of how to do it in five days, how to get the money, how to form a crew. I've learned how to do those things because that's what I eventually want to do, produce.**

NEXT ISSUE

FEAR

MEETS RAY BRADBURY

- A RARE interview with the master of science fantasy, author of *The Illustrated Man, The Martian Chronicles* and *The Hallowe'en Tree*.
- DAVID CRONENBERG drops in to tell us about his new movie *Dead Ringers*, the controversy surrounding all his films and the social statements he makes within them.
- WES CRAVEN on his voodoo epic *The Serpent and The Rainbow* plus his views on the development of the *Nightmare on Elm Street* saga.
- THE BLOB bounces back as a fabulous remake, and director Chuck Russell (also directed *Nightmare on Elm Street III*) discusses his involvement with both versions of the film.
- RAYMOND E FEIST, author of *The Riftwar Saga* gives the lowdown on *Fairie Tale* and his move from high to dark fantasy.

ALSO:

- JACK THE RIPPER hits town, in our cinematic history
- FICTION from science fiction author John Brunner and, by special request, another story by Nicholas Royle
- WIN a copy of the script for *976-Evil* signed by Robert 'Freddy Krueger' Englund.
- PLUS a mighty Christmas bag of film, video and book reviews, the future of fantasy in 1989, and some revelations which will make even the most hardened industry hacks prick up their ears.

FEAR Issue 4 – On Sale December 15
Brings the chills right into your home!

A new film from

John Carpenter,

master of terror and suspense.

JOHN CARPENTER'S

PRINCE OF DARKNESS

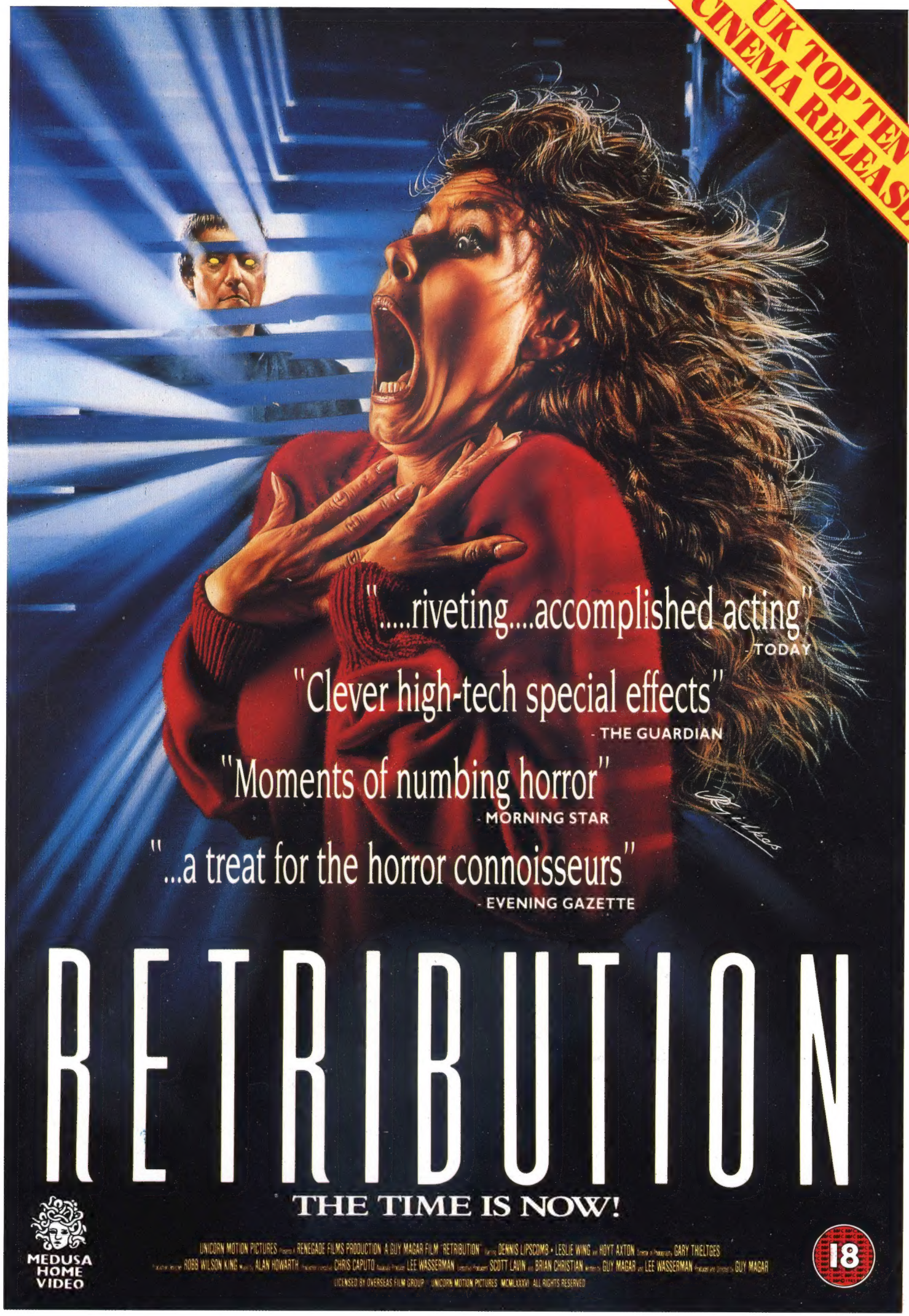
18

ALIVE FILMS PRESENTS A LARRY FRANCO PRODUCTION JOHN CARPENTER'S "PRINCE OF DARKNESS"
DONALD PLEASENCE LISA BLOUNT VICTOR WONG JAMESON PARKER
AS BRIAN WRITTEN BY MARTIN QUATERMASS MUSIC BY JOHN CARPENTER IN ASSOCIATION WITH ALAN HOWARTH
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SHEP GORDON AND ANDRE BLAY PRODUCED BY LARRY FRANCO DIRECTED BY JOHN CARPENTER

CAROLCO

GUILD Home Video

Crown House, 2 Church Street, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. Tel: 01-546 3377. Telex: 269651. Telefax: 01-546 6458


UK TOP TEN CINEMA RELEASE
".....riveting....accomplished acting"
- TODAY
"Clever high-tech special effects"
- THE GUARDIAN
"Moments of numbing horror"
- MORNING STAR
"...a treat for the horror connoisseurs"
- EVENING GAZETTE
RETRIBUTION
THE TIME IS NOW!
MEDUSA HOME VIDEO
UNICORN MOTION PICTURES RENEGADE FILMS PRODUCTION A GUY MAGAR FILM "RETRIBUTION" DENNIS LIPSCOMB • LESLIE WING HOYT AXTON GARY THIELTGES
ROBB WILSON KING ALAN HOWARTH CHRIS CAPUTO LEE WASSERMAN SCOTT LAVIN BRIAN CHRISTIAN GUY MAGAR LEE WASSERMAN GUY MAGAR
LICENSED BY OVERSEAS FILM GROUP UNICORN MOTION PICTURES MCMLXXXVI ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
18